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THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

A NOVEL

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I

A GREAT PROCONSUL AND OTHER PHENOMENA

THE Great Proconsul stood on one of Messrs. Maple's best hearthrugs in Grosvenor Square. A typical payer of the supertax, a pink and prosperous gentleman in a morning coat and striped trousers, his appearance had long commanded the admiration of his country.

He had not ruled the teeming millions of the Ganges, although the strength of his digestion and his absence of imagination would at any time have enabled him to do so. But for a period of nine weeks he had been the Resident of Baratania North West; and partly for that reason and partly for a reason even more cogent, he had the distinction of being the last peer created by Mr. Vandeleur's last government.

Eton, Balliol, diplomacy, private means, together with various places of emolument under the Crown, had each a share in raising Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth to his elevation. A first

baron certainly, but not a mushroom growth you see. The honors of a grateful nation had come to him mainly because he had not been able to avoid them. From early youth he had been ranged with those who always do the right thing at the right time in the right way. He had always hit the bull's-eye so exactly in the centre that public regard itself had had to strive to keep pace with his progress. If, like the young girl in the drama, he had actually tried to take the wrong turning, he would have found it very difficult to do so.

Up to the age of one and thirty, Shelmerdine — not then of Potterhanworth — had, like humbler mortals, just a sporting chance of getting off the target. But at the age of thirty-one he married. By that judicious action he forfeited any little chance he may have had of dying an obscure private individual.

Sociologists differ as to what is the most portentous phenomenon of the age in which we dwell, but there is a body of the well-informed that awards the palm unhesitatingly to that amiable institution, the Suffolk Colthurst.

The world is under great obligations to this interesting representative of the higher mammalia. The upper reaches of Theology are whitened with the bones of the Suffolk Colthurst. It makes an almost ideal Under Secretary, it is always so smooth-spoken and well-brushed; it makes a most excellent Judge. What would be the Established Order without the Colthurst of Suffolk? What would be the Navy and Army, Law and Medicine, Parliament Itself, Art, and — yes, gentlemen! — Letters, without the Colthurst of Suffolk?

It is an error, however, to suppose that this pleasant phenomenon confines itself to one little corner of the globe. The Colthurst is indigenous to Suffolk, but for generations there has been quite a colony settled in Kent. There is also the world-famous Scotch variety, and of late traces of the Suffolk Colthurst have been found in America. The Transatlantic mind, never slow at diagnosis, and with its trick of masterful and telling speech, has already ventured to define its creed. In America the creed of the Suffolk Colthurst has been defined as the Art of Getting There with Both Feet.

Please do not assume that there is anything ignoble about the Colthurst of Suffolk. Quite the contrary. It has been laid down as a general principle that the Suffolk Colthurst never makes money but always marries it. That is not to say, of course, that a Suffolk Colthurst has never been known to make money, because such a statement, however pleasant, would be in excess of the truth. But the Suffolk Colthurst *pur sang* sets less store by the making of money than by the spending of money in the way that shows it has always had money to spend.

As a matter of fact it always has had money to spend. As soon as banking,

brewing, land-jobbing, share-broking, and other polite arts began to flourish in Suffolk, the Colthurst began to marry and to give in marriage. The family has always been partial to banking. It is such an eminently sensible practice to lend money at double the rate at which you borrow it; and it has the additional advantage that you can't call it Trade.

Our immediate business, however, is with the blameless gentleman who at the age of one and thirty was accepted in marriage by a charming representative of the genus, and at the age of nine and fifty was made a peer by Mr. Vandeleur's government, immediately antecedent to its total and permanent eclipse.

To return then to Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth. For nearly an hour had he occupied the tasteful hearthrug provided by Messrs. Maple. A frown chequered his serene front, and several times he had recourse to the Leading Morning Journal which lay open on his writing table at page four.

At the top of the third column was a communication dated from the Helicon Club, S. W. It was signed by himself, and had been crowned with the glory of the largest type you could have without having to pay for it. Immediately below, in type equally glorious, were communications veiled in the discreet anonymity of 'A Lover of Animals' and 'Verax.'

Discreet anonymity is disagreeable as a rule. The communications of 'A Lover of Animals' and 'Verax' did not transgress it. The fact was, the Great Proconsul was in the act of rendering a signal service to the Public; and in consequence the Public did not thank him for his interference. To be sure, it was the first time in his life that he had been guilty of such an indiscretion. It had always been his rule never to do a foolish thing and always to say a

wise one, provided that some other eminent public man had paved the way for such a complex course of action. This was his first single-handed attempt to render a service to society at large; and, as was only to be expected, society at large was not making itself very pleasant about it.

There could be no doubt that at this moment the Great Proconsul was the most unpopular man in London. Old ladies in ermine tippets scowled at him as he passed along Park Lane; and a hostess of mark, famous for her wealth and her humanity, had already crossed him out of her dinner list.

II

TOUCHES UPON A MATTER OF GRAVE PUBLIC IMPORTANCE

Of what crime, do you suppose, had S. of P. been guilty? It was merely that in a public print he had ventured to ask why payment of the nominal sum of seven and sixpence per annum conferred certain privileges upon the dogs of London which society at large, for some little time past, has ceased to claim.

The resources of civilization were ranged already against Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth. Nice-minded women in point lace refused to meet the self-constituted champion of public amenity; the black-velveted mistresses of the Flossies and the Fidos thought the state of his mind must be unpleasant; he was an object of contumely where all that was fair and of good report held sway in the life of the metropolis.

It was a pretty quarrel, and both sides were sustaining it with spirit. The Pro-Darlings, with 'Verax' and 'A Lover of Animals' at their head, had rejoined with mannerly vituperation to the polished sarcasm of the Anti-Darlings. What is your remedy? had

inquired the Friends of Fido with a rather obvious sneer. Banish the dumb creation from the pavements of great cities, had replied Inspired Common Sense.

And for our own poor part, my lords and gentlemen, we think that reply is worth a statue.

'Verax' was making merry, though at the expense of a public ornament. The occupant of Messrs. Maple's best hearthrug, however, who remembered 'Verax' perfectly well as a grubby infant at his private school, had already formed the pious resolve of putting the fear of God into 'Verax.'

S. of P., having pondered long, sat down at his writing table; dipped his quill with a certain inherent natural grandeur, and started out on his crushing reply. 'Sir, I have read with amazement the diatribe against my humble and unworthy self, which appears under the signature of "Verax," to which you have extended the generous hospitality of your columns.'

At this point S. of P. bit his quill with such violence that a large blot was shaken from the end of it upon the monogram which decorated the communication.

'The problem as I envisage it'—S. of P. took a small gold pencil out of his waistcoat pocket and made a note on his blotting pad. 'The problem as I envisage it'—But the problem that he did envisage was the Suffolk Colthurst who at that moment entered the room.

The Suffolk Colthurst was large and blond—so large and so blond that to a profane mind she rather conveyed the suggestion of a particularly well-grown cauliflower.

'Wally, *please* don't let me spoil your morning. Don't let me interrupt you, *please*.'

The voice of the Suffolk Colthurst was really quite agreeable, although a

little light in the upper register. You might even call it flutelike if you cared to indulge in metaphor.

'Not at all, Agatha,' said S. of P. with excellent chest resonance. 'I am merely envisaging the problem of the — ah —'

'Don't do it, Wally.' The voice of the Suffolk Colthurst was perhaps a shade less flutelike if history really calls for these *nuances*. 'You are making yourself ridiculous. Please drop the subject.'

'No, Agatha.' The sun setting over Africa might be compared to the brow of the Great Proconsul. 'Man in "The Thunderer" most impertinent. Signs himself "Verax." Suspect it's that fellow —'

'Wally.' The Suffolk Colthurst roared him a little less gently than usual. 'I will not uphold you! Everybody thinks it is most injudicious.'

'Everybody, Agatha?'

'Paul and Millicent consider —'

'Public health, Agatha, public dec—'

'Wally, once for all, I absolutely refuse to discuss the subject. I will not have you make yourself ridiculous.'

The Suffolk Colthurst, with an approximation of natural majesty, put on a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses which were suspended round her neck by a cord and took the Leading Morning Journal off the first baron's table.

'Impertinent, certainly. Sarcasm, I suppose.'

'Suspect it's that fellow Huffham, because I declined to propose him for Rule Two.'

'Certainly you do appear to have laid yourself open, but the letter is most ill-natured.'

'As though I should be likely to propose him. Known the man all my life.'

The Suffolk Colthurst gathered her majestic inches for the ultimatum.

'Wally, you must listen to me. This

matter has already gone too far. Let it drop. It is the first time I have known you go out of your way to make yourself ridiculous.'

'Public health, Agatha, public decency.'

'Leave it to the County Council.'

'They are not competent to envisage such a problem as this. And I am determined, in the face of that letter —'

'Paul says that no man can afford to make himself a public laughing-stock.'

'Paul's a coward.'

'Paul says they are certain to make you an Apostle.'

'Eh?'

'If you don't make a fool of yourself.'

'Paul said that! Why, pray, should they make me an Apostle?'

'Because there is nobody else; and people will say the race has already passed its zenith if the vacancy is not filled up at once.'

'I will say this for Paul — he is well informed as a rule.'

'Wait, Wally, until you are an Apostle.'

'Very well, then, with the greatest possible reluctance, I yield the point for the present. "Verax" shall wait until — Tell me, Agatha, what have you to say to me?'

The good, the noble — forgive our fervor, O ye Liberal organs of opinion, even if *your* bosoms be not thrilled by this whole-souled devotion to the public weal! — the good, the noble Sheldermine of Potterhanworth flung the offending print upon Messrs. Maple's expensive carpet in a sudden uncontrollable access of private pique.

'Agatha.' The accents of the Great Proconsul were choked with emotion. 'Tell me, Agatha, what have you to say to me?'

'Wally,' said the Suffolk Colthurst, 'what I have to say to you is this.'

III

IS DOMESTIC IN THE MAIN, BUT WE
HOPE NOT UNWORTHY OF A GREAT
CONSTITUTIONAL STATESMAN

When you are up against a serious anticlimax, it is a golden rule to begin a fresh chapter.

The Suffolk Colthurst paused and sat, with a further access of natural majesty, upon a chair Louis Quinze, supplied, like the hearthrug, by Tottenham Court Road.

‘Wally — Philip has declined to come to the Queen’s Hall this afternoon to hear Busoni.’

Doing his best even in this dangerous anticlimax, S. of P. retrieved the Leading Morning Journal from the carpet, straightened out its crumpled folds with patient humility, laid it on the table, sat down in his own chair, — Tottenham Court Road of the best period, — put up his eyeglass, — by Cary of Pall Mall, maker to the Admiralty, — and in the voice of one pronouncing a benediction said, ‘Well, Agatha?’

‘Actually declined. Tells me he’s engaged to a pantomime at Drury Lane.’

‘Matter of taste, I suppose.’

‘Taste, Wally! Dear Adela is coming and I have taken such trouble to arrange this.’

The Proconsul showed a little perturbation.

‘No accounting for taste I presume. Why a man of his age, rising twenty-eight, should prefer —’

‘Wally, it is very wrong and you must speak to him. It is not kind to dear Adela. Please ring the bell.’

The Proconsul rang the bell and a young and very good-looking footman attended the summons.

‘Joseph,’ said his mistress, ‘if Mr. Philip has not gone yet, tell him please

that his father would like to see him.’

After a lapse of about five minutes, a young man sauntered into the library. He was a somewhat sombre-looking young man in a chocolate-colored suit.

‘Good-morning, Philip,’ said the first baron.

‘Mornin’, father,’ said the heir to the barony.

‘Philip,’ said the first baron, ‘your mother tells me that you have declined to accompany her and Adela Rocklaw to the Albert Hall this afternoon to hear Paderewski.’

The heir to the barony knitted the intellectual forehead that was his by inheritance.

‘Not declined, you know, exactly. It’s a bit of a mix. I thought the concert was next Saturday.’ Mr. Philip was a slow and rather heavy young man, but his air was quite sweet and humble, and not without a sort of tacit deference for both parents. ‘Fact is I was keepin’ next Saturday.’

‘Why not go this afternoon as you have got wrong in the date? Your mother has been at so much trouble, and I am sure Adela Rocklaw will be disappointed.’

‘Unfortunately I’ve fixed up this other thing.’

‘Engaged to a music-hall, I understand.’

‘Pantomime at Drury Lane,’ said Philip the Sombre.

‘Quite so.’ The Proconsul, like other great men, was slightly impatient of meticulous detail in affairs outside his orbit. ‘Hardly right, is it, to disappoint Adela Rocklaw, especially after your mother’ — Mother, still mounted on the Louis Quinze, sat with eyelids lowered but very level — ‘has taken so much trouble? At least I, at your age, should not have thought so.’

Mr. Philip pondered a little.

‘A bit awkward, perhaps. I say,

mater, don't you think you could fix up another day?'

The gaze of Mother grew a little less abstract at this invocation.

'Impossible, Phil-ip' — the Rubens-Minerva countenance, whose ample chin was folded trebly in rolls of adipose tissue, was a credit to the Governing Classes; 'dear Adela goes to High Cliff on Wednesday for the shooting.'

'Well, I'm sorry,' said Mr. Philip, quite nicely and politely, 'that I shall have to go to Drury Lane this afternoon.'

'Have to go, Phil-ip!' Still ampler grew the Governing Classes. 'It is really impossible in the circumstances.'

'What circumstances, mater?'

'Dear Adela.'

'She won't mind, if you explain. It's like this, you see. Teddy Clapham has taken a box for his kids, and I promised 'em I'd be there — and you can't go back on your word with kids, can you?'

'Why not, Phil-ip?' inquired the Governing Classes.

'Sort of gives 'em wrong views about things, you know.'

'How absurd!' said Mother. 'Much too sentimental about children nowadays. Telephone to Mr. Clapham and explain the circumstances. I am sure he will understand that as dear Adela is going to High Cliff on Wednesday —'

A cloud gathered on the brow of Philip.

'May be wrong, you know, mater, but I really can't go back on my word with kids. I promised 'em, you know; and that little Marge is a nailer and she is only five.'

The statement, in spite of its sincerity, did not seem to carry conviction to either parent.

The heir to the barony was a dutiful young man; at least, in an age which has witnessed a somewhat alarming decline in parental authority, he passed

as such. His deference, perhaps, was not of a type aggressively old-fashioned, but he honored his father and his mother.

'I'll get a box for the *Chocolate Soldier* on Monday if you and Adela will come, mater, but I don't see how I can throw over Teddy Clapham's kids, — five of 'em toddlers, — and they ain't got a mother, you know.'

'Phil-ip, this is ridiculous. And dear Adela will be so disappointed, and on Monday there is a reception at the Foreign Office.'

'You can go on afterwards.'

'But your father and I are engaged to dinner with the Saxmundhams.'

'Well, mater, I'm sorry. I hope you'll explain to Adela. Got mixed in the date, and if it had n't been kids I really would in the circumstances —'

The doorknob was now in the hand of the heir to the barony. Parthian bolts were launched at him, but he made good his escape from the stricken field with his mangled carcass.

'It's a nuisance,' he muttered as he closed the door behind him, 'but I really don't see what's to be done in the circumstances.'

In the entrance-hall he put on his hat, and was helped by Joseph into an overcoat with an astrachan collar; from the hall-stand he took a whangee cane with massive silver mountings, and sauntered forth pensively to his house of call, that was not very far from the corner of Hamilton Place.

Arrived at that desirable bourn, his first act was to ring up 00494 Wall.

'That you, Teddy? Have you told the kids to feed early to be in time for the risin' of the curtain? Yes, I've bought the Bukit Rajahs. Think so? Yes, not a minute later than a quarter past one.'

Replacing the receiver, the heir to the barony of Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth recruited exhausted nature with

a whiskey and apollinaris and put forth from the chaste portals of the Button Club. Adventures were lying in wait, however, for this idle rich young fellow.

As he rounded the corner into Piccadilly, a little unwarily, it must be confessed, he nearly collided with the Ne Plus Ultra of fashion in the person of a tall and decidedly smart young woman, in a rather tight black velvet hobble, and a charming mutch with a small strip of white fur above the left eyelid.

IV

IN WHICH THE GENTLE READER HAS THE HONOR OF AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SEVENTH UNMARRIED DAUGHTER OF NOT QUITE A HUNDRED EARLS

The Ne Plus Ultra had just achieved the feat of crossing from the Green Park in the charge of a quadruped of whom we are at a loss to furnish a more explicit description. How and why it had been allowed to escape a death by violence at the instance of the passing motor and other mechanically propelled vehicles, was yet another of the dark secrets which must be left in the keeping of its maker.

‘Hullo, Adela!’

Jamming the brakes hard on, the heir to the barony was just able to avert a forcible impact with the fearsome four-footed beast which measured eighteen inches and a quarter from the tip of its tail to the end of its muzzle.

‘What is it, Adela? Win it in a raffle?’

The seventh unmarried daughter of not quite a hundred earls was a little inclined to stiffen at this freedom with an Honourable Mention at the Crystal Palace.

‘It is a pure-bred rough-haired Himalayan Dust Spaniel, and they are very rare.’

‘I hope so.’

This profane observation did not seem to help the idle rich young fellow. The seventh unmarried daughter of not quite a hundred earls — she was the daughter of only three earls really, although she is not to be held to blame on that account, dear girl — tilted her chin to its most aristocratic angle, and displayed considerable reserve of manner. Yes, perhaps we agree with her that it would have been better for all concerned if the heir of so recent a creation had shown a little finer sense of the deference due to a maid and a dog of pedigree.

An eyelash, lengthy and sarcastic, flickered upon the lady’s cheek.

‘Pure-bred rough-coated Himalayan Dust Spaniel,’ said the heir to the barony. ‘Stick him in your muff or you might lose him.’

‘You are coming to the concert, are n’t you?’ said the seventh unmarried daughter, in a tone singularly detached and cool.

‘I’m afraid I can’t,’ said the heir to the barony. ‘Awfully sorry, Adela, but fact is, I’ve got mixed in the day. Thought it was next Saturday.’

‘Oh, really!’

‘So I’ve promised five little kidlets I’d take ’em to the pantomime at Drury Lane.’ ‘You don’t mind, Adela, do you? — or, I say, would you care to come? You’ll find it a deal more amusing than Paderewski. We’ve got a box and there’ll be any amount of room. And you won’t need a chaperon, with five kids and their nannas, and the mater need n’t go to Kubelik then, because she hates all decent music worse than I do. Better come, Adela. Pantomime’s awfully amusin’, and you’ll like Clapham, if you have n’t met him — chap, you know, that married poor little Bridgit Brady.’

‘Thanks,’ said the young madam, ‘but I think I prefer Busoni.’

The heir to the barony was rather concerned by the tone of Miss Insolence.

'You aren't rattled, are you, Adela?' said he. 'I've made a horrid mess of it, and I'm to blame and all that, but you can't go back on your word with kids, can you? If you come, I'm sure you'll like it; and that little Marge is a nailer, and she is only five.'

The long-lashed orb from beneath the charming mutch showed very cold and blue.

'Thanks, but I think I prefer Busoni. Come, Fritz.'

'Well, I'm sorry,' said the penitent; and the rather tight hobble and the charming mutch and the pure-bred Himalayan Dust Spaniel moved round the corner of Hamilton Place in review order.

Humbled and undone, the heir to the barony sauntered up the street, past the Cavalry and past the Rag, past the Savile and past the Bath, until, broken in spirit, he stayed his course before the chocolate shop of B. Venoist.

'She's as cross as two sticks,' sighed the heir to the barony, as he gazed in at the window. 'Always was a muddlin' fool — but you can't go back on your word with kids, can you? Now, I must be careful which sort I choose. I expect that sort in pink boxes will make 'em as sick as Monday mornin'.'

In this opinion, however, B. Venoist did not concur. He assured the heir to the barony that it was exactly the same quality as that supplied to Buckingham Palace, the Durdans, High Cliff Castle, and Eaton Hall.

'If that is so,' said the heir to the barony, 'I think I'll risk a box.' 'Looks pretty poisonous,' he added — although not to B. Venoist.

'You'll find that all right, sir,' said B. Venoist. 'Precisely the same quality as supplied to York Cottage.'

'I'm glad o' that,' said the heir to the barony, disbursing a sum in gold, and dangling a large but neat white paper parcel from his index finger.

'Cross as two sticks,' mused the stricken young man, putting forth from the chocolate shop of B. Venoist, and bestowing a nod in passing upon a choice light-blue striped necktie.

By some odd association of ideas, the sight of this article was responsible for his course being stayed before his favorite shop-window a little farther along the street: that of Mr. Thomas Ling, whose neckties in the opinion of some are as nice as any in London.

'Have you an Old Etonian Association necktie?' he asked of Mr. Thomas Ling, although he knew quite well that Mr. Thomas Ling had, and a Ramblers' also, if he had required it.

'The narrow or the broad, sir?' said Mr. Thomas Ling.

'The broad,' said the heir to the barony; but at Mr. Thomas Ling's look of frank incredulity, he corrected it to 'the narrow.'

Armed with the narrow, the heir to the barony left the shop of Mr. Thomas Ling poorer by the sum of five and sixpence, and also by a box of the best assorted chocolates from B. Venoist, which he had the misfortune to leave upon the counter.

'Cross as two sticks,' muttered the stricken young man as he reached the end of the celebrated thoroughfare, and gazed an instant into the window of Messrs. Wan and Sedgar, to see how their famous annual winter sale was getting on in the absence of the winter.

The mind of the heir to the barony hovered not unpleasantly, for all its unhappiness, over a peculiarly chaste display of silk and woollen pajamas, three pairs for two guineas, guaranteed unshrinkable, when with a shock he awoke to the fact that he was no longer

the proud possessor of a box of the best assorted chocolates from B. Venoist.

'I'm all to pieces this mornin',' registered the vain young man on the inner tablets of his nature. Thereupon he took out his watch, a gold hunting repeater, a present from his mother when he came of age, and in a succinct form apostrophized his Maker.

'Nine minutes to one and I've got to collect the kids from Eaton Place, and the bally show begins at one-thirty. Here, I say!'

The heir to the barony hailed a passing taxi.

'Call at Ling's up on the right, and then drive like h-ll to 300 Eaton Place.'

'Right you are, sir,' said the driver of the taxi, in such flagrant contravention of the spirit of the Public Vehicles Act, Edwardus VII, Cap. 3, that we much regret being unable to remember his number.

It was the work of two minutes for the heir to the barony to retrieve the box of best assorted chocolates from the custody of Mr. Thomas Ling up on the right, — which it ought never to have been in it, — and then the driver of the taxi sat down in the saddle and was just proceeding to let her out a bit, in accordance with instructions, when Constable X held him up peremptorily at the point where Bond Street converges upon B. Venoist. Not, however, we are sorry to say, in order to take the number of this wicked chauffeur, engaged in breaking an act of Parliament for purposes of private emolument, but merely to enable an old lady in a stole of black mink and a black hat with white trimmings, together with a Pekinese sleeve dog, lately the property of the Empress of China, to cross the street to buy a box 'of water-colors for her youngest nephew.

Certainly she was a very dear old lady; but the heir to the barony cursed

her bitterly as, gold hunting repeater in hand, he vowed that the kids would not be in time for the rising of the curtain.

As it was, the driver of the taxi, owing to this dereliction of duty upon the part of Constable X, — a kind man certainly and about to become a sergeant, — sat down again in the saddle and proceeded to let her out a bit further. So that anon, swinging along that perilous place where four and twenty metropolitan ways converge, yecept Hyde Park Corner, he came within an ace of running down a perfectly blameless young man in an old bowler hat and a reach-me-down, the author of this narrative, who was on his way to consult with his respected publisher as to whether, — no, young sir, you are a little previous, are n't you! — as to whether a work of ripe philosophy would do as well in the autumn as in the spring?

The young man in the old bowler hat, — old but good of its kind, purchased of Mr. Lock in the Street of Saint James on the strength of 'the success of the spring season,' although for the reach-me-down, no defense is offered, — the young man in the old bowler hat stepped back to the pavement with as much agility as an old footballer's knee would permit, and cursed the occupant of the taxi by all his gods for a bloated plutocrat, and in the unworthy spirit of revenge vowed to make him the hero of his very next novel.

A cruel revenge, but not, we think, unjustified. Idle rich young fellow — toiled not, neither did he spin — nursing a gold hunting repeater, in a coat with an astrachan collar and one of Messrs. Scott's latest — with a red face and a suspicion of down upon the upper lip — taking five kids who had lost their mother to the pantomime without his lunch — how dare he run down a true

pillar of the democracy, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour!

At nine minutes past one by the gold hunting repeater, in the middle of Victoria Street, the hard thought occurred to the young chap that he would get no lunch. Still let us not overdo our regard for his heroism, because he had not finished his breakfast until something after eleven, and his breakfast had consisted of three devilled kidneys on toast, a plate of porridge, a grilled sole, muffins, marmalade and fruit ad libitum; but still the young chap was undoubtedly going to miss his luncheon.

At twelve minutes past one by the gold hunting repeater, the heir to the barony was acclaimed in triumph from the threshold of Number 300 Eaton Place by five kids and their nannas, who were beginning almost to fear that Uncle Phil had forgotten to call for 'em.

'It is only Auntie Cathy that forgets,' said Marge, who, considering that at present she is only five, has excellent powers of observation. 'Uncle Phil never forgets nothink.'

Shrill cheers greeted the idle rich young fellow. Blow, blow thy whistle, Butler. Let us have another taxi up at once. Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara in taxi the first with Uncle Phil; nannas Helen and Lucy with Dick and the Babe in taxi the second.

'Must be at Drury Lane,' said Uncle Phil to Messieurs les Chauffeurs, 'before the risin' of the curtain at one-thirty.'

Those grim evil-doers nodded darkly, and away they tootle-tootled round the corner into the Buckingham Palace Road. One-fourteen, said the gold hunting repeater. Bar accidents, we shall do it on our heads.

'Oh, Uncle Phil,' said Marge, 'we've forgotten Daddy.'

'Comin' on from the city,' said Uncle Phil.

V

IN WHICH THE GENTLE READER IS TAKEN TO THE PANTOMIME IN THE COMPANY OF MARGE AND TIMOTHY AND ALICE CLARA AND DICK AND THE BABE, AND HELEN AND LUCY NANNA; AND WE HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS THEY DID

The door of Marge's taxi was opened by a benevolent bewhiskered policeman, who, being himself a family man, lifted her out as if he were pleased to see her. Uncle Phil then handed out Timothy and Alice Clara; and then he got out himself and performed an action which we are forced to view with regret. He opened the little purse which he kept in the pocket opposite to the gold hunting repeater, and presented a crown to the member of the criminal classes whose number we have so unfortunately omitted to take. And that dark-visaged misdemeanant who, if every man had had his due, would have had the blood of half the west end of London on what he was pleased to call his conscience, spat for luck on his guilty emolument when no one was looking, and thought of the new hat he would be able to buy the missus. At least we hope he did, although Mr. G-lsw-rthy has his doubts.

Shoals of other kids were converging upon the portals of Drury — kids in taxis, kids in growlers, kids on foot. It was 1:28, and all were frightfully anxious to be in their places by the time the curtain — the real, not the fire-proof curtain — went up. Timothy and Alice Clara were inclined to hustle around a bit, but Marge had such implicit faith in Uncle Phil that to her mind hustling was not called for, and was therefore unladylike.

In justice to Marge, it is only fair to say that her faith in Uncle Phil was amply justified. Crowds of arrivals

were in the vestibules: kids with their fathers, kids with their mothers, kids with their nannas, kids with their maiden aunts.

But, straight as a die, Uncle Phil cut out a course for his convoy. In double file his party of seven — five kids and two quite nice-looking nannas — followed in the wake of his astrachan collar and whangee cane with silver mountings. At one-twenty-nine Marge was seated in Box B next to the stage, and on a level with the dress circle. Timothy and Alice Clara and Dick and the Babe were seated beside her — certainly a great triumph for all concerned, including the criminal eating his dinner out of his handkerchief within a stone's throw of the office of the Sp-ct-t-r.

Uncle Phil bought a programme and paid a shilling for it, although sixpence was the price.

'*Cinderella*, I see. Rippin'.'

Marge knew it was *Cinderella*. She had dreamed that it was. Besides, all the best pantomimes are *Cinderella*. But where was Daddy? Why did n't he make haste? There was Mr. Lover — loud applause — the orchestra was tuning up. Oh, why did n't Daddy —

Oh, joy! oh, Providence! Daddy came into Box B just as Marge was inquiring for him, in his tall hat fresh from Mincing Lane. A rather tired and sad-looking Daddy, a little hollow in the cheeks and with rings under his eyes, although fortunately Marge did n't notice them. But as soon as he caught sight of the heir to the barony, whose other name was Uncle Phil, a smile seemed to come right over him.

'Damned good of you, old boy,' he said, as he hung up his tall hat beside the very latest performance on the part of Messrs. Scott. 'Ungodly hour to begin,' said Daddy. 'Hope you got your lunch all right.'

'Ra-ther,' said Uncle Phil. 'You?'

'Ye-es.'

We know what Uncle Phil is, and we are afraid we must say the same of Father.

But Mr. Lover is already under way with his overture.

And then Father asked Marge if she could see, and if Timothy could see, and was Babe comfortable, and other well-meaning but superfluous questions almost, as it were, to convey a sense of his importance. And there was the curtain actually going up, on a field of new-mown hay. It was magnificent, but with all respect to Mr. Hollins, the scent of the hay was only just able to get across the footlights. But don't let Mr. Hollins take it to heart, because Marge, quite one of the most important people in all his noble theatre, was able to smell the scent of the new-mown hay all right.

'A toppin' good chorus,' said Uncle Phil.

Dick and the Babe fairly crowed with pleasure. Helen Nanna hoped they would restrain themselves, and whispered to Lucy Nanna that *never* had she seen anything like it.

And then, quite suddenly, the lights went out; the orchestra rolled in semi-darkness; something happened to the scenery; the lights came up again, and there was a kitchen in the ancestral hall of the Baron de No-Cash.

Again crowed the Babe with pleasure, and he had a perfect right to do so; because it was really a remarkable sort of a kitchen, larger by far than the one in Eaton Place where Cook kept the marmalade; though doubtless what most engaged the fancy of the Babe was the enormous fireplace, which had accommodation for a turnspit and at least twenty-four persons.

In the temporary absence of any single human individual, the turnspit had the stage all to itself. This was a subtle device on the part of the man-

agement. An air of rapt expectation enfolded the great audience, as of something going to happen.

And something did.

A perfect roar of enthusiasm heralded the happening of the something. Now what do you suppose it was? Nothing less than the arrival of the Principal Girl.

She just wandered in, nohow as it were, with a broom in her hand and her skirt in tatters, and a red cap over her curls and her feet in slippers. She was merely the maid of all work in the kitchen of the Baron^{de} No Cash; a downtrodden creature, according to legend and according to the libretto; but you would hardly have thought so, since she had to stand bowing for two whole minutes over her broom-handle before she was allowed to proceed with the business of life.

The roar reverberated from the roof of the gallery to the floor of the pit. Kids in boxes, kids in stalls, kids in the dress circle, and an infant in arms at the back of the theatre all helped the welkin to let itself go; and responsible middle-aged gentlemen from the Kafir Circus and the Rubber Market, a grandee from the Home Department, a judge of the Court of King's Bench, a solicitor who had applied the money of his clients to his own purposes, although nobody had found him out at present, a substantial family from Hammersmith, the proprietor of a flourishing Brixton laundry whose eldest girl was in the ballet, a gentleman who had just been declared a bankrupt, an old charwoman in the front row of the gods, and a thousand and one other heterogeneous elements, whom we are only able to refer to in the most general terms, assisted Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara and Dick and the Babe to make the welkin behave frightfully foolish over a rather plain-looking girl of twenty-four who had to stand there

bowing over her broom-handle before she could get on with the business of life.

And when at last she was able to get on with the business of life, what do you suppose it was? Why to sing, of course, 'Come with me to Arcadee.' What in the world else do you suppose her business in life could be?

A little well-timed assistance from Mr. Lover, which she really did n't require, and away she soared straight up through the middle register, and at the same moment something seemed to go *ping, ping*, beneath the knitted waistcoat of chocolate worsted of the heir to the barony, standing at the back of Box B at the side of Father.

'Come with me to Arcadee.'

Uncle Phil accepted her invitation without the slightest hesitation, — we are not so sure as we should like to be about Father, — but Nannas Helen and Lucy, and Marge and all the rest of 'em, indeed an overwhelming majority of that crowded and representative assembly went straight to Arcadee with that rather plain young woman who was suffering from a cold in the head.

We call her plain as much out of deference to Mr. G-ls-w-rthy, and Mr. Arnold B-nn-tt and Mr. H. G. W-lls as for any other reason we can think of. Because, in the opinion of the heir of the barony, she was already enshrined as 'a nailer,' and for one of such mature experience of all phases and degrees of womanhood, no girl absolutely and unmistakably plain could possibly have been granted the highest of all diplomas.

No, Mr. G-lsw-rthy, perhaps not a patrician beauty, like the daughter of whom we wot, still, plain is not the word exactly. Can you call any young woman plain who, attired in her nondescript manner, hypnotizes the whole of Drury with her tiny handkerchief

edged with lace, every time she plucks it out of her tatterdemalialia.

Plain, Mr. G-lsw-rthy? — no, sir, decidedly not. A plain girl could never hypnotize the whole of Drury with her handkerchief, including an austere old gentleman in the second row of the stalls, allowing a question of taxed costs to stand over till the following Tuesday. Plain, Mr. G-lsw-rthy! — we at least and the heir to the barony are forced to dissent.

'She's a nailer. What's her name?' said Uncle Phil.

Father lowered his sombre eyes and shook his head at Uncle Philip. He had not gone to Arcadee with the Principal Girl, you see. Upon a day, another Principal Girl had lured him thither, and Father had had to come back again, and Father was feeling that he wanted not never to go any more to Arcadee — except with the Principal, Principal Girl.

Helen Nanna, a good, kind girl, and high up in the class at old Dame Nature's Select Academy for Young Ladies, handed the programme to Uncle Philip, who perused the same as soon as the vibrations under the chocolate waistcoat would allow him to do so.

'Birdie Brightwing — no, she's Prince Charming, and this is Cinderella. Mary Caspar is Cinderella.'

Uncle Philip, for all his ripe experience, had never heard of Miss Caspar, and Father had n't either. Never been seen at the Gaiety or the Lyric. No wonder a star had had to be placed by the management opposite the name of Miss Caspar, to denote an explanatory footnote at the bottom of the programme.

'By special arrangement with the Royal Italian Opera House, Blackhampton.'

Ha! that explained it. Deep minds were in this. Merely one more stroke

of genius on the part of Mr. Hollins. When Florence de Vere had broken her engagement at the eleventh hour in order to take part in the Beauchamp Season, to the dismay of all that was best in the life of the metropolis, what did Mr. Hollins do? Sit down and twiddle his thumbs, did he? Not so, my masters. He called for his coat with the astrachan collar, and his new bowler hat from Mr. Lock, and he took a first-class ticket for the Royal Italian Opera House, Blackhampton.

'Not for the King of England, not me,' said the Lessee and Manager haughtily. 'We open on Boxin' night with Aladdin, and the bills are printed.'

Oh vain Lessee! Little he recked of the Napoleonic faculty of Mr. Hollins in combination with his cheque-book. Meetings of indignation were held in Blackhampton and its environs, but after all, the loss of the famous midland city was the gain of the great metropolis. Miss Caspar had come, had been seen, had overcome.

'Core!' roared the bloods in the stalls.

'Core!' echoed the cads in the pit.

'Core!' cried the young ladies in the dress circle.

'Core!' yelled the members of nature's nobility, cheek by jowl with Verrio's magnificent ceiling.

Mary Caspar's cold was really frightful, but she could n't help herself, poor girl. Once more she took 'em all to Arcadee — Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara and Dick and the Babe and Helen and Lucy Nanna and certainly Uncle Phil. As for poor Father, he leaned back against the wall with his hands in his pockets, and almost wished he had n't come. There was something about that girl taking 'em all to Arcadee that somehow — no, dash it all, he must learn to keep that upper lip a bit stiffer.

'Core!' shouted Father — but so feebly that nobody heard him.

'Only a hundred a week,' said Mr. Hollins in the ear of the Chairman of the Syndicate in the box below. 'Dirt cheap.'

'Sign her for five years at double the salary,' said the Chairman of the Syndicate in the ear of the famous manager.

'Nothing like a provincial training,' said Mr. Hollins. 'Teaches 'em how to get right home to the heart of the people.'

'Core!' roared the Chairman of the Syndicate.

'Absolute nailer,' said Uncle Phil.

And then her acting! It was so perfectly easy and natural that it really did n't seem like a subtle exercise of the histrionic art. Her speaking voice, for all that it hurt her so, was clear and low and quite agreeable; and wiser men than Uncle Phil have thought that such a voice as that is the greatest charm in any young woman. Not quite so ultra-refined, perhaps, as that of the seventh unmarried daughter of not quite a hundred earls; not quite so much torture was inflicted upon the letter 'o,' that honest vocable. Icy 'tônes' had been Adela's that morning in the opinion of the heir to the barony; those of the new-risen star of Blackhampton were clear and unaffected and ringing with human sympathy. No wonder that the sensitive mechanism behind the chocolate waistcoat was thrown clear out of gear.

She acted beautifully that fine scene inside the fireplace with a nondescript entity, by the name of Buttons, which in his proper name is Mr. Graves and a man of genius; acted it beautifully during the time her wicked sisters had left her at home to work like a menial while they had gone to Prince Charming's ball.

After the Principal Girl had sung another ballad, to the entire satisfaction of all that was best in the life of the

metropolis, the great and good Mr. Lover handed up to her a noble box of chocolates from an unknown friend in front.

The appearance of this rare box of chocolates struck the heir to the barony all of a heap, as the saying goes. What had happened to the ill-fated box he had bought of B. Venoist!

'I'm hanged,' he said, 'if I have n't left that bally box in the taxi after all!'

The heir to the barony waited until the Principal Girl had retired to get into her famous glass slippers and her ballroom kit, and then like a thief in the night, he stole out of Box B, that none should see him go, and crept round the back of the dress circle to the refreshment buffet presided over by a Hebe of three-and-forty summers in an outfit of yellow curls.

He would never be able to forgive himself if the kids should think he had forgotten those chocolates.

'Price o' those?'

The heir to the barony disbursed the sum with his accustomed magnificence.

'Hello, young feller, what are you doing *here*?'

This question was asked by a gentleman of prosperous appearance who was holding up a yellow fluid in a tiny glass, and was looking as though he might presently imbibe it.

'Party o' kids,' said the heir to the barony. 'Toppin' good show.'

The gentleman of the prosperous appearance quite agreed, and invited him civilly to drink.

'Must get back with this,' said the heir to the barony, holding up a very fine performance on the part of good Messrs. Cadbury.

Although the heir to the barony stayed not to partake of liquid refreshment, he who was engaged in recruiting exhausted nature with a sherry

and Angostura bitters, was one of the most distinguished men throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis. Arminius Wingrove was the name of him; a man of consequence to this narrative as to many another one; envied by some, yet esteemed by all who knew him, inasmuch as he was one of the leading dramatic authors of the period; but more of whom anon. But please to remember, when the time arrives, that you have already had the honor of a formal introduction to (the) Arminius Wingrove.

The slave of duty stole back to Box B, and his reappearance with the signal triumph of Messrs. Cadbury went entirely unmarked, his luck being such that he crept in at the moment the Fairy Godmother waved her wand, and the rats and mice, not to mention the lizards, became piebald ponies, who bore off Cinderella in her state chariot to the Prince's Ball.

Helen and Lucy Nanna had never seen anything like it — never; the Babe crowed with pleasure; Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara could merely gasp; and Father confided to Uncle Phil, in a sombre undertone, that it was the best pantomime he had seen for years.

Ping went the clockwork under the chocolate waistcoat of Uncle Philip. There she was again. What a dream she was in her golden chariot with a diadem over her chestnut curls. Bowed and kissed her hand to the admiring multitude; stepped down from her chariot, smiling, smiling in her royal manner at the footmen as she passed them, and followed by all that was best in the life of the metropolis as she crossed the threshold of the Prince's domicile.

Ping went the heart of Uncle Philip. Austere old gentleman fumbles for his programme — dear old boy lamenting his wretched memory for names. Bald-

headed light of the Chancery Bar unfolds his pince-nez; outspoken youth in gallery roars out, 'Good on yer, Mary!'

In our humble judgment, outspoken youth was quite correct. O ye Maries of England, true heroism is not the private prerequisite of the Royal Horse Guards Blue. The precious seed is in you all, my dears. May you always do your respective duties as this particular Mary did, when England expects it of you.

Right up she went through the middle register, tearing her poor throat to pieces at every note she took. Fairly housed the painter — 'Nelson and his Gentlemen in Blue': Don't know whose the words are — Swinburne may be, or Gilbert, W. S.; music may have been by Brahms or Schubert, or Strauss or Wagner or Debussy, but critic of *Leading Morning Journal* seems to think by none of these.

'Core!' roared the cads in the stalls.

'Core!' roared the bloods in the pit.

'Core!' cried the young ladies in the dress circle.

'Core!' roared the members of nature's nobility all over the house.

'Right on the spot all the time,' said the Chairman of the Syndicate. 'Hollins, have that five years' contract put in hand at once.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' says Mr. Hollins, forgetting the degree to which it had pleased Providence to call him in the lilt of that nautical tune.

'Good on yer, Mary!' proclaimed outspoken youth with almost pathetic enthusiasm from the front row of the gods.

At the end of the twenty-fourth verse, Mr. Lover presented a bouquet of lilies of the valley, smilax and maiden-hair fern to this national heroine. Paid for by the management, saith young friend of the *Standard News*. May be, young sir, but Marge waved frantic-

ally, and the Babe crowed shrilly, and the heir to the barony deplored the fact that he had not had the sense to bring one himself.

We pray you of your patience, gentles all, to retain your seats until the Principal Girl has married the prince. She won't be long, now, that good, brave girl. How she has done it, we don't quite know; and remember, people, what British pluck has already done this afternoon, British pluck will have to do all over again this evening.

'Girl ought to be in bed,' says Harley Street Physician in box opposite Box B to old college friend, the house surgeon at Bart's. 'She'll have a temperature if she is n't careful.'

'She's given the house a temperature all right,' said the house surgeon at Bart's, mingling refined humor with grave thoughts, like the American judge at the funeral of his mother-in-law.

Kids staying of course for the end of it all. Details much too banal to inflict upon the overwrought patience of the gentle reader. But Father and Uncle Phil, lunchless and thirsty, patient and uncomplaining, though bored to

tears, stand as ever at the back of Box B, at the post of duty. Wholehoggers, these upright citizens, though one was the eldest son of a peer and the other was connected by marriage with several. But let justice be done to 'em. They would see it all to the end, in order that Marge and Timothy and Alice Clara and Dick and the Babe and Helen and Lucy Nanna should be sent back in taxis to Number 300 Eaton Place, just as they ought to be.

'Three hundred Eaton Place. Drive slowly. — Time for a game of pills before dinner?' says the heir to the barony.

'Fraid there won't be time, old boy,' says Father. 'Letters to attend to.'

'Time for a drink at the Betterton, anyhow,' says Uncle Philip.

That temple of aristocratic Bohemia, at which monarchs sup and which actor-managers frequent, is in such close proximity to Drury, that only plutocracy in its most aggravated form would have called for a taxi in order to get to it. But what can you expect, O ye Liberal organs of opinion, from the heir to a Tory peerage!

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE ¹

BY MARY ANTIN

I

My mother ought to have been happy in her engagement. Everybody congratulated her on securing such a scholar, her parents loaded her with presents, and her friends envied her. It is true that the bridegroom's family consisted entirely of poor relations; there was not one solid householder among them. From the worldly point of view, my mother made a mesalliance. But as one of my aunts put it, when my mother objected to the association with the undesirable cousins, she could take out the cow and set fire to the barn; meaning that she could rejoice in her husband and disregard his family.

My mother's trousseau was all that a mother-in-law could wish. The best tailor in Polotzk was engaged to make the cloaks and gowns, and his shop was filled to bursting with ample lengths of velvet and satin and silk. The wedding gown alone cost every kopeck of fifty rubles, as the tailor's wife reported all over Polotzk. The lingerie was of the best, and the seamstress was engaged on it for many weeks. Featherbeds, linen, household goods of every sort — everything was provided in abundance. My mother crocheted many yards of lace to trim the best sheets, and fine silk coverlets adorned the plump beds. Many a marriageable maiden who came

to view the trousseau went home to prink and blush and watch for the marriage-broker.

The wedding was memorable for gayety and splendor. The guests included some of the finest people in Polotzk; for while my grandfather was not quite at the top of the social scale, he had business connections with those who were, and they all turned out for the wedding of his only daughter, the men in silk frockcoats, the women in all their jewelry.

The bridegroom's aunts and cousins came in full force. Wedding messengers had been sent to every person who could possibly claim relationship with the groom. My mother's parents were too generous to slight the lowliest. Instead of burning the barn, they did all they could to garnish it; one or two of the more important of the poor relations came to the wedding in gowns paid for by my rich grandfather. The rest came decked out in borrowed finery, or in undisguised shabbiness. Nobody thought of staying away.

After the feasting and dancing, which lasted a whole week, the wedding presents were locked up; the bride, with her hair discreetly covered, returned to her father's store; and the groom, with his new praying shawl, repaired to the synagogue. This was all according to the marriage bargain, which implied that my father was to study and pray and fill the house with the spirit of piety, in return for board and lodging and the devotion of his wife and her entire family.

¹ In the October number, Mary Antin described the mediaeval life within the Pale of the Russian city where she was born. She told of the student who was to be her father, and of the training which was to make a learned Rabbi of him. — THE EDITORS.]

All the parties concerned had entered into this bargain in good faith, so far as they knew their own minds. But the eighteen-year-old bridegroom, before many months had passed, began to realize that he felt no such hunger for the word of the Law as he was supposed to feel. He felt, rather, a hunger for life that all his studying did not satisfy. He was not trained enough to analyze his own thoughts to any purpose; he was not experienced enough to understand where his thoughts were leading him. He only knew that he felt no call to pray and fast, that the Torah did not inspire him, and his days were blank. The life he was expected to lead grew distasteful to him, and yet he knew no other way to live. He became lax in his attendance at synagogue services, incurring the reproach of the family. It began to be rumored among the studious that Raphael the Russian's son-in-law was not devoting himself to the sacred books with any degree of enthusiasm. It was well known that he had a good mind, but evidently the spirit was lacking. My grandparents went from surprise to indignation, from exhortation they passed to recrimination. Before my parents had been married half a year, my grandfather's house was divided against itself, and my mother was torn between the two factions. For while she sympathized with her parents, and felt personally cheated by my father's lack of piety, she thought it was her duty to take her husband's part, even against her parents, in their own house. My mother was one of those women who always obey the highest law they know, even though it leads them to their doom.

How did it happen that my father, who from his early boyhood had been pointed out as a scholar in embryo, failed to live up to the expectations of his world? It happened as it happened that his hair curled over his high fore-

head. He was made that way. If people were disappointed, it was because they had based their expectations on a misconception of his character. For my father had never had any aspirations for extreme piety. Piety was imputed to him by his mother, by his rebbe, by his neighbors, when they saw that he rendered the sacred word more intelligently than his fellow-students. It was not his fault that his people confused scholarship with religious ardor. Having a good mind, he was glad to exercise it; and being given only one subject to study, he was bound to make rapid progress in that. If he had ever been offered a choice between a religious and a secular education, his friends would have found out early that he was not born to be a rav. But as he had no mental opening except through the rabbinical school, he went on from year to year winning new distinction in Hebrew scholarship; with the result that witnesses with preconceived ideas began to see the halo of piety playing around his head, and a well-to-do family was misled into making a match with him for the sake of the heavenly glory that he was to attain.

When it became evident that the son-in-law was not going to develop into a rav, my grandfather notified him that he would have to assume the support of his own family without delay. My father thereupon entered on a series of experiments with paying occupations, for none of which he was qualified, and in none of which he succeeded permanently.

My mother was with my father, as equal partner and laborer, in everything he attempted. They tried keeping a wayside inn, but had to give it up because the life was too rough for my mother, who expected her first baby. Returning to Polotzk, they went to storekeeping, but failed in this also, because my father was inexperienced, and

my mother, now with the baby to nurse, was not able to give her best attention to business. Over two years passed in this experiment, and in the interval the second child was born, increasing my parents' need of a home and a reliable income.

It was then decided that my father should seek elsewhere for a living. For several years he traveled and labored, with varying fortunes, in the east and south of Russia, until news reached him of the death of my grandfather, which left my mother heir to a good business. My father thereupon returned to Polotzk, and became a storekeeper once more.

As my mother had been trained to her business from childhood, while my father had had only a little irregular experience, she naturally remained the leader. She was as successful as her father before her. The people continued to call her Chane Chaye Raphael's, and under that name she was greatly respected in the business world. Her eldest brother was now a merchant of importance, and my mother's establishment was gradually enlarged; so that, altogether, our family had a solid position in Polotzk, and there were plenty to envy us.

We were hardly rich, even as Polotzk counted riches in those days. I suppose we were considered well-to-do. We moved into a larger house, where there was room for out-of-town customers to stay over night, and stabling for their horses. We lived as well as any people of our class, and perhaps better, because my father had brought home with him from his travels a taste for a more genial life than Polotzk usually asked for. My mother kept a cook and a nursemaid, and a *dvornik* or outdoor man, to take care of the horses, the cow, and the woodpile. All the year round we kept open house, as I remember. Cousins and aunts were always

about, and on holidays friends of all degrees gathered in numbers. And coming and going in the wing set apart for business-guests were merchants, traders, country peddlers, peasants, soldiers, and minor government officials. It was a full house at all times, and especially so during fairs, and at the season of the military draft, when recruits by the hundred came in from the outlying districts, Polotzk being the county-seat.

In the family wing there was also enough going on. There were four of us children, besides father and mother and the parasitic cousins. Fetchke was the eldest; I was the second; the third was my only brother, named Joseph, for my father's father; and the fourth was Edle Dvereh, named for my mother's mother.

I suppose I ought to explain my own name also, especially because I am going to emerge as the heroine by and by. Be it therefore known that I was named Maryashe, for a bygone aunt. I was never called by my right name, however. 'Maryashe' was too dignified. It was always Mashinke, or else Mashke, by way of diminutive. A variety of nicknames, mostly suggested by my physical peculiarities, were bestowed on me from time to time by my fond or foolish relatives. My Uncle Berl, for example, gave me the name of *Zuk-rochene Flum*, which I am not going to translate, because it is uncomplimentary.

My sister Fetchke was always the good little girl, and when our troubles began she was an important member of the family. What sort of little girl I was will be written by and by. Joseph was the best Jewish boy that ever was born, but he hated to go to heder, so he had to be whipped, of course. Edle Dvereh was just a baby, and her principal characteristic was single-mindedness. If she had teething to attend to

she thought of nothing else day or night, and communicated with the family on no other subject. If it was whooping cough, she whooped most heartily; if it was measles, she had them thick.

It was the normal thing in Polotzk, where the mothers worked as well as the fathers, for the children to be left in the hands of nursemaids and grandmothers. We were much of the time under our Grandma Rachel's care. Grandma meant to be very strict with us, and accordingly she was prompt to discipline us; but we discovered early in our acquaintance with her that the child who got a spanking was sure to get a hot cookie, or the jam-pot to lick, so we did not stand in great awe of her punishments. Even if it came to a spanking it was only a farce. Grandma generally interposed a pillow between the palm of her hand and the area of moral stimulation.

The real disciplinarian in our family was my father. Was he present or absent, it was fear of his displeasure that kept us in the straight and narrow path. In the minds of us children he was as much represented, when away from home, by the strap hanging on the wall as by his portrait which stood on a parlor table, in a gorgeous frame adorned with little shells. Almost everybody's father had a strap, but our father's strap was more formidable than the ordinary. It was, for one thing, more painful to encounter personally, because it was not a simple strap, but a bunch of fine long strips, clinging as rubber. My father called it 'noodles,' and while his facetiousness was lost on us children, the superior sting of his instrument was entirely effective.

My father, in his leisure, found means of instructing us other than by the strap. He took us walking and driving, answered our questions, and taught us many little things that our

playmates were not taught. From distant parts of the country he had imported little tricks of speech and conduct, which we learned readily enough, for we were always a teachable lot. Our pretty manners were very much admired, so that we became used to being held up as models to children less polite. Guests at our table praised our deportment, when, at the end of a meal, we kissed the hands of father and mother and thanked them for food. Envious mothers of rowdy children used to sneer: 'Those grandchildren of Raphael the Russian are quite the aristocrats.'

And yet, off the stage, we had our little tempests, especially I. I really and truly cannot remember a time when Fetchke was naughty, but I was oftener in trouble than out of it. I need not go into details. I only need to recall how often, on going to bed, I used to lie silently rehearsing the day's misdeeds, my sister refraining from talk out of sympathy. As I always came to the conclusion that I wanted to reform, I emerged from my reflections with this solemn formula, 'Fetchke — let us be good.' And my generosity in including my sister in my plans for salvation was equaled by her magnanimity in assuming part of my degradation. She always replied, in aspiration as eager as mine, 'Yes, Mashke, let us be good.'

On Friday afternoons my parents came home early, to wash and dress and remove from their persons every sign of labor. The great keys of the store were put away out of sight; the money-bag was hidden in the featherbeds. My father put on his best coat and silk skull-cap; my mother replaced the cotton kerchief by the well-brushed wig. We children bustled around our parents, asking favors in the name of the Sabbath: 'Mamma, let Fetchke and me wear our new shoes, in honor of Sabbath'; or 'Papa, will you take us tomorrow across the bridge? You said

you would, on Sabbath.' And while we adorned ourselves in our best, my grandmother superintended the sealing of the oven, the maids washed the sweat from their faces, and the *dvornik* scraped his feet at the door.

My father and brother went to the synagogue, while we women and girls assembled in the living-room for candle prayer. The table gleamed with spotless linen and china. At my father's place lay the Sabbath loaf, covered over with a crocheted doily; and beside it stood the wine flask and the *kiddush* cup of gold or silver. At the opposite end of the table was a long row of brass candlesticks, polished to perfection, with the heavy silver candlesticks in a shorter row in front. For my mother and grandmother were very pious, and each used a number of candles; while Fetchke and I and the maids had one apiece.

After candle prayer the women generally read in some book of devotion, while we children amused ourselves in the quietest manner, till the men returned from synagogue. 'Good Sabbath!' my father called, as he entered; and 'Good Sabbath — good Sabbath!' we wished him in return. If he brought with him a Sabbath guest from the synagogue, the stranger was welcomed and invited in, and placed in the seat of honor, next to my father.

We all stood around the table while *kiddush*, or the blessing over the wine, was said; and if a child whispered or nudged another, my father reproved him with a stern look, and began again from the beginning. But as soon as he had cut the consecrated loaf, and distributed the slices, we were at liberty to talk and ask questions; unless a guest was present, when we maintained a polite silence.

On Sabbath morning almost everybody went to synagogue, and those who did not, read their prayers and de-

votions at home. Dinner, at midday, was a pleasant and leisurely meal in our house. Between courses my father led us in singing our favorite songs, sometimes Hebrew, sometimes Yiddish, sometimes Russian, or some of the peculiar songs without words for which the religious enthusiasts of that time were famous. In the afternoon we went visiting, or else we took long walks out of town, where the fields sprouted and the orchards waited to bloom. If we stayed at home, we were not without company. Neighbors dropped in for a glass of tea. Uncles and cousins came, and perhaps my brother's rebbe,¹ to examine his pupil in the hearing of the family. And wherever we spent the day, the talk was pleasant, the faces were cheerful, the joy of Sabbath pervaded everything.

I suppose no little girls with whom we played had a more comfortable sense of being well off than Fetchke and I. 'Raphael the Russian's grandchildren,' people called us, as if referring to the quarterings in our shield. It was very pleasant to wear fine clothes, to have *kopecks* to spend at the fruit-stalls, to be pointed at admiringly. Some of the little girls we went with were richer than we; but after all, one's mother can only wear one pair of earrings at a time, and our mother had beautiful gold ones that hung down on her neck.

As we grew older, my parents gave us more than physical comfort and social standing to rejoice in. They gave us, or set out to give us, education, which was less common than gold earrings in Polotzk. For the ideal of a modern education was the priceless ware that my father brought back with him from his travels in distant parts.

His travels, indeed, had been the making of my father. He had gone away from Polotzk, in the first place, as a man unfit for the life he led, out of

harmony with his surroundings, at odds with his neighbors. Never heartily devoted to the religious ideals of the Hebrew scholar, he was more and more a dissenter as he matured, but he hardly knew what to embrace in place of the ideas he rejected. The rigid scheme of orthodox Jewish life in the Pale offered no opening to any other mode of life. But in the large cities in the east and south he discovered a new world, and found himself at home in it. The Jews among whom he lived in those parts were faithful to the essence of the religion, but they allowed themselves more latitude in practice and observance than people in Polotzk. Instead of bribing government officials to relax the law of compulsory education for boys, these people pushed in numbers at every open door of culture and enlightenment. Even the girls were given books in Odessa and Kherson, as the rock to build their lives on, and not as an ornament for idleness. My father's mind was ready for the reception of such ideas, and he was inspired by the new view of the world which they afforded him.

When he returned to Polotzk he knew what had been wrong with his life before, and he proceeded to remedy it. He resolved to live, so far as the conditions of existence in Polotzk permitted, the life of a modern man. And he saw no better place to begin than with the education of the children. Outwardly he must conform to the ways of his neighbors, just as he must pay tribute to the policeman on the beat; for social ostracism could ruin his business as easily as police persecution. His children, if he started them right, would not have to bow to the yoke as low as he; his children's children might even be free men. And education was the one means to salvation.

Fetchke and I were started with a rebbe, in the orthodox way, but we

were taught to translate as well as read Hebrew, and we had a secular teacher besides. We were both very diligent pupils, and my father took great satisfaction in our progress and built great plans for our higher education.

My brother, who was five years old when he entered heder, hated to be shut up all day over a printed page that meant nothing at all to him. He cried and protested, but my father was determined that he should not grow up ignorant, so he used the strap freely to hasten the truant's steps to school. The heder was the only beginning allowable for a boy in Polotzk, and to heder Joseph must go. So the poor boy's life was made a nightmare, and the horror was not lifted until he was ten years old, when he went to a modern school where intelligible things were taught, and it proved that it was not the book he hated, but the blindness of the heder.

For a number of peaceful years after my father's return from 'far Russia,' we led a wholesome life of comfort, content, and faith in to-morrow. Everything prospered, and we children grew in the sun. My mother was one with my father in all his plans for us. Although she had spent her young years in the pursuit of the ruble, it was more to her that our teacher praised us than that she had made a good bargain with a tea merchant. Fetchke and Joseph and I, and Edle Dvereh, when she grew up, had some prospects even in Polotzk, with our parents' hearts set on the highest things. But we were destined to seek our fortunes in a world which even my father did not dream of, when he settled down to business in Polotzk.

Just when he felt himself safe and strong, a long series of troubles set in to harass us, and in a few years' time we were reduced to a state of helpless poverty, in which there was no room to

think of anything but bread. My father became seriously ill, and spent large sums on cures that did not cure him. While he was still an invalid, my mother also became ill, and kept her bed for the better part of two years. When she got up, it was only to lapse again. Some of us children also fell ill, so that at one period the house was a hospital. And while my parents were incapacitated, the business was ruined through bad management, until a day came when there was not enough money in the cash-drawer to pay the doctor's bills.

For some years after they got to their feet, my parents struggled to regain their place in the business world, but failed to do so. My father had another period of experimenting with this or that business, like his earlier experience. But everything went wrong, till at last he made a great resolve to begin life all over again. And the way to do that was to start on a new soil. My father determined to emigrate to America.

I have now told who I am, what my people were, how I began life, and why I was brought to a new home. Up to this point I have borrowed the recollections of my parents, to piece out my own fragmentary reminiscences. But from now on I propose to be my own pilot across the seas of memory; and if I lose myself in the mists of uncertainty, or run aground on the reefs of speculation, I still hope to make port at last, and I shall look for welcoming faces on the shore. For the ship I sail in is history, and facts will kindle my beacon fires.

II

My father and mother could tell me so much that I have forgotten, or that I never was aware of; but I want to reconstruct my childhood from those broken recollections only, which, re-

cursing to me in after years, filled me with the pain and wonder of remembrance. I want to string together those glimpses of my earliest days that dangle in my mind, like little lanterns in the crooked alleys of the past, and show me an elusive little figure that is myself, and yet so much a stranger to me, that I often ask, Can this be I?

I have not much faith in the reality of my first recollection, which dates from the time I was four years old, but I can never go back over the past without bringing up at last at this sombre little scene, as at a door beyond which I cannot pass. I see, then, an empty, darkened room. In the middle, on the floor, lies a long shape, covered with some black stuff. There are candles at the head of the shape. Dim figures are seated low, against the walls, swaying to and fro. There is no sound in the room, except a moan or a sigh from the shadowy figures. But a child is walking softly round and round the shape on the floor, in quiet curiosity.

The shape is the body of my grandfather laid out for burial. The child is myself — myself asking questions of Death.

The abode of our childhood, if not revisited in later years, is apt to loom in our imagination as a vast edifice with immense chambers in which our little self seems lost. Somehow, I have failed of this illusion. My grandfather's house, where I was born, stands, in my memory, a low, one-story wooden building, whose chimneys touch the sky at the same level as do its neighbors' chimneys. Such as it was, the house stood even with the sidewalk, but the yard was screened from the street by a board fence, outside which I am sure that there was a bench.

Of the interior of the house I remember only one room, and not so much the room as the window, which had a blue sash-curtain, and beyond the curtain

a view of a narrow, walled garden, where deep red dahlias grew. The garden belonged to the house adjoining my grandfather's, where lived the Gentile girl who was kind to me.

Behind my grandfather's house was a low hill, which I do *not* remember as a mountain. Perhaps it was only a hump in the ground. This eminence, of whatever stature, was a part of the Vall, a longer and higher ridge, on the top of which was a promenade, and which was said to be the burying ground of Napoleonic soldiers. This historic rumor meant very little to me, for I had no idea what Napoleon was.

It was not my way to accept unchallenged every superstition that came to my ears. Among the wild flowers that grew on the grassy slopes of the Vall, there was a small daisy, popularly called 'blind flower,' because it was supposed to cause blindness in rash children who picked it. I was rash, if I was awake; and I picked 'blind flowers' behind the house, handfuls of them, and enjoyed my eyesight unimpaired.

If my faith in nursery lore was shaken by this experience, I kept my discovery to myself, and did not undertake to enlighten my playmates. Is it possible that in my childish reflections I recognized the fact that ours was a secretive atmosphere, where knowledge was for the few, and wisdom was sometimes a capital offense?

It was not far from the limits of Polotzk to the fields and woods. My father was fond of taking us children for a long walk on a Sabbath afternoon. I have little pictures in my mind of places where we went, though I doubt if they could be found from my descriptions.

I try in vain to conjure up a panoramic view of the neighborhood. Even if I stood on the apex of the Vall, and saw the level country spread in all directions, my inexperienced eyes failed to

give me the picture of the whole. I saw the houses in the streets below, all going to market. The highroads wandered out into the country, and disappeared in the sunny distance, where the edge of the earth and the edge of the sky fitted together, like a jewel-box with the lid ajar. In these things I saw what a child always sees: the unrelated fragments of a vast, mysterious world.

A favorite way out of town was by the bridge across the Polota. I recall more than one excursion in that direction. Sometimes we made a large party, annexing a few cousins and aunts for the day. At this moment I feel a movement of affection for these relations who shared our country adventures. I had forgotten what virtue there was in our family; I do like people who can walk.

The Dvina River swallows the Polota many times a day, yet the lesser stream flooded the universe on one occasion. On the hither bank of the Polota, as you go from Polotzk, I should plant a flowering bush, a lilac or a rose, in memory of the life that bloomed in me one day that I was there.

Leisurely we had strolled out of the peaceful town. It was early spring, and the sky and the earth were two warm palms in which all live things nestled. Little green leaves trembled on the trees, and the green, green grass sparkled. We sat us down to rest a little above the bridge; and life flowed in and out of us fully, freely, as the river flowed and parted about the bridge piers.

A market garden lay on the opposite slope, yellow-green with first growth. In the long black furrows yet unsown a peasant pushed his plough. I watched him go up and down, leaving a new black line on the bank for every turn. Suddenly he began to sing, a rude ploughman's song. Only the melody reached

me, but the meaning sprang up in my heart to fit it—a song of the earth and the hopes of the earth. I sat a long time listening, looking, tense with attention. I felt myself discovering things. Something in me gasped for life, and lay still. I was but a little body, and Life Universal had suddenly burst upon me. For a moment I had my little hand on the Great Pulse, but my fingers slipped, empty. For the space of a wild heart-beat I *knew*, and then I was again a simple child, looking to my earthly senses for life. But the sky had stretched for me, the earth had expanded; a greater life had dawned in me.

We are not born all at once, but by bits. The body first, and the spirit later; and the birth and growth of the spirit, in those who are attentive to their own inner life, are slow and exceedingly painful. Our mothers are racked with the pains of our physical birth; we ourselves suffer the longer pains of our spiritual growth. Our souls are scarred with the struggles of successive births, and the process is recorded also by the wrinkles in our brains, by the lines in our faces. Look at me, and you will see that I have been born many times. And my first self-birth happened, as I have told, that spring day of my early springs. Therefore would I plant a rose on the green bank of the Polota, there to bloom in token of eternal life.

Eternal, divine life. This is a tale of immortal life. Should I be sitting here, chattering of my infantile adventures, if I did not know that I was speaking for thousands? Would you be sitting there, attending to my chatter, while the world's work waits, if you did not know that I spoke also for you? I might say 'you' or 'he' instead of 'I.' Or I might be silent, while you spoke for me and the rest, but for the accident that I was born with a pen in my hand, and you without. We love to

read the lives of the great, yet what a broken history of mankind they give, unless supplemented by the lives of the humble! But while the great can speak for themselves, or by the tongues of their admirers, the humble are apt to live inarticulate and die unheard. It is well that now and then one is born among the simple with a taste for self-revelation. The man or woman thus endowed must speak, will speak, though there are only the grasses in the field to hear, and none but the wind to carry the tale.

It is pleasant to recall how we went bathing in the Polota. On Friday afternoons in summer, when the week's work was done, and the houses of the good housewives stood shining with cleanliness, ready for the Sabbath, parties of women and girls went chattering and laughing down to the river bank. There was a particular spot which belonged to the women. I do not know where the men bathed, but our part of the river was just above Bonderoff's grist-mill. I can see the green bank sloping to the water, and the still water sliding down to the sudden swirl and spray of the mill-race.

The woods on the bank screened the bathers. Bathing costumes were simply absent, which caused the mermaids no embarrassment, for they were accustomed to see each other naked in the public hot baths. They had little fear of intrusion, for the spot was sacred to them. They splashed about and laughed and played tricks, with streaming hair and free gestures. I do not know when I saw the girls play as they did in the water. It was a pretty picture, but the bathers would have been shocked beyond your understanding if you had suggested that naked women might be put into a picture. If it happened, as it did at least once for me to remember, that their privacy was outraged, the bathers were thrown into a

panic as if their very lives were threatened. Screaming they huddled together, low in the water, some hiding their eyes in their hands, with the instinct of the ostrich. Some ran for their clothes on the bank, and stood shrinking behind some inadequate rag. The more spirited of the naiads threw pebbles at the cowardly intruders, who, safe behind the leafy cover that was meant to shield modesty, threw jeers and mockery in return. But the Gentile boys ran away soon, or ran away punished. A chemise and a petticoat turned a frightened woman into an Amazon in such circumstances; and woe to the impudent wretch who lingered after the avengers plunged into the thicket. Slaps and cuffs at close range were his portion, and curses pursued him in retreat.

Among the liveliest of my memories are those of eating and drinking; and I would sooner give up some of my delightful remembered walks, green trees, cool skies, and all, than to lose my images of suppers eaten on Sabbath evenings at the end of those walks. I recall the feel and flavor of the cheese-cake my grandmother used to make. Should you attempt to imitate it, from my analysis, you would fail. You have nothing in your kitchen cupboard to give the pastry its notable flavor. It takes history to make such a cake. First you must eat it as a ravenous child, in memorable twilights, before the lighting of the week-day lamp. Then you must have yourself removed from the house of your feast, across the oceans, to a land where your cherished pastry is unknown even by name; and where daylight and twilight, work-day and fête-day, for years rush by you in the unbroken tide of a strange, new, overfull life. You must abstain from the inimitable morsel for a period of years — I think fifteen is the magic number — and then sud-

denly, one day, rub the Aladdin's lamp of memory, and have the renowned tidbit whisked upon your platter, garnished with a hundred sweet herbs of past association.

My winters, while I was a very little girl, were passed in comparative confinement. On account of my delicate health, my grandmother and aunts deemed it wise to keep me indoors; or if I went out, I was so heavily coated and mittened and shawled that the frost scarcely got a chance at the tip of my nose. I never skated or coasted or built snow-houses. If I had any experience of snowballs, it was with those thrown at me by the Gentile boys. The way I dodge a snowball to this day makes me certain that I learned the act in my fearful childhood days, when I learned so many cowardly tricks of bending to a blow. I know that I was proud of myself, not many years ago, when I found I was not afraid to stand up and catch a flying baseball, but the fear of the snowball I have not conquered. When I turn a corner in snowball days, the boys with bulging pockets see a head held high and a step unquickenied, but I know whether I shrink inwardly; and this private mortification I set down against old Polotzk, in my long score of grievances and shames. Fear is a devil hard to cast out.

At certain — I mean uncertain — intervals, we were bundled up and marched to the public baths. This was so great an undertaking, consuming half a day or so, and involving, in winter, such risk of catching cold, that it is no wonder the ceremony was not practiced oftener.

The public baths were situated on the river bank. I always stopped a while outside, to visit the poor patient horse in the treadmill by means of which the water was pumped into the baths. But we had a great task be-

fore us, so my mother always hurried me inside.

We undress in a room leading directly from the entry, and furnished only with benches around the walls. There is no screen or other protection against the draughts rushing in every time the door is opened. When we enter the bathing-room we are met by a babel of sounds — shrill voices of women, hoarse voices of attendants, wailing and yelping of children, and rushing of water. At the same time we are smitten by the heat of the room, and nearly suffocated by clouds of steam. We find an empty bench, and surround ourselves with a semicircle of wooden pails, collected from all over the room. Sometimes two women seeking pails lay hold of the same pail at the same moment, and a wrangle ensues, in the course of which each disputant reminds the other of all her failings, nicknames, and undesirable connections, living, dead, and unborn; until an attendant interferes, with more muscle than argument, punctuating the sentence of justice with newly-coined expletives suggested by the occasion. The centre of the room, where the bathers fill their pails at the faucets, is a field of endless battle, especially on a crowded day. The peaceable women who are seated within earshot stop their violent scrubbing, to the relief of unwilling children, while they attend to the liveliest of the quarrels.

I like to watch the *poll*, that place of torture and heroic endurance. It is a series of steps rising to the ceiling, affording a gradually mounting temperature. The bather who wants to enjoy a violent sweating rests full length for a few minutes on each step, while an attendant administers several hearty strokes with a stinging besom. Sometimes a woman climbs too far, and is brought down in a faint. On the *poll*, also, the cupping is done. The back of

the patient, with the cups in even rows, looks to me like a muffin pan. Of course I never go on the *poll*: I am not robust enough. My spankings I take at home.

Cleansed, red-skinned, and steaming, we return at last to the dressing-room, to shiver, as we dress, in the cold draughts from the entry door; and then muffled up to the eyes, we plunge into the refreshing outer air, and hurry home, looking like so many big bundles running away with smaller bundles. If we meet acquaintances on the way we are greeted with '*zu refueh*' (to your good health). If the first man we meet is a Gentile, the women who have been to the *mikweh* (ritual bath) have to return and repeat the ceremony of purification. To prevent such a calamity, the kerchief is worn hooded over the eyes, so as to exclude unholy sights. At home we are indulged with extra pieces of cake for tea, and otherwise treated like heroes returned from victory. We narrate anecdotes of our expedition, and my mother complains that my little brother is getting too old to be taken to the women's bath. He will go hereafter with the men.

The winter days drew themselves out too long sometimes, so that I sat at the window thinking what should happen next. No dolls, no books, no games, and at times no companions. My grandmother taught me knitting, but I never got to the heel of my stocking, because if I discovered a dropped stitch I insisted on unraveling all my work till I picked it up; and grandmother, instead of encouraging me in my love for perfection, lost patience and took away my knitting-needles. I still maintain that she was in the wrong, but I have forgiven her, since I have worn many pairs of stockings with dropped stitches, and been grateful for them. And speaking of such everyday things reminds me of my friends, among whom

also I find an impressive number with a stitch dropped somewhere in the pattern of their souls. I love these friends so dearly that I begin to think I am at last shedding my intolerance; for I remember the day when I could not love less than perfection. I and my imperfect friends together aspire to cast our blemishes, and I am happier so.

For the long winter evenings there was plenty of quiet occupation. I liked to sit with the women at the long bare table, picking feathers for new featherbeds. It was pleasant to poke my hand into the soft-heaped mass and set it all in motion. I pretended that I could pick out the feathers of particular hens, formerly my pets. I reflected that they had fed me with eggs and broth, and now were going to make my bed so soft; while I had done nothing for them but throw them a handful of oats now and then, or chase them about, or spoil their nests. I was not ashamed of my part; I knew that if I were a hen I should do as a hen does. I just liked to think about things in my idle way.

Itke, the housemaid, was always the one to break in upon my reflections. She was sure to have a fit of sneezing just when the heap on the table was highest, sending clouds of feathers into the air, like a home-made snowstorm. After that the evening was finished by our picking the feathers from each other's hair.

And I remember my playmates.

There was always a crowd of us girls. We were a mixed set, — rich little girls, well-to-do little girls, and poor little girls, — but not because we were so democratic. Rather it came about, if my sister and I are considered the centre of the ring, because we had suffered the several grades of fortune. In our best days no little girls had to stoop to us; in our humbler days we were not so proud that we had to condescend to our chance neighbors. The granddaughters

of Raphael the Russian, in retaining their breeding and manners, retained a few of their more exalted friends, and became a link between them and those whom they later adopted through force of propinquity.

We were human little girls, so our amusements mimicked the life about us. We played house, we played soldiers, we played Gentiles, we celebrated weddings and funerals. We copied the life about us realistically. We had not been to a Froebel kindergarten and learned to impersonate butterflies and stones. Our elders would have laughed at us for such nonsense. I remember once standing on the river bank with a little boy, when a quantity of lumber was floating down on its way to the distant saw-mill. A log and a board crowded each other near where we stood. The board slipped by first, but presently it swerved, and swung partly around. Then it righted itself with the stream and kept straight on, the lazy log following behind. Said Zalmen to me, interpreting, 'The board looks back and says, "Log, log, you will not go with me? Then I will go on by myself."' That boy was called simple, on account of such speeches as this. I wonder in what language he is writing poetry now.

I was very fond of playing Gentiles. I am afraid I liked everything that was a little risky. I particularly enjoyed being the corpse in a Gentile funeral. I was laid across two chairs, and my playmates, in borrowed shawls and long calicoes, with their hair loose and with candlesticks in their hands, marched around me, singing unearthly melodies, and groaning till they scared themselves. As I lay there, covered over with a black cloth, I felt as dead as dead could be; and my playmates were the unholy priests in gorgeous robes of velvet and silk and gold. Their candlesticks were the crosiers of the

Christian funeral processions, and their chantings were hideous incantations to the arch enemy, the Christian god of horrible images. As I imagined the bareheaded crowds making way for my funeral to pass, my flesh crept, not because I was about to be buried, but because the people *crossed themselves*. But our procession stopped outside the church, because we did not dare to carry even our make-believe across that unholy threshold. Besides, none of us had ever been inside — God forbid! — so we did not know what did happen next.¹

When I arose from my funeral, I was indeed a ghost. I felt unreal and lost and hateful. I don't think we girls liked each other much after playing funeral. Anyway, we never played any more on the same day; for if we did, we soon quarreled. Such was the hold which our hereditary terrors and hatreds had upon our childish minds, that if we only mocked a Christian procession in our play, we suffered a mutual revulsion of feeling, as if we had led each other into sin.

We gathered oftener at our house than anywhere else. On Sabbath days we refrained, of course, from soldiering and the like, but we had just as good a time, going off to promenade, two and two, in our very best dresses, whispering secrets and telling stories. We had a few stories in the circle — I do not know how they came to us — and these were told over and over. Gutke, the accepted leader of our set, knew the best story of all. She told the tale of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, and told it well. It was her story, and nobody else ever attempted it, though I, for one, soon had it by heart. Gutke's version of the famous tale was unlike any I have since read, but it was essen-

tially the story of Aladdin, so that I was able to identify it later when I found it in a book. Names, incidents, and 'local color' were slightly Hebraized, but the supernatural wonders of treasure-caves, jeweled gardens, genii, princesses, and all, were not in the least marred or diminished. Gutke would spin the story out for a long afternoon, and we all listened entranced, even at the hundredth rehearsal. We had a few other fairy stories, — I later identified them with the stories of Grimm or of Andersen, — but for the most part the tales we were told were sombre and unimaginative; tales our nurses used to tell to frighten us into good behavior.

Although I always joined the crowd when any fun was on foot, I think I had the best times by myself. My sister was fond of housework, but I — I was fond of idleness. While Fetchke pottered in the kitchen beside the maid or trotted all about the house after my grandmother, I wasted time in some window-corner, or studied the habits of the cow and the chickens in the yard. I always found something to do that was of no use to anybody.

Idle child though I was, the day was not long enough sometimes for my idleness. More than once in the pleasant summer I stole out of bed when even the cow was still drowsing, and went barefoot through the dripping grass and stood at the gate, awaiting the morning. I found a sense of adventure in being conscious when all other people were asleep.

There was not much of a prospect from the gateway, but at that early hour everything looked new and large to me, even the little houses that yesterday had been so familiar. The houses, when creatures went in and out of them, were merely conventional objects; in the soft gray morning they were themselves creatures. Some stood

¹ The author's paper in the October number amply explained her fear of the Cross. — THE EDITORS.

up straight, and some leaned, and some looked as if they saw me. And then over the dewy gardens rose the sun, and the light spread and grew over everything, till it shone on my bare feet. And in my heart grew a great wonder, and I was ready to cry, my world was so strange and sweet about me. In those moments I could have loved somebody dearly — somebody who cared to get up secretly, and stand and see the sun come up.

Was there not somebody who got up before the sun? Was there not Mishka the shepherd? Aye, that was an early riser, but I knew he was no sun-worshiper. Before the chickens stirred, before the lazy maid let the cow out of the barn, I heard his rousing horn, its distant notes harmonious with the morning. Barn-doors creaked in response to Mishka's call, and soft-eyed cattle went willingly out to meet him, and stood in groups in the empty square, licking and nosing each other; till Mishka's little drove was all assembled, and he tramped out of town behind them, in a cloud of dust.

III

The survival in Russia of mediæval injustice to Jews was responsible for the narrowness of educational standards in the Polotzk of my time. Jewish scholarship was confined to a knowledge of the Hebrew language and literature; and even these limited stores of learning were not equally divided between men and women. In the mediæval position of the women of Polotzk education really had no place. A girl was 'finished' when she could read her prayers in Hebrew, following the meaning by the aid of the Yiddish translation especially prepared for women. If she could sign her name in Russian, do a little figuring, and write a letter in Yiddish to the parents of her betrothed,

she was called *wohl gelehrent* — well educated.

Fortunately for me, my parents' ideals soared beyond all this. My mother, who had not stirred out of Polotzk, readily adopted the notion of a liberal education imported by my father from cities beyond the Pale. She heartily supported my father in all his plans for us girls. Fetchke and I were to learn to translate as well as pronounce Hebrew, the same as our brother. We were to study Russian, and German, and arithmetic. We were to go to the best *pension* and receive a thorough secular education. My father's ambition, after several years' sojourn in enlightened circles, reached even beyond the pension; but that was flying further than Polotzk could follow him with the naked eye.

I do not remember our first teacher. When our second teacher came we were already advanced to continuous reading. Reb' Lebe was no great scholar. Great scholars would not waste their learning on mere girls. Reb' Lebe knew enough to teach girls Hebrew. Tall and lean was the rebbe, with a lean, pointed face, and a thin, pointed beard. The beard became pointed from much stroking and pulling downwards. The hands of Reb' Lebe were large, and his beard was not half a handful. The fingers of the rebbe were long, and the nails, I am afraid, were not very clean. The coat of Reb' Lebe was rusty, and so was his skull cap. Remember, Reb' Lebe was only a girls' teacher, and nobody would pay much for teaching girls. But lean and rusty as he was, the rebbe's pupils regarded him with entire respect, and followed his pointer with earnest eyes across the limp page of the alphabet, or the thumb page of the prayer-book.

When we left off reading by rote and Reb' Lebe began to reveal the mysteries to us, I was so eager to know all that

was in my book that the lesson was always too short. I continued reading by the hour, after the rebbe was gone, though I understood about one word in ten. My favorite Hebrew reading was the Psalms. Verse after verse I chanted to the monotonous tune taught by Reb' Lebe, rocking to the rhythm of the chant, just like the rebbe. And so ran the songs of David, and so ran the hours by, while I sat by the low window, the world erased from my consciousness.

When we began to study the Pentateuch I had the great advantage of a complete translation in Yiddish. I faithfully studied the portion assigned in Hebrew, but I need no longer wait for the next lesson to know how the story ends. I could read while daylight lasted, if I chose, in the Yiddish. Well I remember that Pentateuch, a middling thick octavo volume, in a crumbly sort of leather cover; and how the book opened of itself at certain places, where there were pictures.

It was inevitable, as we came to Genesis, that I should ask questions.

Rebbe, translating: 'In the beginning God created the earth.'

Pupil, repeating: 'In the beginning — Rebbe, when was the beginning?'

Rebbe, losing the place in amazement: '*S' gehert a kasse?* [Ever hear such a question?] The beginning was — the beginning — the beginning was in the beginning, of course! *Nu, nu!* Go on.'

Pupil, resuming: 'In the beginning God made the earth. — Rebbe, what did He make it out of?'

Rebbe, dropping his pointer in astonishment: 'What did —? What sort of a girl is this, that asks questions? Go on, go on!'

The lesson continues to the end. The book is closed, the pointer put away. The rebbe exchanges his skull cap for his street cap, is about to go.

Pupil, timidly, but determinedly,

detaining him: 'Reb' Lebe, *who made God?*'

The rebbe stares at the pupil in amazement mixed with anxiety. His emotion is beyond speech. He turns and leaves the room. In his perturbation he even forgets to kiss the *mezuzah*¹ on the door-post. The pupil feels reproved and yet somehow in the right. Who *did* make God? But if the rebbe will not tell — will not tell? Or perhaps he does not know? The rebbe —?

IV

Two little girls dressed in their best, shining from their curls to their shoes. One little girl has rosy cheeks, the other has staring eyes. Rosy-Cheeks carries a carpet-bag. Big-Eyes carries a new slate. Hand in hand they go into the summer morning, so happy and pretty a pair that it is no wonder people look after them, from window and door, and that other little girls, not dressed in their best, and carrying no carpet-bags, stand in the street gaping after them.

Let the folks stare; no harm can come to the little sisters. Did not grandmother tie pepper and salt into the corners of their pockets, to ward off the evil eye? The little maids see nothing but the road ahead, so eager are they upon their errand. Carpet-bag and slate proclaim that errand: Rosy-Cheeks and Big-Eyes are going to school.

I have no words to describe the pride with which my sister and I crossed the threshold of Isaiah the Scribe. Hitherto we had been to heder, to a rebbe; now we were to study with a *lehrer*, a secular teacher. There was all the difference in the world between the

¹ A piece of parchment inscribed with a passage of Scripture, rolled in a case and tacked to the door-post. The pious touch or kiss this when leaving or entering a house. — THE AUTHOR.

two. The one taught you Hebrew only, which every girl learned; the other could teach Yiddish and Russian and, some said, even German; and how to write a letter, and how to do sums without a counting-frame, just on a piece of paper; accomplishments which were extremely rare among girls in Polotzk. But nothing was too high for the grandchildren of Raphael the Russian; they had 'good heads,' everybody knew. So we were sent to Reb' Isaiah.

My first school, where I was so proud to be received, was a hovel on the edge of a swamp. The schoolroom was gray, within and without. The door was so low that Reb' Isaiah had to stoop in passing. The little windows were murky. The walls were bare, but the low ceiling was decorated with bundles of goose-quills stuck in under the rafters. A rough table stood in the middle of the room, with a long bench on either side.

That was the schoolroom complete. In my eyes, on that first morning, it shone with a wonderful light, a strange glory that penetrated every corner, and made the stained logs fair as tinted marble; and the windows were not too small to afford me a view of a large new world.

Room was made for the new pupils on the bench, beside the teacher. We found our ink-wells, which were simply hollows scooped out in the thick tabletop. Reb' Isaiah made us very serviceable pens by tying the pen-points securely to little twigs; though some of the pupils used quills. The teacher also ruled our paper for us, into little squares, like a surveyor's note-book. Then he set us a copy, and we copied, one letter in each square, all the way down the page. All the little girls, and the middle-sized girls, and the pretty big girls, copied letters in little squares, just so. There were so few of us, that Reb' Isaiah could see everybody's page, by

just leaning over. And if some of our cramped fingers were clumsy, and did not form the loops and curves accurately, all he had to do was to stretch out his hand and rap with his ruler on our respective knuckles. It was all very cosy, with the ink-wells that could not be upset, and the pens that grew in the woods, or strutted in the dooryard, and the teacher in the closest touch with his pupils, as I have just told. And as he labored with us, and the hours drew themselves out, he was comforted by the smell of his dinner cooking in some little hole adjoining the schoolroom, and by the sound of his good Leah or Rachel or Deborah (I don't remember her name) keeping order among his little ones. She kept very good order, too, so that most of the time you could hear the scratching of the laborious pens, accompanied by the croaking of the frogs in the swamp.

Alas! there were not many lessons for Fetchke and me. Long before we had exhausted Reb' Isaiah's learning, we had to give up our teacher, because the family fortunes began to decline, and luxuries, such as schooling, had to be cut off. My father's plans fell to the ground, on account of the protracted illness of both my parents. All his hopes of leading his children beyond the intellectual limits of Polotzk were trampled down by the monster poverty, who showed his evil visage just as my sister and I were fairly started on a broader path.

Think of a little girl who wanted to know all things, but had no teacher who could answer questions, and no book save the Bible and her mother's prayer-books. What could such a child do but try and find out for herself what all her oracles refused to divulge? Grown-up people said a great many things that were false. All grandmothers were pious, and yet they said that

'blind flowers' caused blindness, which was not true. They talked a great deal about right and wrong, about being holy, about God. How could a young philosopher be sure that they were not mistaken? The most inquisitive little girl in Polotzk was driven to put to the test all things for which a test could be devised, until at last she hit upon an impious plan to put God Himself to the proof!

One Sabbath afternoon, when all the house was taking its after-dinner nap, she went out into the yard, and stopped at the gate. She took out her pocket handkerchief. She looked at it. Yes, that would do for the experiment. She put it back into her pocket. She did not have to rehearse mentally the sacred admonition not to labor on the Sabbath day. She knew it as she knew that she was alive. She knew that to carry anything in her pocket when she passed the boundary of her home was to break this Sabbath law. And with her handkerchief in her pocket the audacious child stepped into the street!

She stood a moment, her heart beating so that it pained. Nothing happened. She walked quite across the street. The Sabbath peace still lay on everything. She felt again of the burden in her pocket. Yes, she certainly was committing a sin. With an access of impious boldness, the sinner walked — she ran as far as the corner, and stood still, fearfully expectant.

What form would the punishment take? She stood breathing painfully for an eternity. How still everything was — how close and still the air! Would it be a storm? would a sudden bolt strike her? She stood and waited. She could not bring her hand to her pocket again, but she felt that it bulged monstrously. She stood with no thought of moving again. Where were the thunders of Jehovah? No sacred word of all her long prayers came to her

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tongue — not even 'Hear, O Israel.' She felt that she was in direct communication with God — awful thought! — and He would read her mind and would send His answer.

An age passed in blank expectancy. Nothing happened! Where was the wrath of God? *Where was God?*

When she went back into the house, she gazed with a new curiosity at her mother, at her grandmother, dozing in their chairs. They looked *different*. When they awoke and stretched themselves and adjusted wig and cap, they looked *very* strange. As she went to get her grandmother her Bible, and dropped it accidentally, she kissed it by way of atonement, just as a proper child should.

The child who questioned sacred authorities and dared to challenge God Himself was famous for her devotion to the Psalms, and for faithful observance of all rites and ceremonies prescribed for the pious. Was this child, then, a fraud? To return to the honest first person, I *was* something of a fraud, in the puzzling matters of prescribed religion. The days when I believed everything I was told did not run much beyond my teething time. I soon began to question if fire was really hot, if the cat would really scratch. Presently I had to question God. And in those days my religion depended on my mood. I could believe anything I wanted to believe. I was certain, in all my moods, that there was a God who had made the world, in some fashion unexplained, and who knew about me and my doings; for there was the world all about me, and somebody must have made it. And it was inconceivable that a being powerful enough to do such work could be aware of my actions at all times, and yet continue to me invisible.

The question remained, what did He think of my conduct? Was He

really angry when I broke the Sabbath, or pleased when I fasted on the Day of Atonement? My belief as to these matters wavered. When I swung the sacrifice around my head on Atonement Eve, repeating, 'Be thou my sacrifice,' I certainly believed that I was bargaining with the Almighty for pardon, and that He was interested in the matter. But next day, when the fast was over, and I enjoyed all of my chicken that I could eat, I believed as certainly that God could not be party to such a foolish transaction, in which He got nothing but words, while I got both the feast and the pardon. The sacrifice of money, to be spent for the poor, seemed to me a more reliable insurance against damnation. The well-to-do pious offered up both living sacrifice and money for the poor box, but it was a sign of poverty to offer money only. Even a lean rooster, to be killed, roasted, and garnished for the devotee's own table at the breaking of the fast, seemed to be considered a more respectable sacrifice than a *groschen* to increase the charity fund. All this was so illogical that it unsettled my faith in minor points of doctrine, and on these points I was quite happy to believe to-day one thing, to-morrow another.

As unwaveringly as I believed that we Jews had a God who was powerful and wise, I believed that the God of my Christian neighbors was impotent, cruel, and foolish. I understood that the god of the Gentiles was no better than a toy, to be dressed up in gaudy stuffs and carried in processions. I saw it often enough, and turned away in contempt. While the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob — my God — enjoined on me honesty and kindness, the god of Vanka, the Gentile boy, bade him beat me and spit on me whenever he caught me alone. And what a foolish god was that who taught the stupid Gentiles that we drank the blood of a

murdered child at our Passover feast! Why, I, who was only a child, knew better. And so I hated and feared and avoided the great white church in the square, and hated every sign and symbol of that monstrous god who was kept there, and hated my own person when, in our play of a Christian funeral, I imagined my body to be the corpse, over which was carried the hideous cross.

Not long after that sinful experiment with the handkerchief I discovered, by accident, that I was not the only doubter in Polotzk. One Friday night I lay wakeful in my little bed, staring from the dark into the lighted room adjoining mine. I saw the Sabbath candles sputter and go out, one by one, — it was late, — but the lamp hanging from the ceiling still burned high. Everybody had gone to bed. The lamp would go out before morning, if there was little oil; or else it would burn till Natasha, the Gentile chore-woman, came in the morning to put it out, and remove the candlesticks from the table, and unseal the oven, and do the dozen little tasks which no Jew could perform on the Sabbath. The simple prohibition against labor on the Sabbath day had been construed by zealous commentators to mean much more. One must not even touch any instrument of labor or commerce, as an axe or a coin. It was forbidden to light a fire, or to touch anything that contained fire, or had contained fire, — even a cold candlestick or a burned match. Therefore the lamp at which I was staring must burn till the Gentile woman came to put it out.

The light did not annoy me in the least; I was not thinking about it. But apparently it troubled somebody else. I saw my father come from his room, which also adjoined the living-room. What was he going to do? What was this he was doing? Could I believe my

eyes? My father touched the lighted lamp! yes, he shook it, as if to see how much oil there was left!

I was petrified in my place. I could neither move nor make a sound. It seemed to me he must feel my eyes bulging at him out of the dark. But he did not know that I was looking; he thought everybody was asleep. He turned down the light a very little, and waited. I did not take my eyes from him. He lowered the flame a little more, and waited again. I watched. By the slightest degrees he turned the light down. I understood. In case any one were awake, it would appear as if the lamp were going out of itself. I was the only one who lay so as to be able to see him, and I had gone to bed so early that he could not suppose I was awake. The light annoyed him, he wanted to put it out, but he would not risk having it known.

I heard my father find his bed in the dark before I dared to draw a full breath. The thing he had done was a monstrous sin. If his mother had seen him do it, it would have broken her heart — his mother who fasted half the days of the year, when he was a boy, to save his teacher's fee; his mother who walked almost barefoot in the cruel snow, to carry him on her shoulders to school when she had no shoes for him; his mother who made it her pious pride to raise up a learned son, that most precious offering in the eyes of the great God, from the hand of a poor struggling woman. If my mother had seen it, it would have grieved her no less — my mother who was given to him, with her youth and good name and her dowry, in exchange for his learning and piety; my mother who was taken from her play to bear him children and feed them and keep them, while he sat on the benches of the scholars and repaid her labors with the fame of his learning. I did not put it to myself

just so, but I understood that learning and piety were the things most valued in our family, that my father was a scholar, and that piety was the fruit of sacred learning. And yet my father had deliberately violated the Sabbath.

His act was not to be compared with my carrying the handkerchief. The sins were of the same kind, but the sinners and their motives were different. I was a child, a girl at that, not yet of the age of moral responsibility. He was a man full grown, passing for one of God's elect, and accepting the reverence of the world as due tribute to his scholarly merits. I had by no means satisfied myself, by my secret experiment, that it was not sinful to carry on the Sabbath day. If God did not punish me on the spot, perhaps it was because of my youth, — I knew I could not be accounted fully responsible, — or perhaps it was because of my motive.

I puzzled long over my father's strange conduct, and came to the conclusion that, as he was too learned to have any doubts on the question, and too good to do wrong knowingly, he did not account it a sin to put out a lamp on Sabbath night. Then why his secrecy? That was easily explained. Had I not myself instinctively adopted secret methods in my little investigations? Let my father publish his heretical opinions, and he and his family would have no place in Polotzk. In our world it was dangerous to be wise. If you did not think as other people did, it was best not to let it be suspected, even by your own family.

The discovery of my father's position on the Sabbath question served to shake me further in my faith. I wish I had somebody to blame for my weakness in morals also. I recall with sorrow how I stole a piece of sugar. It was long ago — almost as long ago as anything that I remember. We were still living

in my grandfather's house when this dreadful thing happened, and I was only four or five years old when we moved from there. Before my mother figured this out for me I scarcely had the courage to confess my sin.

And it was thus: —

In a corner of a front room, by a window, stood a high chest of drawers. On top of the chest stood a tin box, decorated with figures of queer people with queer flat parasols; a Chinese tea-box, in a word. The box had a lid. The lid was shut tight. But I knew what was in that gorgeous box, and I coveted it. I was very little — I never could reach anything. There stood a chair suggestively near the chest. I pushed the chair a little and mounted it. By standing on tiptoe I could now reach the box. I opened it and took out an irregular lump of sparkling sugar. I stood on the chair admiring it. I stood too long. My grandmother came in — or was it Itke, the housemaid? — and found me with the stolen morsel.

I saw that I was fairly caught. How could I hope to escape my captor, when I was obliged to turn on my stomach in order to descend safely, thus presenting my jailer with the most tempting opportunity for immediate chastisement? I took in the situation before my grandmother had found her voice for horror. Did I rub my eyes with my knuckles and whimper? I wish I could report that I was thus quickly struck with a sense of my guilt. I was impressed only with the absolute certainty of my impending doom, and I promptly seized on a measure of compensation. While my captor — I really think it was a grandmother — rehearsed her entire vocabulary of reproach, from a distance sufficient to enable her to hurl her voice at me with the best effect, I stuffed the lump of sugar into my mouth and munched it as fast as I could. And I had eaten it all, and had

licked my sticky lips, before the avenging rod came down.

I remember no similar lapses from righteousness, but I sinned in lesser ways more times than there are years in my life. I sinned, and more than once I escaped punishment by some trick or sly speech. I do not mean that I lied outright, though that also I did, sometimes; but I would twist my naughty speech, if forced to repeat it, in such an artful manner, or give such a ludicrous explanation of my naughty act, that justice was overcome by laughter, and threw me, as often as not, a handful of raisins instead of a knotted strap. If by such successes I was encouraged to cultivate my natural slyness and duplicity, I throw the blame on my unwise preceptors, and am glad to be rid of the burden for once.

I have said that I used to lie. I recall no particular occasion when a lie was the cause of my disgrace; but I know that it was always my habit, when I had some trifling adventure to report, to garnish it up with so much detail and circumstance that nobody who had witnessed my small affair could have recognized it as the same, had I not insisted on my version with such fervid conviction. The truth is that everything that happened to me really loomed great and shone splendid in my eyes, and I could not, except by conscious effort, reduce my experiences to their actual shapes and colors. If I saw a pair of geese leading about a lazy goose-girl, it seemed to me there was a lively flock of them in charge of a distracted guardian. If I met poor Blind Munye with a frown on his face, I thought that a cloud of wrath overspread his countenance; and I ran home to relate, panting, how narrowly I had escaped his fury. I will not pretend that I was absolutely unconscious of my exaggerations; but if you insist, I will say that things as I reported them

might have been so, and would have been more interesting had they been so.

The noble reader who never told a lie, or never confessed one, will be shocked at these revelations of my childish depravity. What proof has he, he will cry, that I am not lying on every page of this chronicle, if, by my own confession, my childhood was spent in a maze of lies and dreams? I shall say, to the saint, when I am challenged, that the proof of my conversion to veracity is engraven in his own soul. Do you not remember, you spotless one, how you used to steal and lie and cheat and rob? Oh, not with your own hand, of course! It was your remote ancestor who lived by plunder, and was honored for the blood upon his hairy hands. By and by he discovered that cunning was more effective than violence, and less troublesome. Still later he became convinced that the greatest cunning was virtue, and made him a moral code, and subdued the world. Then, when you came along, stumbling through the wilderness of cast-off errors, your wise ancestor gave you a thrust that landed you in the clearing of modernity, at the same time bellowing into your ear, 'Now be good! It pays!'

This is the whole history of your saintliness. But all people do not take up life at the same point of human development. Some are backward at birth, and have to make up, in the brief space of their individual history,

the stages they missed on their way out of the black past. With me, for example, it actually comes to this: that I have to recapitulate in my own experience all the slow steps of the progress of the race. I seem to learn nothing except by the prick of life on my own skin. I am saved from living in ignorance and dying in darkness only by the sensitiveness of my skin. Some men learn through borrowed experience. Shut them up in a glass tower, with an unobstructed view of the world, and they will go through every adventure of life by proxy, and be able to furnish you with a complete philosophy of life, so true that you may safely bring up your children by it. But I am not of that godlike organization. I am a thinking animal. Things are as important to me as ideas. I imbibe wisdom through every pore of my body. There are times, indeed, when the doctor in his study is less intelligible to me than a cricket far off in the field. The earth was my mother, the earth is my teacher. I am a dutiful pupil: I listen ever with my ear close to her lips. It seems to me I do not know a single thing that I did not learn, more or less directly, through one of the corporal senses. As long as I have my body, I need not despair of salvation.

[In December, Mary Antin will continue her autobiography with a description of her emigration to 'The Promised Land.' — THE EDITORS.]

‘SCUM O’ THE EARTH’

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them ‘scum o’ the earth’;

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates’ land? —
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the master Praxiteles’ hand?
So you’re of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band —
Deathless in story and song —
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ’s pass?
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
That have doomed you to march in our ‘immigrant class’
Where you’re nothing but ‘scum o’ the earth.’

II

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavik way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,

I forget that they’re nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavik nations
Are ‘polacks’ — and ‘scum o’ the earth.’

III

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
Astare at Manhattan’s pinnacles now
In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer’s eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria’s prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it’s hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy’s dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth? —
You’re only a ‘dago,’ — and ‘scum o’ the earth’!

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you ‘scum o’ the earth,’.
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong, —
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, erelong,

'SCUM O' THE EARTH'

Who should carry the lambs on his heart
 And tenderly feed his flock?
 Man — lift that sorrow-bowed head.
 Lo! 't is the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
 You're merely a butt for our mirth.
 You're a 'sheeny' — and therefore despised
 And rejected as 'scum o' the earth.'

v

Countrymen, bend and invoke
 Mercy for us blasphemers,
 For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
 Nations of darers and dreamers,
 Scions of singers and seers,
 Our peers, and more than our peers.
 'Rabble and refuse,' we name them
 And 'scum o' the earth,' to shame them.
 Mercy for us of the few, young years,
 Of the culture so callow and crude,
 Of the hands so grasping and rude,
 The lips so ready for sneers
 At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
 Mercy for us who dare despise
 Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
 Mothers of men who shall bring to us
 The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
 Children in whose frail arms shall rest
 Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
 Help us incarnate dreams like these.
 Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
 Help us to father a nation, strong
 In the comradeship of an equal birth,
 In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

DRESS AND THE WOMAN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE creed and the fallacy of fashion, it seems to me, have seldom been better expressed than in the retort once made to a friend of mine, in one of our more conservative New England towns. Sojourning there for a time, she had reason to order a hat from a local milliner. When she tried it on, it did not resemble in the least the headgear of the metropolis. 'They are wearing hats very low, this year, you know,' she protested. 'Ah,' was the unperturbed reply, 'they are wearing them high in Newburyport.' I do not remember the fate of the hat—which is unimportant; but the statement has remained with me for years as one of the most significant imaginable. It was at once the glorification and the *reductio ad absurdum* of modishness. My friend and the milliner spoke in the same spirit. For provincialism in dress consists merely in adhering rigidly to the *avant-dernier cri*. The object of allegiance may be, in the provinces, a little tardily come up with; but the rigidity is precisely the rigidity of the rue de la Paix. Fashion is not simply a question of longitude.

The sense of mode might be considered, as so many other things have been, the possession that distinguishes man from the beasts. The peacock is no proof to the contrary; for if, as scientists suggest to us, all radiant plumage has been developed as a means of attraction, at least the ideal of adornment has been, in the case of the birds, consistently æsthetic. The feathery fashions have always been intrinsically good. Whereas (to be flippant) the at-

traction exercised by the latest mode would seem usually to point to some principle of unnatural selection. The bird of Paradise, who is probably irresistible in his native forest, can be positively repellent on a hat. Yes; the sense of mode is curiously different from the sense of beauty. Let us, however, be serious.

Preachers of all time—and satirists, who are lay-preachers—have declaimed against female extravagance in dress. It must be confessed that the sex of the more peaceful pursuits has been the more exuberantly adorned. The male costume worn, say, at the court of Henri III, was every bit as bad as anything that contemporary ladies could have boasted; but even in the time of Henri III, a man had to hold himself ready for the saddle and the tented field. Some part of his life was bound to be spent in garments as rational as he could conceive them. It was the female sex that could expand, unchecked and unpruned, into such wild tendrils, such orchid-like incontinently bloom, of 'changeable apparel.'

From the earliest times, it is the woman who has been designated as the sinner in this respect. On this point, the Old and New Testaments are, for once, agreed; Isaiah and St. Paul are at one. 'The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets . . . and the earrings . . . the mantles, and the wimples, and the crimping-pins . . . the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils,' the one accuses; 'broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array,' complains

the other. Ezekiel thunders against 'the women that sew pillows to the armholes' (the *gigot* sleeve in the reign of Zedekiah!) 'and make kerchiefs for the head of persons of every stature, to hunt souls.' And the tradition has remained. It is perhaps the only subject on which St. Ignatius Loyola and John Knox would have been thoroughly sympathetic. One is certainly at liberty to infer from the chorus that it is easier for a camel to pass through the needle's eye than for anything really *chic* to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

All these gentlemen, to be sure, seem to have objected to the fact and purpose of feminine adornment, rather than to rapid changes in the methods adopted. But I cannot believe that St. Paul, who scored the Attic curiosity born of the Attic *ennui*, would not have preached even more violently, had he foreseen the need, against fashion than against beauty. And is it not fashion rather than beauty that is subtly discriminated against by all religious orders? The nun, like the Quakeress, must adopt a single color and a single mode; though nun and Quakeress, both, often find their chosen garb the most becoming they could possibly wear. No dress could be more beautiful than that which I remember from my childhood's convent. It fell in rich and simple folds of *violet*, — *violet* being neither purple nor crimson, but something indefinably magnificent midway between, — enhanced by white linen *guimpe* and cream-colored veiling. It gave the daughter of a French duke, I remember, the aspect of a queen regnant. Yet it represented poverty, chastity, and obedience. No one is especially concerned with the nun's being unbecomingly clad. A subtler mortification is supposed to lie in her engaging to dress in exactly the same way all her life. The mortification is of course heightened by the fact that she shares her style of

dress with the rest of the community, regardless of type. But in any case the first thing that the postulant renounces is fashionable clothing. They leave her curls to be cut off later.

It is not, however, with the moral aspect of fashion that I am concerned. The moral question, indeed, has ceased to be very poignant; even our Calvinist great-grandmothers permitted a shy predominance of trimming on the 'congregation side' of their bonnets. The moral aspect of fashion disguises itself nowadays as an economic consideration. With economic considerations, again, I have no special concern. They are writ large over half the printed pages of our time. Some statistician every month proves to us something appalling: either that,

... since our women must walk gay, and money buys their gear,

materials are adulterated, or sewing-women are starved, or shop-girls seek the primrose path, or husbands die of the strain in the early forties. To much the same music, the New York Customs officials stage, each day, an elaborate melodrama on the steamship piers. We know that, from 'Nearseal' to 'Near-silk,' the poor will sacrifice comfort to cut, and that a really 'good' milliner makes a profit of a hundred per cent on each hat. These things are all true; and Heaven forbid that one should shirk the economic question! But I very much doubt if either moralist or statistician will turn the trick. Yet they have only, it would seem, to enlist a few other facts as good as their own, to be quite sure of success.

For not even the cynic will pretend that the real object of fashions is to disfigure. It is quite without intention that M. Worth and Mme. Paquin and all their prototypes, congeners, and successors, have become the foes of beauty. They have simply never stopped to consider that the very no-

tion of the changing mode is the negation of all æsthetic law. The most damning thing about fashions is that they make inevitably, nine years out of ten, for the greatest ugliness of the greatest number. And this is the real Achilles's tendon of *la mode*. Can anything be more absurd than to impose a single style on the fat and the thin, on the minimum wage and the maximum income?

I admit that no fashion has ever been created expressly for the lean purse or for the fat woman: the dress-maker's ideal is undoubtedly the thin millionairess. But the fat woman and the lean purse must make the best of each style, in turn, as it comes along. And if one has ever seen a fat woman in (for example) a hobble skirt, — even in an academic edition of a hobble skirt, — one knows that this is not a light thing to say. As for the lean purse: it is not only in alarmist articles that the working-girl goes without half her luncheons to buy a rhinestone sunburst. One has known the cases. Nor is the coercion purely psychological. The cheapest Eighth Avenue suit, which, ready-made, costs something-and-ninety-eight cents, is sure to be a hasty and sleazy imitation (at many removes, and losing something with each) of a Fifth Avenue model. It is one of the few true paradoxes that people who must dress cheaply must dress 'in style.' And that is a hard fate for the hypothetical poor woman with intelligence, who secretly desires a garment that will be no more conspicuous next year than this, and longs to put some of her money into good materials. It is only a very good (and expensive) dressmaker whose handiwork can both elude the exaggerations of the present fashion and foreshadow the essentials of the next. That is another thing that every woman knows.

The hypothetical poor woman with

intelligence must content herself with looking a travesty on the successful chorus-girl. This, unfortunately, she comes only too easily to do. 'But,' some one might object, 'the poor woman is precisely an economic, not an æsthetic consideration.' Granted: yet since we must all dress, why not invent dresses that are widely adaptable — to different materials, to different occasions, to different human types? It would purge our streets of many a sorry and sordid spectacle, and in that sense would be an æsthetic service both particular and public. But, as it is, we must all dress alike: *blonde* and *brune*, fat and thin, tall and short, rich and poor. The Socialists have threatened us with no more rigid sisterhood than this.

The principle of fashion is, as I have intimated, the principle of the kaleidoscope. A new year can only bring us a new combination of the same elements; and about once in so often we go back and begin over. Recently we have had rather a Napoleonic tendency. Occasionally we are Colonial. We have been known to be Japanese. Now and then we have a severe classic moment — usually very unbecoming to all of us. We used to hear from our grandmothers of silk dresses that could 'stand alone.' What we need now is a silk dress that could somehow manage to run.

There is no reward, in the world of woman's dress, for a successful experiment. The most charming design in the world has no future. One is seldom tempted to apostrophize a fashion with, 'Warte, du bist so schön!'; but if one were, the adjuration would be as vain as ever. And that is another sin against beauty, for it deprives a woman of the privilege of dressing as best becomes her. There is something peculiarly bitter in watching the superseding of a mode that wholly suits one. Now and

then a woman confides to me her intention of keeping to some style that is especially adapted to her. 'It suits me, and I am going to stick to it,' she declares. She has found that it makes the most of all her 'points'; it has given her, perhaps, renewed respect for her appearance and fresh zest for life. Such a woman is always, I believe, sincerely congratulated by her friends. They do not imitate her, but they really and unmaliciously envy her her point of view. She is proud of herself, and keeps to her decision for — say — a year. I never knew a woman to try such an experiment longer. She finds herself invariably conspicuous — and no well-bred woman likes to be unnecessarily conspicuous. For modesty's sake, she must adopt the extravagance of the moment. Otherwise, she discovers herself to be not rational but 'queer'; and her attempt at wisdom to be the worst of affectations. It may be ironic that a woman who looks best in the mode of the Empress Josephine should be forced to dress *en chinoise*; but it is more than ironic when she has to dress *en chinoise* one year and *en grecque* the next. I have once or twice known elderly women who achieved something like a fixed costume for themselves; but they were semi-invalids. The consistent costume is, like the nun's habit, the best possible proof of having renounced the world.

And into what pits do the great *courtisanes* not fall in the search for something 'new' enough to destroy the eligibility of all last year's frocks! I never knew what ladies patronized, a few years since, the London woman who invented 'emotional dressmaking'; but I can testify to having seen, in a show-window of one of the largest department stores in America, a model from her — is not the word 'atelier'? A large group of plain women were gathered, staring at it. I joined the group

and read the legend. The name of the dress was 'Passion's Thrall.' At least, as the White Knight said, 'that was what the name was called.' Within the shop, in the spirit of curiosity, I followed a similar group to the 'department' where such things live. Again, the emotional dressmaker. Isolated in a glass drawing-room, stood two draped figures: 'Her Dear Desire,' and 'Afterwards.' I could have imagined some one's buying 'Her Dear Desire' — it was of sad-colored chiffon. But I could not imagine any one's buying 'Afterwards'; and it was inconceivable that the name should help to sell it. I am bound to say that eventually I found myself alone in the contemplation of this sartorial drama. The crowd had followed a living model who was illustrating the possibility and method of walking in the new 'Paquin skirt.' The gravity of every one concerned was unbelievable. Mr. Granville Barker has done some admirable satire on dress-making in *The Madras House*; but his third act is positively less poignant than a reality like that.

Yet this is not the worst. Even if we said to ourselves, 'Let us be always — but varyingly — ugly,' we should not have phrased our greatest danger. Our greatest danger is simply the loss of all standards of beauty in dress. 'Why do all the women walk like ducks this year?' was the question put to a friend of mine, years since, by a younger brother. He did not know that a quite new kind of corset had suddenly, during the summer months, 'come in.' To wear it meant change of gait and posture, eventually actual change of shape. Yet we all wore it — and doubtless went on praising the Venus of Melos as we did so. The notion that, after we have learned from the scientists to deal in evolutionary periods of millions of years, we ought not naively to expect to alter the human form in a season or

two, never occurred, I fancy, to any of us. 'Business is business,' men are credited with saying, when invited to apply abstract laws of honor. 'Fashion is fashion,' women would surely say if invited to apply abstract laws of beauty.

The worst thing is that the drapery or the trimming that is lovely and desirable in our eyes one year, is unspeakably offensive to our gaze the next. (Consider, for example, the chequered history of fringe! — its career like that of a French Pretender.) Fashion has vitiated our taste to that point. Our welcoming raptures are as sincere as our shuddering rejections. There was a time when sleeves could not — I say it advisedly — be too large. I remember seeing a girl turn to edge sideways through a large door, for fear of crushing the sleeves of a new bodice. Her brothers laughed; but I — I was very young — felt a pang of clear, unmitigated envy. I remember at that time prophecies that tight sleeves would never come in again — they were so ugly. Yet how many times, since then, have tight sleeves come in — and gone out? While, if one dared to make any prophecy about the clothes of the future, it would be that those *very* large sleeves would never again be worn: they are so hideous.

There is no point in pretending that one is superior to this fluctuating standard. One is not. Ideally speaking, every woman should keep the language of fashion and the language of taste rigidly apart. 'Fashionable' and 'beautiful' should not be used interchangeably. Theoretically, we all acknowledge the difference; but it is another matter when we are faced by the actual product. There may be, here and there, a woman who can say with sincerity, 'She wore a hideous thing she has just got from Worth'; but where is the woman who could

ingenuously report: 'She had on a lovely frock made in the style of year before last'? I could not do it myself; nor, I fancy, could you. We may not like the new mode the very first time that we see it; we may pity before we endure; but we end by embracing. The bravest of us can do no more than criticize for its ugliness something fashionable. When it comes to praising for its beauty something unfashionable, the words stick in our throats. Clothes that are unfashionable simply do not look beautiful to us. Presently they may, when the kaleidoscope has been turned again; but not now. And that means that we have given up a good deal of intellectual freedom.

I have called the loss of æsthetic standards our greatest danger. One would prefer to think that it is. One likes to believe that the 'prestige value' of the current mode is due to an honest if mistaken conviction of its beauty, not to the implications of income that both fashionable and unfashionable clothes make so definitely. It is pleasanter to say to one's self that the woman who refuses an invitation to dinner because her best frock is two years old fears criticism of her taste, than that she fears an estimate of her dress-maker's bill. The code is more alluring. But even assuming this to be the cause, the result is no less unfortunate: namely, an almost universal social timidity on the part of unfashionably dressed women — by which I mean, for the moment, nothing worse than women in frocks that were fashionable a season since. And that is a pity.

One does not, on the whole, regret history; and our institutions are by this time historic. I offer the suggestion as one who is glad, rather than sorry, that John Adams was not (according to his reputed desire) created Duke of Brintree. But an hereditary aristocracy serves some charming minor purposes,

one of them being, perhaps, the social countenancing of dowdiness. A duchess may be as dowdy as she likes; and other women may with impunity be the less smart in a land where there are always duchesses being dowdy. I am sufficiently American, myself, not really to admire the typical English-woman's clothes. Half a dozen queer necklaces and a perfectly irrelevant bit of lace pinned on somewhere do not atone to me for a faded straw hat at Christmas and a skirt that is six inches shorter in front than in back.

Not many years ago, I went, with the briefest possible interval, from a British suffrage meeting to a dress-rehearsal at the Comédie Française. The resulting sensation amounted to a shock. 'Frenchwomen could not dress like Englishwomen without conviction of sin,' I said to my companion. 'And ought not to,' was his firm rejoinder. At the moment, I agreed with him. But there is something fine, after all, in the attitude of the woman who, having occasion to go to some 'function' of a kind that she usually avoided, brought out a frock from her ten-year-old trousseau, and had it furbished up by a sempstress. The frock, I should say, had passed from her mother's trousseau into her own, having served for the former's presentation at court on the occasion of her marriage. It may be that an untitled woman could not have done it so debonairly. It would certainly be hard for a good American to follow her example. But the very idea brings one such a hint of freedom as it takes — they say — a limited monarchy to give.

Sensible people realize that children should not be overdressed, and a few schools in this country have adopted the conventual method of putting their pupils into uniforms. But the uniforms are, I fear, only another turn of the kaleidoscope. I know that in one such

school, at least, the girls wear the school costume all day, but dress in the evening as variously and as elaborately as they choose. A rule like that is *magnifique et pas cher*. For grown-ups, there is no uniform at all. The fact is that we are uncomfortable if we are not fashionably dressed. No man understands the subtle and complex significance of the phrase 'nothing to wear' — witness the distressed but utterly puzzled expression that overspreads a man's face at the words. He knows that his wife or his sister looks charming in 'the blue one,' or 'the lace one,' or 'the one with the jet.' She has looked charming in it often enough for him at last to identify it — and that, unless he is an exception to his sex, is very often. He is cheerfully getting into his evening coat for the fiftieth time. No wonder he does not realize that some frock which, the first time it was worn, made for triumph, should, the tenth time, make for humiliation. But the most strong-minded woman — the woman who will, if necessary, go to the opera on a gala night in a coat and skirt — at heart exonerates the woman who so foolishly, for the reason mentioned, stops at home.

There is much to be said, whether in the fifteenth century or the twentieth, for the aristocracy of wealth and all that it can do for the community in which it prevails. Neither Florence nor New York, probably, if consulted, would wish, or would have wished, to give up its Magnificent. But there are minor ways in which an aristocracy of wealth makes us all more sordid. Obviously, in these conditions, one's income must constitute one's claim to distinction, and, obviously, one can give mannerly evidence of one's income only by the amount visibly, not audibly, spent. How more silently and more visibly than by personal adornment? Is all this too trite to say? It behooves the

man, for many reasons, not to adorn himself, — perhaps, even, not in any merely personal way to outshine other men, — while his wife may not only please herself but render his reputation a positive service by outshining other women. She makes no indiscreet disclosures of fact, but she rustles with pecuniary implications. In an aristocracy of wealth, Paris may go far to make a peeress of her.

I do not wish to imply that this is the sole American standard: there are communities in which 'family' counts; and there are the academic backwaters where strange-scaled fish constitute among themselves aristocracies of intellect. It need hardly be said that in the latter places dress counts least of all. One may go to hear even the most distinguished lecturer in any rag one has; and we are judged rather by the obvious intention of a frock than by its actual achievement. There is that much of Oxford in any of our college towns. But no one can deny that the aristocracy most widely developed in America is that of wealth. It is developed in places that are really too small to afford an aristocracy at all. I myself have known women whose fathers carried dinner-pails and whose husbands have never even stopped to regret that their own education ended with the grammar-school course, who simply did not feel that the shabbily or simply dressed woman could be in their class. She may be descended from a half a dozen Signers, and be at home in every picture-gallery in Europe, but she is some one to whom, socially, they cannot but condescend.

I am told that precisely the same standards prevail in the newer urban civilizations of England: it would seem to be an inevitable immediate result of the supremacy of riches. There is perhaps no limit to the sophistication that vast wealth can eventually give to its

own possessors; but this law of fashion is what, consciously or unconsciously, they impose on the seething estates beneath them. I have known tragedies in smallish American cities that began and ended in dress; women deprived of their all too infrequent intellectual and social delights, simply because they could not bring themselves to face an assembly in which other women whose authority their own taste could not acknowledge, knew their 'best' dresses by heart.

I have said that the economic considerations are no concern of mine; nor are they. Yet it may not be amiss to suggest in this context that the women who are responsible for the almost unpaid toil of the slum-children over 'willow' plumes are not the rich women who will give for their willow plumes any price that is asked of them. It is the harpy of the suburbs, the frequenter of bargain-counters and Monday morning 'sales,' the woman whose most instructive reading is done among the designs and patterns of the 'women's' magazines, who is responsible. From what one reads, one is certainly compelled to infer that if these little children are to be saved, willow plumes should be put at prohibitive prices. 'But since our women *must* walk gay,' the aristocracy that is rooted in democracy can hardly do without its willow plumes. Fashion has got itself into a position of such importance as that. It is so terrible a thing to be unfashionable that the vast majority of women — and the vast majority of women are not rich nor anything like it — stretch every nerve to be in fashion. They miss, if they are not, too much that is legitimately theirs. The requirement is irrelevant, is absurd; but it is made. They will, therefore, pay what they can; but they cannot pay much. The logic is clear. They go to the great shops to demand their willow

plumes, and their Irish-lace collars, in the very spirit which took the Dames de la Halle to Versailles. Hence many of the conditions of labor about which we read so many lurid articles. For demand creates supply.

The American woman of moderate income is alternately congratulated on her 'smartness' and scolded for her extravagance. She cannot very well, as things stand, be smart without being extravagant. But the fact that chiefly gives one pause is this: that a woman cannot mingle comfortably with her equals unless she can clothe herself each season in a way that both to her and to them would have looked preposterous a twelvemonth before. It has luckily become, in the strictest sense, vulgar, to be *endimanchée*; but most people are — by definition — vulgar; and I have known women, again, who stayed at home from church because they could not so clothe themselves. Not unadvisedly, I am tempted to say; for in one of the most famous churches of America, I have seen the shabbily dressed woman seated, by the usher, with reference solely to her costume; and I have heard, too, the testimony of other women of her kind, turned into 'stay-at-homes' because precisely that thing they could not endure. An odd battle of pride with pride; and there are better uses to put pride to than that. More blatant and less grim is the authentic anecdote recently told me

concerning a Newport 'colonist.' She and her daughter entered the church one Sunday morning, marvelously dressed in contrasting shades of red. 'There will be no one else in our pew this morning,' she murmured graciously to the usher; 'put some one in with us, if you like — any one in white or black.' What could not Dean Swift have done with that! One does not wish to make tragedy out of what is essentially comic. Yet it may fairly be said that comedy has its rough side, and that a comedy retold from the point of view of the comic character himself, would often make melancholy stuff. It would be possible, over this matter of fashion, to shed the bitter tears of the satirist.

It is odd that 'dress reform' should always have meant something ugly. There would be so tremendous a chance for any one who wished to reform dress in the interest of beauty! But the most amused and disgusted of us will, very likely, forever shrink from the task. 'The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they were outlandish men.' There are two reasons why we shall shrink from it: we should have to begin with ourselves; and we should certainly be called bedlams. But oh, the pity of it!

THE GREAT REFUSAL

BY ETHEL PUFFER HOWES

OF the old feud between philosophy and poetry we all have heard, but I would ponder that older cleft between the poet and his fellow men. The tinge of antagonism against the artist, and of distrust of his tones or words or pigments, is felt by all, in some degree; and has been felt by all since the dawn of time. It was surely that deeper recoil which Plato acknowledged, when he would have banished the poet — with all honor — from his Republic. Who would not shrink from Byron, Poe, de Musset, at his own fireside? Yet not for his excesses; every age is quick to forgive the poet's errors of passion, proof of a common humanity. No — the cold spot of distaste is far within, a secret instinctive sense of some fatal meaning, some conflict with the demands of human nature and of life, in the æsthetic gift.

If I can diagnose and fix this subtle ill, it may be that some principle useful to criticism will emerge. For this æsthetic malady, I seem to see, is the cause not only of the tragic failure of many an artist's life, but also of some strange lack or emptiness in much exquisite work.

What, then, do we mean by the æsthetic gift? It is not identical with the creative gift, for it covers also that power of inner vision which is the same for the enjoyment and for the creation of beauty, and is the necessary condition and precursor of the work of art. Let us say rather that it is the temper which sees and calls into being and rapturously dwells on beauty in what-

ever form. It is the talent for the æsthetic experience.

Now, as to one element, at least, of this æsthetic experience, most men have been agreed for more than a hundred years. The æsthetic thrill is disinterested. When I hold, of flower or fruit, that it is beautiful, I am not concerned that it is good to eat or to smell, that it is or is not mine to pluck, that it is a fine specimen, that it may yield a fertile seed. I am thinking of it only in itself, apart from its use by myself or another. I love to dwell on it, but I dwell on it with disinterested gaze, and should find a mirage or a dream-flower just as beautiful. In fact, it has meaning only as appearance — its existence as a material object does not even come in question for me. Therefore it is certainly not a part of the real world in which I move and act, but it inhabits alone an ideal one of its own. Thus the pure enjoyment of beauty draws a magic circle of isolation about the beautiful object. The æsthetic experience is impassioned contemplation across an impassable abyss.

Perhaps the meaning of this break between beauty and reality may be illumined by viewing it from the side of natural science. Here it is explained that the very condition of our seeing beauty at all, is bound up with its banning from the world of action. If we took it as real, we should have to miss its beauty; and when it comes to us as beauty, we cannot respond to it as real. Thus: —

Every conception is constituted

largely by the elements of movement in it. Not primarily that we have distinct sensations of movements (as in envisaging an obelisk, for instance), but that the blending of sensations and memories which we call perception involves, first of all and more than all, a fund of experience in the way of past movements. It is by virtue of such a fund of experience, in the very texture of the mind, that the bare sensations from the outer world are given meaning: that we see objects in space, that we do not grasp at the moon or the end of the rainbow. Perception of my fountain-pen, — what it is to me, — besides the general organized experience which lets me see it in shape and in place, involves a whole circle of impulses to touch, to grasp, to manipulate — the legacy of my long use of it. Many are the amusing experiments which can be made to show what an important, though unsuspected, factor of our conscious life is this instinctive preparation for movement. And the unit-impression of a thing can differ immensely from moment to moment, according as now one, now another group of these supplement-elements in the perception becomes more vivid.

With this in mind, let us recall that every object in experience may be approached in two different ways. If it is to be 'dealt with,' those elements in the perception of it which belong to the appropriate action take on a greatly increased strength and vividness, while all others are weakened and dimmed. The object becomes more and more a cue for action. You hardly 'see' your rod and book of flies, or your billiard cue, as you dispose them for action. But if the situation is not to be dealt with, the preparatory elements fade out, and those movement-elements in perception which correspond to form and shape take the centre of the mind.

Then ensues the phenomenon we

know as æsthetic imitation. The suggestions to movement involved in the complete spatial perception of the object are alone, with nothing to oppose them — we needs must follow them out. Thus it is that we indeed innerly imitate the column in its upward thrust, the urn in its swelling lines, the Greek Victory in her onward sweep. It is something like looking at a landscape with head upside down. All the habitual reactions to the shapes and meanings of things are upset — and the color-sensations become so much the more vivid as the 'intentions' fade.

But there is a third possibility. Those characteristics of the object which appear in this passive dwelling on them may be so vivid that they compel attention of themselves, shut out all other elements, crystallize the moment into one of æsthetic arrest. Thus the two groups are forever warring. If you dwell on the lineaments of the object, the very laws of mind not only forbid you to approach it, but actually hold you spell-bound. You can't eat your peach and sketch it too.

This is the explanation, in the realm of mental causes and effects, of the 'disinterested' quality of the æsthetic experience. If the very condition of your complete æsthetic vision is the absence of all elements involving the self in activity, then the abyss between the æsthetic object and your own world and life is absolute. The object is not a real object to you: *so far as you are concerned* it is an appearance only.

Entbehren sollst du is the æsthetic motto. And this is the true secret of our sadness in looking on beauty. To the world of action, will, desire, — our private personal world, — *as beauty* it never can belong.

It is thus that we have a right to say that the æsthetic experience involves detachment, isolation, inhibition of action. However perfect the æsthetic

moment, however harmonious and self-complete the ideal world into which we enter, it is none the less an interruption of real life. The æsthetic moment is a step out of life.

This, and this alone, is the reason why the greatest of pessimists welcomed the presence in life of beauty and of art. If life and the will to live are an unmixed evil, then that cessation and denial of life involved in the full experience of beauty is a relative good. And conversely, — if Schopenhauer's evil, life, and the will to live, is our good, must not his good be in some sense fraught with ill to us?

The end of life is a unity. The ideal life must be that in which every act has a meaning for the whole, in which every purpose comes to fruition. Life is a unity, and responsibility is its watchword; for responsibility means obligation, a bond, one part of life answering to another part, a close-woven texture. But the æsthetic attitude is the explicit negation of all this. Whatever we contemplate in disinterested detachment is outside responsibility, because it is deliberately thrust beyond action. The æsthetic moment, the æsthetic object, is like the pearl in the oyster — a repellent unity, essentially repugnant to the inmost meaning of life.

The æsthetic as applied to life is a contradiction of itself; because it is of the essence of life to be linked, and of the essence of beauty to be an isolated whole. Thus it is that the episode, as, by definition, an isolated unity, is foreign to the meaning of life as a whole. The episode in love is felt as something without worth or dignity, for the meaning of love points beyond itself to the only immortality the finite creature can have: it holds, in its implications, liens on the whole future of action. For the same reason it is even a failure æsthetically, for the object or situation must be self-complete, not

composed of elements that look beyond itself. Such was Goethe's fatal error, when he sought to make of his relations with Cristiana 'something noble, Roman, antique.' He had thought to embrace a spirit from a dream-world, as his Faust the spirit of Helena. But life is not composed like art, nor can anything be beautiful which is a denial of its own meaning.

It is indeed when we try to take an æsthetic attitude toward personalities that the curse comes home, and we see what is really involved in the æsthetic attitude. Deliberately to cut one's self off from active relation with and responsibility to a fellowman is to deny his personality, to treat him as a thing — the only real injury a person can suffer. But this is surely involved in the way of æsthetic appreciation.

Does one come upon a thatched cottage, among English fields, rose-embowered haunt of fever and misery? To the lover of beauty it is *noli me tangere*, for to touch it is to spoil it. — The budding poet, strolling city streets, drinks in the changing spectacle like wine. The beggar-woman, crouching in picturesque rags among burnt-umber shadows, makes for him a casual Rembrandt. Athwart the jeweled shoulders gleaming from passing carriages stands out the street girl's haggard, painted face. Wonderful, terrible contrasts of this life! he thinks, with all of youth's æsthetic thrill. But if the call of real life comes to him, he is ready to act, to dare, and to endure, that this wonderful contrast may disappear, and the world become a prosaic better place for a woman to live in.

When responsibility sets in, the æsthetic moment flies out of the window. For the æsthetic attitude toward life implies acceptance and welcome of things as they are; the moral calls to change. In the words of Nero, the first of æsthetes,

For legendary sorrows I can weep;
 With those of old time I have suffered much,
 And I, for dreams, am capable of tears,
 But not for woes too near me, or too loud.

Here is indeed the great exemplar of æsthetics usurping the field of life. Stephen Phillips, in his play of *Nero*, has missed no ironical implications of the 'disinterested.' This is the Emperor looking on the storm-background of his mother's murder: —

Wonderful! This gives beauty to an act
 Which else were ugly and of me unworthy.
 So mighty is she that her proper doom
 Could come but by some elemental aid.
 Her splendid trouble asketh but the sea
 For sepulchre; her spirit limitless
 A multitudinous and roaring grave.

Is it not now clear why the natural, the moral man dreads the corrosive action of the æsthetic interest on the relations of life as he knows it? The secret dread and distaste of the æsthetic temperament is in so far revealed and justified.

That it is possible to safeguard the relations of life while creating beauty or drawing refreshment and inspiration from it, is what I shall try to show later. But what is of present interest to me is to follow the trail of the æsthetic infection to the origin of certain interesting elements in the history of culture. We shall find it as a philosophy of life, ravaging souls; and as an occupational disease, leaving its stigma on worker and product.

Not to make too modest a claim, let me assert at once that the rise, growth, and decay of Romanticism in Germany and France are bounded by the limits and implications of the æsthetic malady. The sickness of Romanticism was an æsthetic sickness, its decline was æsthetic self-destruction. To say that in Rousseau was the original infection, is of course only a paraphrase of the present-day platitude of criticism, that Rousseau is the universal

ancestor of revolution. He was not himself a conscious exponent of the æsthetic outlook on life; yet the logical outcome of his teaching and example was in Goethe and the Romantic School, in whom the æsthetic aim is raised to a philosophy. For the liberty to return to the natural man, which Rousseau demanded, involved also the demand not to be bound by any ties save those of feeling. Complete freedom for the individual was what he asked; obligation was for him a horror. But this freedom from obligations implies the detachment and isolation which we find ever the mark of the æsthetic attitude.

Such freedom, indeed, must issue in the æsthetic relation to life; for the man who is detached cannot act. Æsthetic response is the only activity left to such a personality. But Goethe, although he owes much to Rousseau, reaches his completeness of detachment in the opposite direction. He is not pressing to revolt from obligations, but through his overwhelmingly endowed æsthetic nature he achieves detachment. It was in the inevitable logic of ideas that Goethe, the individualist and man of feeling, should give the complete case of the æsthetic personality.

Goethe's every experience was for him an æsthetic experience, to be taken up into his gallery of pictures, but to be allowed no independent existence in the world of reality and consequence. As he said, 'With me every idea transforms itself at once into an image.' That image is what latter-day æsthetic criticism has come to know as the *Fernbild* — of which the essential quality is its detachment. Thus it was that he never gave a hostage to Fate, thus it was that the great opportunities of his life were missed. At the bourgeoning of German national feeling he had eyes only for Napoleon —

the other Superman; and at the birth of critical philosophy he was 'God-intoxicated' in contemplation with Spinoza. He never knew love, because, in true æsthetic spirit, he always foresaw the end of an experience. Schiller wrote of him, 'He makes his existence felt by means of his generosity, but only after the manner of a God, without giving himself.' That his personality might be a rounded whole, he put his life into a series of episodes, out of which he sucked the juices, but which, nevertheless, *as events*, remained sterile for him. Amiel said of him, 'He has never attained to the sentiment of obligation or of sin.' And this was why he never knew happiness. In the æsthetic experience, man is free; but the *man* who is free is a pitiable creature. We should have liked to see the Goethe in whom the springs of thought and feeling were renewed and fed by action, fellowship, and 'responsibility for the thing done.' But he was afraid of life. He made the great refusal.

In after years Goethe had enough bitterness against the German Romanticists; but whatever his repudiation, it cannot be denied that they derive from him. It has indeed been the fashion to make of Fichte the philosophical godfather of the Romantic School, but there is no doubt that they developed as they did only by ignoring the central element of stability and restraint in Fichte's system — the moral world-order, expressed in the moral will. The Self of Fichte, the absolute principle of all knowledge, creates its own world, positing a sense-world to give itself something in which to work this moral will; but translated into the language of young genius, this meant only that one creates, one dreams out, one's own world: one brings it into being as a supreme work of art.

Die Welt, sie war nicht, bis ich sie erschuf!

All this was, however, more or less

a philosophical afterthought of the Romantics, an *ex-post-facto* sanction. What they really built on, and swore by, because they really understood it, was the free æsthetic attitude toward life which they first learned and worshiped in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and recognized in Goethe himself. *Wilhelm Meister* was the text-book of German Romanticism. Not only was it the model of all works of fiction, as containing all forms of literature, but its hero was the exponent of that *Lebenskunst*, that art of life, which all professed and strove to practice.

Faust itself, indeed, is the great apotheosis of Romanticism. There have always been moralists who have professed to find, in at least the ending of *Faust*, a refutation of the plain lesson to be drawn from everything else that Goethe ever wrote or did: a new thesis that altruistic and creative work is the end of life, and gives at last that moment to which one may well cry, 'Verweile doch, du bist so schön!' But that view gives the lie to all the other implications of the story. Here, too, with his reclaiming works, *Faust* is irresponsible. It is activity for the 'experience,' that he wants. He ignores the rights of others, proceeds by magic, and ends in theft and piracy. To me the absolute truth of the matter is summed up in Mr. Santayana's vivid interpretation in his 'Three Philosophical Poets.' 'He would continue, if life could last, doing things, that, in some respect, he would be obliged to regret; but he would banish that regret easily, in the pursuit of some new interest; and, on the whole, he would not regret having been obliged to regret them. Otherwise, he would not have shared the whole experience of mankind, but missed the important experience of self-accusation and of self-recovery.' No; *Faust*, like his glorious creator, 'has never attained to a senti-

ment of obligation or of sin.' It is, for him too, the art of life, to create the possibility of the complete circle of experience.

But alas — since the world is the product of one's genial caprice and impulse to self-expression and may be even so annihilated, there is nothing stable, nothing worth in itself. 'The deepest truth known to me is that ere-long my present truth will change.' This is the Romantic Irony, of which one has heard so much — the Socratic Irony through young German spectacles. The joke is, that one's own acts, too, are but a passing semblance, without value, for there is nothing of absolute value to measure them by. So the world is hollow, and the spirit yearns into the void in vain.

Let us say rather — agitates in a vacuum. The strangest logical transformation is that by which the daring *freischaffende Geist* finds himself in God-like isolation, so detached that he cannot act effectively anywhere. He will not be bound by obligations, so all is episodic for him. He will not act for fear of endangering an inner harmony, and so he falls into an inevitable passivity, and, from the nemesis of all unused powers, into that *ennui*, melancholy, paralysis, romantic despair — *le mal de René* — that is bewailed by all, from Goethe, Chateaubriand, de Sénancour, Byron, to that grandchild of Romanticism, the author of the *Fleurs du Mal* — 'un oasis d'horreur dans un désert d'ennui.'

The defiant sensibility of Rousseau, the free creative spirit of Wilhelm Meister, the beautiful waywardness and genial caprice of all the Romantic tribe of Schleiermacher and Schlegel respond alike to one touchstone. They are experiencing natures; yet experience itself melts away under their fingers like a globule of mercury. They take life as an opportunity for æs-

thetic moulding, and so it becomes for them an æsthetic spectacle, with themselves outside. For it is the condition, the meaning, and the nemesis of the æsthetic object, to be without relations to anything but itself. The romanticists are intransitive. They don't bite. Who was it called *Wilhelm Meister* 'a menagerie of tame creatures'? 'Blake, Stendhal, Goethe, Pascal, all were rebels,' says a critic. Far from it; a rebel is a man of energy who will not submit himself to outworn conventions, because he has things to do. The Romanticists were not rebels, they were truants. The Romanticist does n't want to tempt the irrevocable by deeds; he does n't want his bluff called.

Perhaps the type, and the *reductio ad absurdum* for our modern world, of the free-creative personality, is *Peer Gynt*. Ibsen has surely paid his respects not only to Romantic Idealism, but to the particular embodiments of Romantic Irony in this figure. Mr. William Archer has told us that we must not seek in *Peer Gynt* a clear consistent cut-and-dried allegory, but I confess that it seems to me to leap to the eyes. *Peer Gynt* has all the stigmata. He will 'realize himself' and make his life a work of art. And he will 'to himself be — enough!' Nor will he 'tempt the irretrievable' — though it does overtake him.

Ay, think of it, — wish it done — *will* it to boot — But *do* it — No, that's past my understanding.

(ACT III, Scene 1.)

Reference to the unfortunate author of *De Profundis* as the classical case in modern life of the self-destruction of the æsthetic temperament is too obvious. Yet it is not the course of his life that seems to me most eloquent in this connection, but the completeness with which his written word upholds and confirms all my contentions. 'The Critic as Artist' goes straight as an arrow to those necessary conclusions

from their premises which the Romantics would fain evade. 'Life!' cries Oscar Wilde, 'don't let us go to life for our experiences, it makes us pay too high a price for them.'

But 'The Critic as Artist' is still playful — *De Profundis* is supposed to be the bed-rock of conviction. It is professedly the resolution of tragic despair into a composed humility; and one would have thought, indeed, that out of a searing tragedy would have come some grasp of the basic conditions of life. Yet this is the burden of the book: the writer accepts sorrow because to complete self-realization sorrow is as necessary as joy. 'Pleasure for the beautiful body, pain for the beautiful soul.' That Christ, the Man of Sorrows, is the greatest of individualists, the artist in life, justifies the æsthetic, the 'flower-like' life, bound to no law or obligation except to realize itself. 'Humility in the artist is the frank acceptance of all experiences.' It is difficult, for me at least, to see in this reaffirmation of the æsthetic philosophy of life anything but the only defiance left against a universe which still hatefully exacts responsibility for the thing done.

But it is one thing to choose for one's end in life the perfecting and free creation of one's own personality; it is another to fall unconsciously, and by the fatality of conditions, into the æsthetic attitude toward life. Yet how can the literary artist, at least, escape it? He must be a very miracle of strength and sanity if the tool of his trade does not leave a mark upon him and his work. The disease of the will from which all the literary grandchildren of Romanticism suffer is but the obverse of the perceptive view of life — the intransigent striking in. It is a very hyper-æsthesia of the senses and æsthetic paralysis, which one feels everywhere. Nothing can be more instructive than

a volume of studies like *The Symbolist Movement* of Mr. Arthur Symons, who is himself a disciple. 'I write what I see, what I feel, what I have experienced,' says one of the typical figures — significant omission! Of Verlaine, 'Eyes wherein contemplation was itself an act.' 'To Verlaine happily, experience taught nothing; rather, it taught him only to cling the more closely to those moods in whose succession lies the more intimate part of our spiritual life.' 'Action,' discovers Rimbaud, 'is not life, but a way of spoiling something.' 'As for living,' cries the *Axel* of Villiers-Adam, 'our servants will do that for us!'

Yet the personal doom of this occupational disease is, after all, its least sinister aspect. Let the poet make an æsthetic hell for himself, if he will, so long as he does not insist in taking us with him. But how can the second-rate sensitive mind view the world in detachment, vividly yet objectively — as must be to fix it on canvas — and escape taking this detachment as the very meaning and secret of life? This — this it is, this transference of the craftsman's necessary pose into a whole philosophy of life, which makes the whole literature of the decadence so hopelessly, exquisitely hollow. Nothing is in it but the experience of perception. It is bad enough that the poet in his own life only 'experiences'; but that he should never see any other attitude possible for anyone else is a refinement of exasperation. That phrase, of which one is so weary, 'The man for whom the visible world exists,' might be extended to say of these 'and nothing else!' From Maeterlinck's figures, 'enduring the presence of their soul and their destiny,' to D'Annunzio's, assuming that there is no other way to take the world than the æsthetic (and the revolted æsthetic, at that!) — all, paralyzed as by a Gorgon's

head, they sit spell-bound before the spectacle of life.

There is a certain philosophical fancy of an object, containing a picture of that object, which shall in turn contain a picture of that object; as, say, a miniature of your beloved wearing her own miniature in a brooch, which miniature must be a portrait wearing another miniature in a brooch — and so on *ad infinitum*. This self-representative mania has taken hold on the descendants of the Romantic school. I see the world as a picture; that picture is then only of people who look on the world as a picture in which others are regarding others. That way lies madness! But there is the same vertigo in following out the self-representative maze in some of the later James novels. As the author says, 'I confess I never see the *leading* interest of any human hazard but in a consciousness (on the part of the moved and moving creature) subject to fine intensification and wide enlargement.' But, at least for him, there is the human hazard. At the end of a passage there may be the all but inaudible click of a decision made. Among the others an act of will would be impossible. Nothing happens in their writings save by the sullen expansion or contraction of a vegetative soul. And this soul is vegetative because the soul of its creator is vegetative. The passivity of the æsthetic function has poisoned the spring of æsthetic creation at its source, in a personality not of the strongest.

This is the secret malady of the half-genius. We used to be told that the great man saw objectively, while the lesser gave us life at his own angle. Rather is it that the great man can picture life as it is lived at first-hand, while the lesser gives us the automatic contemplative thing which his own detached experience has made him mistake for life.

What, then, is the right and healthy regimen for the lover of beauty who yet would not fall into æsthetic heartlessness, congealment, impotence? What must be the true place and office of beauty in a world of action and of suffering?

The first answer must be, Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. One right every human being can claim — the acknowledgment of his personal existence in the same world. Yet by taking him as an æsthetic object you do put him out of the same world, beyond judgment of good and evil. The beggar, the prostitute, the amusing child, the pirate of high finance, are insulted in their inmost natures when you make them the mere objects of your æsthetic interest. 'I wonder the poor do not put on gloves to beg — they would make money by it,' said someone once to Baudelaire. If you acknowledge a living, real personality, you have a duty toward him, if only to judge him.

That is the darling error of our American people. In the realm where it has no place, in social relations, we fall at the least excuse into the æsthetic attitude. We enjoy the clever rogue or the Napoleon of finance, and contemplate him with a paralysis of responsibility entirely characteristic of the æsthetic moment.

On the other hand, the heart that craves beauty and perfection can find them innocently and freely in the works of art and the wonders of nature. No duty is owed to these save to enjoy them; therein their end is fulfilled. It is not for me to dwell here on the moral therapeutics of such æsthetic experience. Its enlarging, purifying, rectifying office is assumed. The work of art which is truly beautiful possesses those qualities which induce the harmonious interplay of the faculties; gives of its own perfection a 'perfect moment.' It

is indeed a step out of the web of responsible life — but so is sleep. Like sleep, it sends one back to life a new man. Yet one must sharply separate sleep and waking. What I have tried to show is how the æsthetic obsession works on life like a sleeping sickness.

To linger in the æsthetic moment, for the man who will grasp life as a whole, is but to '*reculer pour mieux sauter*.' Beauty, in whatever guise, supplies the image of that perfection toward which we may press on with heart the higher. Any perfection incarnate is the vindication of our hopes for the world, hopes which then more securely become our aims and our determinations. The Utopia of harmony and of happiness, once rightly envisaged, becomes a wellspring of energy for daily effort. It is indeed the promised land.

But this is rest upon and acceptance of a symbol, for the sake of unrelenting effort toward the greater symbolized. And let not the symbol lead us to ignoble quiescence. It is a danger to society that intrenched abuses or outworn creeds maintain themselves through this æsthetic quiescence which their beautiful forms impose on sensi-

tive natures. Many people who think they are religious are only susceptible to æsthetic rapture. There is no moral passion which does not mean change and effort and discomfort.

Is there then no 'beautiful' life, and no right æsthetic appreciation of personalities? By our definition, the 'beautiful' life can be only the complete, the coherent, the perfect life, that in which any impulse is linked with its central scheme and principle, as every note in a symphony belongs to its own close-woven texture. Such a life we may æsthetically appreciate, because we can rest in it and apart from it, as in any other microcosm of perfection. We may not either help or hurt it. But a personality or situation to which we cannot enthusiastically assent, is one which demands action from us, and bars us from the æsthetic attitude. It is at least possible that our safety lies to-day rather in steadfastly refusing the æsthetic eye to all but works of art and happy chances of nature.

In this tragic world of ours, such moments can be only few and far between. Not being gods, we cannot look upon it and say that it is good.

DAVID

BY GWENDOLINE OVERTON

THE David of to-day is a man in middle life, whom you know at once for one of those accustomed to responsibility. Appreciating the value of passing help, from long years of effort made alone, he has befriended where he might, avoiding recognition, seeking no gratitude. As retiringly, without acclaim, he has done, for his community, work the value of which will increase as generations gather. He stands high in an upbuilding profession, among men of achievement and learning. And while yet in the fullness of years, he has entered into success.

But the David with whom this story has to do was a boy upon a mid-western farm. He was the first child, and the only son — though later a sister followed him into the world. It was a serious, work-a-day world as they were shown it. Conditions were hard, much was to be done, and men and women were few. So children were pressed into service, early and of necessity. Fathers whose own youth had been no softer made taskmasters unyielding to sentiment. And if the hearts of mothers longed now and then to see their babies playing careless and happily, as even the babies of the farm beasts might — why, hearts were inimical to labor and utility, and must be brought into subjection.

Yet David's mother was young in maternity and in discipline, and one cannot but wonder if sometimes there were not a revolt in her breast; for it is remembered as the child's first waking to consciousness of self, that he had

a duty laid upon him, and a burden to be borne.

The burden, to be sure, was only a piece of firewood brought from the pile his father had stacked close by the kitchen door. But David's two arms could scarcely encircle it, and his feet had to be placed with the utmost care, wide apart, so that he might not tumble. When he came to the bottom of the steps a difficulty all but insurmountable confronted him. He could not cling to the stick of wood and make such an ascent. He recalls now how he stood with aching arms, working out his first problem for himself. And directly it was solved. The stick of wood was laid down upon the first step. He climbed after it, on hands and knees, picked it up, laid it upon the second step, followed, and lifting it once again, with every care and precaution, surmounted the sill of the doorway. It seemed a long journey across the kitchen to the stove. But he drew a steadying breath, and fortified by the knowledge of a duty to be performed, went forward until, when the heavy load slipped from him and fell, it lay at his mother's feet.

If it were an early entrance, however, upon the serious affairs of life, he was soon to have need of the powers fostered. For when David was twelve years old, his father died. His mother was a woman of energy and resource, reputed to be the most capable housewife of the neighborhood; but the work of the farm was heavy, and a man worthy his hire was not to be had in a

district where each might be his own master, with soil enough to till for himself.

So David understood that he had become the head of the house now, and must henceforth do a man's work. It did not seem to him anything impossible or extraordinary. In the world he knew, girls no older than he were home-keepers of many cares, fostering children younger still; and boys like himself were sometimes the mainstay of a family.

In the lonely quiet of the evening after his father's burial, the little sister had been put to sleep and David and his mother sat together by the kitchen stove. The inevitable future stretched on ahead. It was full of practical and urgent needs that must perforce be spoken of. 'There is the ploughing to be done — and the sowing,' David's mother said. The middle of March was upon them, and winter might be counted as at an end, although there would be more bleak days when the rain would beat down, wind-driven, as it was doing now in the blackness outside the windows.

'Mr. Morse might be willing to look after it,' she went on, as she tore strips of old cotton which could yet serve for dishcloths. Morse was their neighbor to the northward; a farmer of skill and repute. 'He might take it on shares.' Her tone implied, what both of them understood, that the necessary financial loss of such an arrangement was to be regretted.

'I can do it myself,' said David.

It was the speech of one who has pondered aforetime. He too was busying his fingers, — repairing the headstall of a harness, by the aid of jack-knife and leather thongs. Intent as was his mind upon this affair of the moment, it could yet deal with other matters, clearly.

His mother, however, felt doubts

that might be excused. The boy beside her was not very old, to any eyes; but to hers he was younger still from having been carried in her arms and nursed at her bosom in a time which, in these last few days, had seemed so briefly past.

'I'm afraid it would be too much for you, son.' She put her discouragement gently.

David bent his red-brown head, as he rounded the strap-edge he had cut. 'I ploughed last year,' he recalled.

'Yes, I know you did. But it was only two acres — there ought to be something like ten or twelve this time.'

'I can plough 'em all right.'

It was not boastful. It was the assertion of one who knows conditions and his own capabilities. And he carried so much conviction to his mother's mind, that she found herself accepting the possibility. Had not her husband himself said to her that David had done his two acres 'as well as anybody' and 'could have tackled the whole job if he had set about it'?

So, as to the ploughing — perhaps. But the sowing? That was another thing. 'You never sowed, son,' she suggested.

'I can learn how.'

She was silent, yet it was less from conviction than from unwillingness to put objections in the way, to show lack of faith in his powers.

'Don't you bother,' he admonished, holding off the battered headstall to survey his work. 'If you'll look after the house and them things, mother, I guess I can see to the farm.'

Among the duties of the 'house and them things' was that of caring for the chickens; and it was consequently to the surprise of David's mother that she saw him, early one evening, standing before the coop, feeding the cocks and hens. Their neighbor to the northward was with him. Now and then the latter

put his own right hand into the pan and, while the boy followed his every movement with concentrated attention, scattered the grain, wide and evenly. From her place at the kitchen door, she watched for a few minutes. And then she understood. David was learning to sow. It was a man's affair, between men, and she had not been consulted. She was filled with a yearning pride over the self-reliance of her boy, over the setting of his sturdy little shoulders to bear whatever could be laid upon them. But she was careful to betray none of this to David when he came for his supper, reticent and occupied.

'I'll see to feeding the hens for a while,' he told her.

She accepted it without question, — as she believed he would be best pleased to have a woman take these consciously-new evidences of virility. So far did she carry the policy of non-intervention, that she staid her tongue even when the gorged and glutted fowls seemed upon the verge of suffering gravely from excess. For David practiced upon them at every opportunity. At daylight, in the cold spring mornings, he was already outside the house, the pan beneath his left arm, his right hand swinging. And the chickens coming from the coop, one by one, none too eagerly, found grain already upon the ground. It continued to patter — with the evenness of drops of rain — upon their backs as they gathered. It fell still as, losing interest, they ceased to pick, and wandered off. At evening the downpour of plenty came again.

Morse appeared, now and then, to observe the progress. 'You ain't going to get a great many eggs this spring,' he commented. 'Them hens'll be too fat'n lazy to lay.'

With the intensity of his efforts David looked up into the face embellished by a big black moustache which

it was his secret wish to emulate at the earliest moment possible. And in his eyes there was an anxious questioning for approval, such as, at no price, would he have let his mother surprise.

'You hold your fingers too tight,' his master admonished. 'And your arm goes jerky. Look a-here — like this.'

David hung on his gestures and sought to reproduce them.

'That's right,' Morse encouraged, 'that's better.'

For it must be understood that to sow is no matter of mere haphazard scattering of the seed. It is a phase of the farmer's occupation requiring the utmost deftness and skill, an art for which one man is gifted above another. In David's part of the country there were contests for precedence, and he who was acknowledged the best sower boasted thereof, and was looked up to by his comrades. The honor had latterly been held by Morse.

Among those boys of David's acquaintance who hoped to follow in the footsteps of their fathers there was ambition to achieve the distinction. And David had long since decided that he would some day learn to sow better than any one roundabout. But that had been mere youthful vanity, and the expression of a character which would have naught of half effort. Now, however, he was confronted with necessity. If he were to take care of his mother and sister he must know how to sow. And if he were going to do it at all, he meant to do it well. The matter was one of absorbing, almost depressing seriousness. During those days of late March and early April the boy had put away childish things. Before dawn he rose, and he worked till after dark. Habit had not yet rendered this easy either to body or to mind. There was the mental effort of adjustment to conditions, of meeting new problems and solving them. And there was the

brute physical labor of those who till the ground.

A week after the new responsibility had come upon him, he began to plough. He was helped, to be sure, by horses which his father had left well trained. But it is toil of cruel severity, at the very best, when a boy's strength must guide the steel blade through acre after acre of ponderous earth. And when the day's stint had been finished he must still stand practicing his grain-throwing to the hens, his arms almost too weary for the movements. Afterwards there were the horses to care for and stable for the night. It would be well past dark when he could go in for his supper, to sit eating in the silence of exhaustion. Often he dropped asleep where he sat, with his head on his bended arm.

Not until he was deep in the abandonment of slumber would his need of his mother be confessed. She would come beside him then, and put her arms about him, and bow her head upon the close-shorn, low-lying one. And presently she would speak to him.

'David — son — it is time for bed, dearie. Comewith mother.' The speech of other days, when she had taken his little soft hand, and led him, toddling.

And David would stir and rise with her aid. Leaning heavily upon her in unconscious helplessness, he would let himself be guided to the stairs and up them. And she would undress him and put him to bed, tucking him under the patchwork quilt, and kissing him good-night. The next morning he would know nothing of it all. But his mother cherished the memories.

To have ploughed and harrowed the twelve acres which it had been decided to cultivate, might have taken less time for a grown man. But David's utmost exertion could not accomplish it under four weeks. They were ready for plant-

ing in good season, however, and on the morning after the last foot of soil had been prepared, he went out by the front gate, and turning northward, trudged along the road. He carried a small canvas sack of grain. And he scattered it to farmer Morse's chickens, while that past-master stood by, severely critical. It was a rare treat for fowls to whom grain had not become an indifferent thing. But at length Morse spoke the staying word.

'That'll do,' he said. 'I guess you can go ahead and sow your field.'

David returned home.

'I'm going to sow to-morrow,' he announced for his mother's information.

And while the light clouds in the sky were just beginning to flush pink, he went forth into the crucial day.

There is no movement among all those needful and wholesome occupations of men from which spring grace, that has a time and rhythm more perfect than sowing. The visible music of great symphonies is in the long forward tread across soft earth, in the dip, spread, sweep and return of the free-right arm. The act is one complete and rounded in its symbolism, the primal type of all other acts. The supremely impartial generosity of nature itself is in the loosely opened, curving hand that sends widespread, evenly, its fecund seed. The swing of the spheres through space is in unison with the swinging passage of the man who sows earth's grains.

But as beautiful acts are oftenest unconscious ones, David was wholly unaware of being anything more than a boy in a big, brown field. Hewasaware, to be sure, of a certain pride in the fact that the field was a nice job of ploughing and harrowing. And as he was young and strong, and as the day was new, he could not but have had a feeling of good exercise in the smooth, repeated

gestures, and the long step over the heavy ground. But the matter in hand was work, serious work that had to be done well. It required the whole of his attention.

'I'll come over before dinner and see how you're getting on,' Morse had said. And the one thing of paramount importance in the universe was that he should not stand pulling at the enviable black moustache, frowning disapproval and shaking his head. So David went forward and back, forward and back, dipping his fingers, and spreading the grain. And before he had given a thought to the time, an acre had been sowed. He snifted the strap of his bag and stood surveying it. Then he began to walk along, head down, scrutinizing narrowly. The further he went on and the more closely he looked, the less did he like what he had done. For the first time he felt discouragement, doubt of himself. He had undertaken something he could not do. He was ashamed, sullenly, crossly ashamed. He did not want Morse to come and see this. His taciturn pride, too deep for the surface expression of boasting, was wounded and hurt. He kicked his toe into the earth.

'Aw — I've made a darned mess of it.' He spoke to the field empty of all save eager birds. And then, feeling a presence, he glanced up quickly. Morse had approached.

'Got about an acre in? I thought it would be pretty near that by now.' His keen eye was going over the ground, as he began to walk along slowly. David followed at his side, a little behind. His knees were trembling disagreeably, and his hands had grown cold. He felt light-headed, just a little as if he were sick. Morse was ominously silent. He was pulling at his moustache. Not if life had been the price would David have sought to end his anxiety with any question that might

break this silence fraught with dread. He was shutting his teeth together, preparing himself to take what was coming without betrayal of feeling.

They made the tour of the acre; and when they had come again to the spot whence they had set forth, Morse stopped. He hooked his thumbs into the belt of his overalls. 'It's a good job,' he said, 'a first-rate job. I could n't have done better myself.'

Perhaps it was in recollection of his own boyhood's fierce detestation of feeling betrayed, that he kept on looking straight across the countryside. 'You want to get your scarecrows up right soon,' he casually observed.

The birds in the row of new-leaved pollards were chirping and trilling busily; a crow on a post was resting with wings down and drooped, and a squirrel, quivering with surprise at being unmolested, sat up tentatively, the better to see. David himself stood motionless, watching Morse going away along the edge of the fence. The tall, stooped figure in dingy blue came to a row of bushes, went among them and disappeared.

Then David turned slowly and looked at the field just sown. He drew a long breath — and another, which came unsteadily. His shoulders began to rise and fall, despite the mightiest effort of his will. He tried to hold his lips between his teeth. But the overtaxed powers had given way. In sudden surrender he threw his bent elbow across his eyes and stumbled unseeingly forward to the foot of the great trees. He dropped on his knees there, then at full length on the ground; and with his head pillowed on his arms the stern repression of so many days found relief, as he sobbed in complete abandonment.

He did not know that some of the birds, growing bold, flew down near

him for the scattered grain, nor that the crow moved up along the fence-rail, hesitating between investigation and flight. Neither did he know that someone was coming through the tall bushes, by the path.

His mother had spoken with Morse as he went out to his wagon in the road, and when he had driven off she had made haste past the houses and barns, and through the truck garden, to the fields. She had wanted to see David in an hour of a pride and satisfaction such as might never again in all his life be so supreme. But he was not standing as she had imagined him, shining-eyed,

elaborately unconcerned, looking upon the work that had been called good. Just at first she could not find him. Then she caught a low sound, and glanced whence it came. Beneath the tall pollards, in their narrowing strip of shade, David was prone on the ground.

In the strong impulse of her sympathy, she would have gone and knelt beside him, taking him in her arms. For a moment she paused — uncertainly. Then a love beyond mere motherhood surged within her soul. She turned back along the field-path quickly.

And David was alone.

THE CULT OF THE SECOND-BEST

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

All that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the blue!
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs
 furled.
 They must solace themselves with the Sat-
 urn above it.
 What matter to me that their star is a world?
 Mine opens its soul to me; therefore I love it.

WERE I asked to choose the short poem which most suggestively expressed the attitude of our age, I believe I should pause long before rejecting this one of Browning's. If there is anything more characteristic than another of our spiritual attitude, it is our proneness to challenge the Accepted.

'Down with the Obvious' is our intellectual war-cry. It is more than a principle with us; it is a habit. We are growing temperamentally incapable of taking things for granted; we are the sworn enemies of conventional standards, both in taste and in morals; we are the champions of individual judgment. In the realm of morals this is bringing about consequences so vast that I must back away from even the mention of them. In the realm of taste it is producing conditions, to one aspect of which I should like to call attention.

Which brings us back to our poem. May I be pardoned for laying unhal-
 lowed hands on a thing so exquisite! It is like dissecting a butterfly. But perhaps we need not hurt him, and we can set him free again in a moment.

In plain English, then, the poem means, that I love a certain star because of qualities in it appreciated, I find, in a peculiar way, by me. I do not share this appreciation with others. When they press in upon me, to partake of my vision, 'it stops like a bird, like a flower hangs furled.' But when I, its discoverer and owner, look at it, it 'opens its soul to me,' and — note well the phrase — 'therefore I love it.' As for the others — the crowd — let them have Saturn and welcome — Saturn, whose wonders any one can see with half an eye. I admit that Saturn is in a sense greater, but I am happy with my own lesser thing, because it is mine.

There we have it! A turning away from accepted greatness, greatness in the appreciation of which all can take part, to the minor beauty whose enjoyment can be ours alone. It is not purely a love of beauty, then, that dominates us, but a glory in discovery, a pride of ownership, and, perhaps, an instinct of withdrawal from the crowd.

And now we may let our butterfly go again — praying that we have not brushed the least mote of bloom from his wings.

It is this attitude, I think, which is peculiarly characteristic of the age we live in. It is not, of course, the exclusive possession of our own time. Touchstone betrayed it, when, in his best court tones, he introduced Audrey as 'A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.' And we can go back even further if we care to inquire curiously. Probably the man who black-balled Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called 'The Just' had the same feeling — which is only another illustration of the modernness of the Greeks. He was expressing a dislike of the Obvious, a rebellion against the Accepted, which we can all understand. He was tired of Saturn. Probably he had some small star of his

own that, for the reasons we have just been considering, he liked better.

It is, in fact, a trait of human nature, which just now is getting the upper hand a little more than usual. For the worship of the gods has always been encroached upon by the cults of the demi-gods. There is something cloying about the continual contemplation of unquestioned greatness, especially if the experience has to be shared with the crowd. This is, of course, the real reason why the orthodox conceptions of Heaven are so unattractive. And, equally of course, this was what was the matter with Lucifer — ah, here at last we are at the very beginning of the whole trouble! He began it! Not Browning, nor Touchstone, nor the Greek mugwump, but Lucifer. He was the first to set up an individual judgment, to rebel against the domination of the Obvious.

There is nobody to blame, then, but a person who is so in the habit of taking blame that he can take a little more without turning a hair. Upon his broad shoulders we may load the restlessness of all the uneasy spirits since the time of the First One.

There is something to be said for them. The Great of the world do get a good deal of handling. They show it a little. The grass is trodden down all around them, their toes are worn blunt by being kissed, and they are be-starred and be-photographed out of all whooping. One can hardly think of them apart from an atmosphere of perfunctory admiration of the tourist sort, to which there clings an aroma of lunch-boxes and note-books and cameras and picture post-cards. We cannot approach them without feeling ourselves one of a rabble. 'Ugh!' we growl, 'let's get out of this! Come along over to my Little-Great-One, that nobody else is paying any attention to. Here we are, — no crowd, no noise, — the place is ours!'

Ah, yes, there is indeed something in it. There is a good deal in it. And so the cult of the Little Great supplants the worship of the Great Great.

There is no special harm in this so long as we remember that there is a difference between the Great Great and the Little Great. So long as we do not forget that, with one day of such treatment as the Great Great are imperceptibly submitting to through the ages, the Little Great would be reduced to pulp. And so long as we do not blink the fact that in pursuing our cult we are yielding to our love for exclusiveness.

And though there is something to be said for these uneasy spirits, there is also something to be said against them, — certainly when we are concerned with the things of the spirit. For there is a difference between the material and the immaterial Great Great. Take the Matterhorn — it is a Great Great in its own line, no doubt, but perhaps — just perhaps — we might be excused for preferring a lower peak with solitudes around it, to the Matterhorn with a fore-ground of hard-boiled-egg shells and oiled-paper sandwich-wrappers. I am not accusing the Matterhorn of such a foreground, — the Tourist-land Improvement Society probably keeps it cleared up, — I am only suggesting a hypothetical case, in which a material Great Great might lose some of its — shall we call it bloom?

But with the immaterial Great Great the case is somewhat altered. Its audience-rooms may be always thronged, yet we do not have to dodge the elbows of the crowd, or peer under their hats in order to get a view. We can, in a sense, forget them. Only in a sense, to be sure. For the throng, though invisible, has left its traces. The Bible, for instance, has suffered from too much handling. No one who has been 'properly' brought up, can, I fancy, ever

read any of its great writings and get a perfectly pure and fresh vision of their greatness. There are no egg-shells and sandwich-papers, indeed, but the foreground and the back-ground and the middle-ground are littered with altar-cloths and stained glass, with snatches of hymns and illuminated texts and the débris of sermons. Not with the most intense detachment of spirit can we escape them entirely. If on this account we leave the Bible and betake ourselves say, to the Apocrypha, we shall be free from all this. We can be quite by ourselves, and we shall find many wonderful and beautiful things, but in the end we shall be making a mistake if we do not go back to our Bible again, hymns and texts and sermons and all.

The next greatest sufferer among the Great Great is Shakespeare. It is hard to read Shakespeare with an undivided mind, because one keeps running up against so many 'familiar quotations.' Moreover, some of us have 'prepared' Shakespeare for the class-room, for college-entrance examination, for B.A. and M.A. and Ph.D. examinations, and the air of the study hangs heavy about him. I knew a young woman once who felt this so keenly that in selecting four plays to be studied by her class she proposed four of the poorest — one of them not surely authentic — because, as she said, the great plays were so 'hackneyed.' It seemed to me that though her plight was hard, she had not chosen the best way out. It still seems so. And if we do not find the better way of escape it is partly our own fault.

Can we not walk free with Shakespeare and enjoy his companionship because of this network of trappings — glossaries and notes and quotations and essays — in which we are involved? Do our steps drag? Are our feet clogged? Do we slip harness and escape to some companion whose charm, per-

haps, is less, but with whom we can race along untrammelled? The loss is ours. If we were just a little cleverer, we could do something still better: we could give Shakespeare the wink — he would be ready — and both together we would duck, plunge, twist, and — there we are! Free! and off together up the wind, with none to follow. And then what a day we should have!

From the brightness and the wonder of such a day does it, perhaps, detract something, the consciousness that we are not the first? Perhaps it does, because we are, as we have admitted, human. There is a joy in discovery quite apart from the quality of the thing discovered. The first man to conquer a peak gets something that those who follow never find. But this — the bead on the cup — is not for us, we come too late. Unless, indeed, we may find it in the discovery of some new Great Great among our contemporaries. Some of us may have had intoxicating moments when we have at least thought we had done this.

But for the most part, the peaks have been climbed. Shakespeare and Sophocles and the rest have been read and read. When we say 'Wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful!' we must be content to know that millions have said it before us, and millions will say it after us. And if we are not content, if our pride is humiliated and our love of exclusiveness is outraged by this knowledge, what then? Shall we allow ourselves to be driven by our own weakness eternally to the society of the Little Great? Perhaps, better than rebellion against the Obvious, would be an endeavor to reconquer the Obvious. Perhaps the thing that would pay best of all would be to strive for freshness of mind, freshness of attack, in the appreciation of these same old Great Great.

For the greatness of the Great, though obvious in one way, in another way is not obvious at all, and when we turn aside from them, we are perhaps moved not merely by intellectual priggishness, but also by intellectual indolence. The dainty musical trifle rests us when the great symphony tires us. It is easier to appreciate the little things, the pretty sketches, the rare bits, exquisite but slight, whose beauty we can in a sense see all around. Easy, and also perfectly defensible if we do it only as a part of our æsthetic experience. But if it becomes the whole of it, we are in danger of falling into a sterile round of easy enjoyment which leaves us where it found us. We shall never grow spiritually keen and muscular in this way. It is as if a man were to spend his leisure all his life in playing jack-straws when he might be playing chess. If we spend all our time on the second-best we shall lose something out of our intellectual and æsthetic equipment, something of virility, something of largeness and breadth, something of the power and the willingness to expend energy in the understanding and appreciation of the greatest things. And this ought not to be lightly given up.

A fresh vision of the Great Great is worth achieving. It is worth waiting for. I had read *King Lear* many times, but once I read it, and suddenly it took hold of me in a new way, and carried me along — breathless, overwhelmed, to the end. I had read the *Antigone* over and over, but once when I came to it, it swept me up into its own clear air: I saw it steadily and saw it whole. Experiences like these, incommunicable as they are, are to be above all desired, above all prized. When one has had them it is hard to see how one could for long be content with less.

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

WONDERFUL Mother India! As I made my way through the blazing heat across the parched grass of the square at Berhampore that morning, I fear I did not love you. Yet it was to be a day of romance.

It was in May, midway of the hot season. We had cholera through the district and up and down the Ganges valley, and were to have it five weeks more till the monsoon clouds gathered like a thick gray veil across the blazing face of the sky, and burst in the swish and swirl and thunder of the greater rains. The water was bad; the Bhagirathi River was shrunk to a brown trickle across shimmering sands, athirst for the melting of Himalayan snows. My shoulders and back were stinging with prickly heat, my ankles were swollen with mosquito bites. Altogether, a morning of exasperation.

It was hot: so hot that the red desert wind singed my nostrils; so hot that tables warped, cracking in the night like pistol-shots; so hot that the trees fringing the square hung their leaves and quivered in the glare; the minas sat in the grass, open-beaked and gasping. Only tiny blue butterflies fluttered everlastingly.

From the white, outer blaze I stumbled into the warm cavern of the huge Court building where ineffectual *punkahs* were flapping and creaking in every breathless room, my eyes full of green circles of light from the outer glare. I entered my own court-room on the ground-floor, laid aside my huge helmet of reed-pith, sate me down with

a sigh of relief in my cane-seated office-chair, mopped my face with a handkerchief already wet, and bade the grizzled *punkah-wala* pull harder, to stir the hot, acrid air, smelling of Indian bodies in Indian heat. After a long breath or two, I found free energy for a look round the dingy court-room, and immediately perceived that there was something in the wind.

Holding themselves a little apart from the dusky, patient crowd at the back of the court-room were three exceedingly pretty young women, hardly more than girls, bright with gold bracelets and earrings, and gracefully draped in white muslin *saris* broadly margined with red; they were smiling, dainty, vivacious, with brown skin no darker than cinnamon, and one could see that they were the target of the eager and slightly scandalized observation of the dingy village folk.

The first case on the file was a charge of murder. I ordered the red-turbaned policemen, with jackets of indigo and stiff leather belts that galled their unaccustomed loins, to bring the prisoner in. The file announced that he was Mozuffer Khan, son of Mahmud Khan, of Koli village, cultivator. As he stood there in the railed dock at the right corner of my table, he did not look like a murderer. He was too jaunty, not tense enough, too well-pleased with himself for that. A shock-headed fellow with a black beard and a rakish eye, wearing a dingy breech-cloth, and with a dingy strip of muslin over his shoulders; a sturdy rascal, Mozuffer Khan,

with big arms and hairy shanks, but not murderous-looking; barefooted too, which has its advantage in a court of justice.

The dusky folk of Lower Bengal make imaginative witnesses. The inspiration comes upon them suddenly, carrying them away before they realize it. They take some simple fact, some common situation, bathe it in Indian light and drape it about with Oriental trappings, laying on splashes of gaudy color and startling ornament; piling splendor on splendor. Relevancy is no great matter. It is the story for the story's sake.

When I was quite new to it, I sometimes tried to record these purple patches, wrestling with florid, unfamiliar phrases like some old lady inquiring her way in a foreign village. Once or twice I went so far as to institute proceedings for perjury. But the Collector Sahib only laughed in his big, sympathetic way, and said, 'Never mind them! They are not telling lies; they are composing poetry. It comes over them, and they cannot help it!' So I came to lay down my quill, giving myself over to the pleasure of listening and watching the poet's toes.

When he slips his cable and pushes off from the wharf of fact, to sail forth into enchanted waters, his toes, hitherto quiescent, begin to work. They knot themselves, weave in little circles in the air, cramp together, spread out again, and suddenly shut like a fan. The poetic witness rules his face, uttering his wild inventions with sad and downcast visage, as who testifies unwillingly, but truth must out; he controls his eyes, in no fine frenzy rolling; he governs his hands. But he never thinks of his toes. Wherefore the Assistant Magistrate looketh pensively downward, and cheweth the feather of his quill-pen. He is watching the rhythmic movement of the toes, sensitively respond-

ing to the strain on the subliminal mind.

The Great Charter promised that justice should be delayed to no man; yet here am I heartlessly keeping Mozuffer Khan, son of Mahmud Khan, of Koli village, cultivator, standing in the dock, in jeopardy of his life, while I ruminate on toes. Yet, as he is thoroughly enjoying his conspicuousness, I need make myself no reproach, although I may wonder what is in the back of his mind. He looks too confident for a murderer, too rakish, too light-minded; though I shall not be surprised to see him turn up some day as the victim. He must get on people's nerves.

The Court Sub-Inspector, Bannerji by name, — Nobin Kishto Bannerji, to give him his full style and title, — is a suave high-caste Brahman, whom I like. He steers the prosecution, calling village folk to bear witness to finding the mortal remnant of one Buddun Das in a thicket of bamboos in the cool of the morning after the new moon of the fourth month. They had reported the matter straightway to the police sergeant of the nearest *thana*. Other witnesses seek to implicate Mozuffer Khan the debonair, weaving chains of circumstance about him, hinting causes of quarrel, even suggesting the woman in the case. Evidently unpopular, Mozuffer Khan, son of Mahmud Khan, of Koli village, cultivator; but I cannot hang him for that. He stands there in the dock, serene, unruffled, unafraid, with his cock-of-the-village air, smirking at the world and at justice. So the prosecution rests its case.

Comes the turn of the defense. The first witness is a woman, married, a Mahometan. She enters the witness-box on my left, at the other corner of my table, and I notice that the three fair dames with red-bordered saris and gold ornaments whisper as they look

at her, and giggle decorously. They have followed the whole case with such absorbed interest and curiosity that I decide within myself that they can have no part in it. By this time, our witness is sworn. She announces herself to be Motiya, the Pearl, wife of Hussein Baksh, of the village of Bel Gaon. Comely enough, too, in her countrified way, with dark hair sleek with cocoa-nut oil, dark skin, and big, dark eyes; clad in a dingy sari narrowly bordered with brown; barefoot, like all Indian women, in sign of age-long servitude.

The Pearl waits patiently to be questioned, her clasped hands resting on the rail of the witness-box. Wonderful, these selfless Oriental women, who nevertheless in their subjection wield so much power. The Pearl, for example, seems to have made her influence felt in more ways than one.

I ask her whether she knows Mozuffer Khan, son of Mahmud Khan, of Koli village, cultivator, the prisoner at the bar. She nods, and says she does; declares, in fact, that she knows him extremely well. How could she fail of knowing him, since he has been making violent love to her for two years now, pursuing her with amorous guile? Has he not followed her in the pasture, when she has gone to gather fuel in the wake of the herds? Has he not waited for her under the wide peepul tree at 'cow-dust-time,' when she drove her little fawn-colored kine along the road, and the evening air — though she does not say so — was full of shimmering dust of gold in the slant rays of the swift-sinking sun? Has he not watched when she went to the village bazar for curry, vegetables, or water-jars of fine red clay, or a new muslin sari at the *dokan* by the village cross-road? Has he not waylaid her in the dawn and in the dusk, in all ways seeking to allure her into the primrose pathway to the big, wide gate? These are not her

words, but she is very downright about the fact.

Had she told her husband, Hussein Baksh? No, of course not. Why should she tell him? What could come of that but strife, perhaps bloodshed? No, she had told no one. Is not four-eared counsel the best?

But to return to Buddun Das, the central figure in all this coil, the one person in the case who had no word to say, the 'deceased,' as my friend the Court Sub-Inspector unctuously called him. His outworn casket had, as we saw, been found curled up in a bamboo clump in the chill of the morning. For reasons stark in their realism, conclusive in that hot time, those who retrieved him knew that he was not long dead. The vultures, indeed, had as yet taken slight interest in him. Further, it had been made clear that the said clump of bamboos was on the north side of Koli village, therefore five miles or more from the home of Motiya in the village of Bel Gaon.

This being elicited, I asked the still, quiet-voiced woman, who so frankly avowed her wooer and depicted his wooing, whether she could remember exactly when she had seen the prisoner Mozuffer Khan of Koli village, cultivator, before she heard of the killing of Buddun Das. Yes, she nodded confidently: she remembered perfectly. She saw him on the night before the murder, the night of the new moon of the fourth month, some two hours after sunset. She was sure of the day, because her lawful lord, Hussein Baksh, was away from home; had, in fact, journeyed to Kassim Bazar, driving a bullock wagon, with a load of rice-straw for the Nawab Bahadur's elephant stable; she had cautioned him to start early, as the night would be dark. These folk who keep lunar festivals always know just what the fickle luminary is doing.

Having thus defined the time, two hours after sunset on the night of the new moon, would she tell us the place where she had seen the prisoner, Mozuffer Khan, of Koli village? Yes, she would. She saw him at her own house in the dark of the evening, her husband being then away in Kassim Bazar. The prisoner, Mozuffer Khan, had come, in fact, because he knew her husband would be away; had come to make love to her. So she bore testimony, and stood there quietly waiting for further questions, her folded hands just resting on the rail of the witness-box.

I wrote down what she had said on sheets of white foolscap with the white embossed arms of the Government of India at the top. Then I laid down my quill, sat back in my chair, and looked long at that Moslem wife so quietly and irretrievably damning herself, as it seemed, by confession of infidelity. Her husband was there in court, and all her circle; yet she was unperturbed. Among the fair dames in the corner there was a faint titter and stir of excited expectancy, instantly hushed by Eastern decorum; but the woman's own friends were apathetic and still.

So I curiously scrutinized this modern Helen of Bel Gaon, thus, in the very presence of Menelaus, acknowledging with serene brow and tranquil speech the coming of her Paris. Then I looked at Paris, that is to say, Mozuffer Khan, of Koli village, cultivator. His whole being crowed with self-satisfaction, every ounce of conceit in the male carcass of him jubilant at the publication of his gallantries; he rubbed his hands together, his right foot caressing his hairy left shank as he listened to this comely woman thus risking all, as it seemed, name and fame and friends and future, for dear love of him. By the way, though it was in no wise relevant to the case, Mozuffer Khan of Koli village had also a wife of his own.

From the jubilant Paris of Koli I looked back, still wondering, at his Helen, regarding me with frank, innocent eyes. Then, as it happened, she turned toward Mozuffer Khan, as he stood there in the dock facing her at the other corner of my writing table. Her face lit up. Did her eyes say, as I might well have expected, 'I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine'? To my boundless surprise, they said nothing of the kind, but rather something like this: 'Scum of the earth, of ancestry Darwinian, if I ever get a chance I'll carve your liver!'

A sentiment and expression sufficiently startling. I picked up my quill again, dipped it meditatively into the ink-bottle, straightened my sheets of foolscap, and asked another question. The fair ladies at the back of the court held their breath, their eyes grew wide with expectancy.

She had seen Mozuffer Khan, the prisoner, on the night of the murder of Buddun Das, two hours after sunset, at her own house, her husband Hussein Baksh being then absent at Kassim Bazar? She nodded confident assent. Those were the facts and circumstance.

Then I had to venture on delicate ground. But an Assistant Magistrate must brave the matter. Would the witness tell the Court exactly what had then taken place? What had he done? And what had she done? As I asked the question, I avoided looking in the direction of Hussein Baksh.

Very frankly she gave her astonishing answer. Yes, she would tell the whole matter in detail. First, as to what Mozuffer Khan had done, there at her house, at evening. He had come up noiselessly in the dark, his bare feet contributing to that noiselessness; had proceeded to lay hold of the sliding mat-door and push it open; had then thrust in his head and shoulders, and asked her in a low voice whether she

was there and alone. That is what he had done.

Then as to what she had done. At first, when the door began to move, she was frightened, thinking it was a robber. But when she heard the voice of Mozuffer Khan of Koli village, and recognized him, she at once ceased to be afraid. She prepared, indeed, in a singular way, to receive him. Rising from her bed, and going to the shelf beneath the thatch, she laid hold of a *hashua*, which is a short-handled billhook for chopping sugar-cane; approaching the door and Mozuffer Khan, and with her left hand seizing him firmly by his shock of hair, to get a purchase on him, she had smitten him bravely on the neck with her *hashua*; whereat he had yelled horribly, withdrawing his head and disappearing into the darkness. Thereupon she had pulled the mat-door back into place, and, returning to her couch, had lain down and gone to sleep. On the next morning, seeing some blood on the *hashua*, she had scoured it clean with sand and water. When her husband had returned, later in the day, he had told her of the murder of Buddun Das, already beginning to be the news along the roads, and as far as neighboring villages. That was all she knew about the case. So she smiled, and held her peace, — with clasped hands awaiting her dismissal.

Truly, a startling *alibi*; but she was visibly frank and truthful. Even an Assistant Magistrate, fresh from college lecture-rooms, must learn to distinguish between prose and poetry. So I let her go. Whereupon she peacefully rejoined her husband, who was evidently proud of his wife, so far as a Mussulman may be without condescension; and, in truth, well he might be. Then, turning to the prisoner, Mozuffer Khan of Koli village, I once more laid down my quill and looked him over.

He was smirking delightedly, evidently fancying himself unboundedly as a devil of a fellow and nodding corroboration of Motiya's wonderful narrative. No need to ask him if he admitted her charge. He exulted in it.

Then I considered. If Motiya had, as she said, held him by the hair with her left hand, while she struck at him with her stubby billhook, she must have hit him on the left shoulder, at present hidden by his muslin scarf. I got him to come over toward me, stood up, drew the muslin cloth aside, and, sure enough, on his shoulder there was a long, irregular streak, bluish against his brown skin; just such a scar as a *hashua* would make, thus held and thus valiantly wielded. Corroborative evidence of the first class, the more so because neither he nor Motiya had thought of it.

Yet it is well to go softly. Even an Assistant Magistrate learns that a scar may come in more ways than one. So, as the Crow said, in the story of the Mouse Hiranyaka, let the matter be examined further. Ordering Mozuffer Khan of Koli village to turn his back toward me, I took a long pencil, and began to touch him lightly here and there on the left shoulder, gradually working nearer to the scar. He had no inkling of what I was doing, or why I was doing it, until I pressed the pencil-point lightly on the scar itself. Then he very genuinely winced and shrank away.

That may seem a very superfluous procedure. Yet I have had good Bengalis come to Court with terrible wounds, generally on their defenseless backs; and, though the tragical marks may have been on the right side, they have unmistakably winced, and even shrieked out, when I pressed a corresponding spot on the left. Scars of that kind yield to soap and water. Then one makes trouble for their artistic but

'forgetful owner. But the scar on the shoulder of Mozuffer Khan held good. The alibi stood its ground.

Fated to be quaintly corroborated too, that unprecedented yet veridical tale. For the Court clerk, a Brahman gentleman at forty rupees a month, and my esteemed friend, announced that the next witness was a Sahib, which is to say, a gentleman of Europe, and straightway proceeded to fish out a chair for him from a neighboring room. He came, too, that gentleman of Europe, and, had I stared and rubbed my eyes when I beheld him, I might well have been pardoned. For in nothing save, perhaps, a shade of color, was he distinguished from any well-to-do Hindu villager: the same *dhuti* and *gamcha*, — breech-cloth and shoulder-cloth, — the same bare shanks and sockless shoes, the same shock of hair, even the same green-lined cotton umbrella, a shield against tropical moonstroke.

I spoke to that Sahib in English, and began to administer the oath to him in what I supposed our common tongue. But he shyly excused himself, telling me in fluent Bengali that his English was rusty for lack of use, and asking permission to testify in the local vernacular. I bade him go ahead, and offered him the chair good Sharada Babu had brought; the which, somewhat embarrassed, he took.

Pathetic derelict in the vast sea of Indian life, human flotsam on that wide, dark tide, were you a deserter or an exile from your own people? I wondered then, I wonder still, what your history was; what romance, what scandal, first motived your exile. You gave me some name like Surenne, so you were, perhaps, a silk factor, or one of the colony at Chandranagar. Yet I have a suspicion that, as you gave me your name, your toes were gesticulating their protest. I wish I had asked you to remove your shoes. I had the

right to question you with the law's rude directness. But I refrained. Your story is your own, your romance or scandal. So go back to your brown village folk of Bel Gaon and forget, day by day, the fretted, feverish race you came from; learn, unless, as I think, you have learned already, to smoke the placid hookah and chew red *areca* nut wrapped in green pepper leaf and smeared with lime, plugging your cheek with *pan-sipari* like your neighbors of Bel Gaon. Dream yourself into the large quietude of rural India; forget and be at rest!

But, for the present, Surenne Sahib is no John-o'-dreams. His errand is mere prose. For it appears that it was to Surenne Sahib's *kuti*, which is to say house, that Mozuffer Khan betook himself like a stricken deer, gripping his wounded shoulder and bemoaning the waywardness of womankind; Surenne Sahib had taken him in, washing away the gore, smearing him with ointment, and tying him up in bandages; whereupon the gay Lothario of Koli village had fallen asleep much comforted, and snored the night away.

Having thus fortified the alibi, already strong, Surenne Sahib bowed himself out of Court; turned his back, perhaps for the last time, on the things and people of his race, and the immemorial brown waves closed round him.

So I prepared to release the rascal from the charge of murder; yet I had a surprise in store for him: something that had never occurred to his joyful mind. Never, indeed, have I seen man more taken aback than he was, when I told him that, though he was freed from the capital charge, — here he made a glad motion to depart, — I intended to hold him for lurking trespass, and try him in the afternoon. The which I did, and, mainly on the evidence of the Pearl, found him guilty,

and locked him up for a month with hard labor. Such was his Fall of Troy.

The day's romance was not yet done. At the rear of the Court room, where stood the three good-looking girls with broad-margined saris, the course of the village drama had been followed by politely restrained mirth and decorous giggles. It was time for the two sides to change places; the village folk were now to become admiring auditors, while the town folk, with the prettiest of the Bengali Graces as protagonist, unrolled their tragi-comedy.

The change of setting on my grimy stage was delayed a few minutes by a cause profoundly Oriental. The noon hour struck, tolled by the rail-gong at the Treasury door, and in a moment all things came to a standstill. The Mahometan lawyers, the village Moslems loitering about the Court, even Mozuffer Khan with his guardian policeman, all reverently withdrew. A moment later they reappeared on the wide concrete veranda outside the window at my left. There they laid down their prayer-mats, and, standing first with devoutly bowed heads and hands folded, they murmured the noon prayers of the Prophet's religion; then knelt, still praying, and made obeisance, prostrating themselves before Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate.

The reverence of their devotion was perfect, and wholly free from the self-conscious shamefastness that I should have felt, supposing that I, the Magistrate, had suspended Court to pray there in public. Islam is a man's religion, a manly religion; there is something fine in the faith that takes men out to pray before the eyes of all, on the wide veranda of a police court.

Then, having reverently prayed, they came back, lawyers, witnesses, prisoners, to do what in them lay to circumvent the Assistant Magistrate with Oriental subtlety and guile, to

make the worse appear the better reason. And it happened that in the first case after the noon interval the Assistant Magistrate was destined to gain a wholly new insight into one side of the life of the immemorial East.

Taking the papers from Nobin Babu, the Court Sub-Inspector, I had the next case called. Shoshi Bushan Sen against Lala Bai, assault and battery. By the whispering and tittering that instantly traversed the crowd, I knew that the affair of the day was begun.

A moment or two later the defendant was in the dock, dainty, self-possessed, smiling encouragingly at the Assistant Magistrate. I never saw you before, nor heard of you after that day, Lala Bai, yet I shall not forget you as you stood there close to the corner of my table, your pretty, dark eyes full of cheerful faith, your pretty hair smoothed like Aphrodite's, the parting in the middle touched with a streak of red. Your skin was golden-bronze and velvety, your brows were like Kama's bow, limned with black collyrium; your teeth were well-matched pearls; your golden earrings, armlets, and, be it added, Lala Bai, your nose-ring, might have rejoiced the heart of an antiquary; they came down to you, perhaps, from the famed nymph who once sought to beguile Mahadeo at his devotions.

Your pretty face, Lala Bai, was but a shade darker than Juliet's; you had Juliet's figure, too, and pretty little hands, your nails rose-red with henna. And for vesture, Lala Bai, you had a pretty sari of white muslin, with a broad margin, a senatorial latyclave, indicating, I am afraid, that you were very purchasable.

Very friendly was your smile, very confident of sympathy, as your pretty eyes watched the Assistant Magistrate sitting in his cane arm-chair, pensively chewing the feather of a quill as he

regarded you, while the punkah flapped and fluttered through the acrid air. Since you will never read this, I may admit it: you made your impression, Lala Bai, as, perhaps, the issue of the case disclosed.

There is no case without a complainant, be it only such a mute supplicant for justice as Buddun Das; so it is time to introduce the adversary of Lala Bai.

Shoshi Bushan Sen, Bengali gentleman, being duly sworn, made declaration, in the presence of Lord Ishwara, that in the case before the Court, the evidence he gave should be true, that he would tell no lies, nor aught conceal. Then he stood there jauntily, patronizing the Assistant Magistrate with a glance, a very self-assured sprig of young India. He wore his hair cropped in the English fashion, supplemented his full-flowing breech-cloth of white muslin with a starched white shirt worn over all, had very nice patent-leather shoes on his sockless feet, and grasped a white umbrella lined with green. You see that he too, like Lala Bai, made his impression on the Assistant Magistrate.

His light brown face wore a pleased and self-approving smirk, a consciousness of excellent parts. Yet he did not quite win from me the recognition his merits, perhaps, deserved. It may be that pretty Lala Bai had been too quick, and got the wind of him. Indeed, thinking it over later, I came to the conclusion that India has more arts than are embodied in her metal work and tapestries.

Happy, magpie-voiced Shoshi Babu began to testify. He was, he told the Court, a student at Berhampore College, reading for entrance at Calcutta University; destined, perhaps, to base future claims for Government employ on the fact that he was an 'entrance fail'; he was, he said, on his way home from the College to his home in Ghora

Bazar, with two young gentlemen friends, college students like himself, when they met the defendant Lala Bai, who, His Honor knew, was a shameless person, — here the Assistant Magistrate frowned, and Shoshi Babu, keenly sensitive to changes of official weather, winced perceptibly and lost a point or two of assurance, — met Lala Bai, with two companions, on the street.

He and his friends, he said, had passed some remarks among themselves, having reference to morals and the lack of them, when Lala Bai had suddenly slapped his Brahmanical face. Therefore he entered his complaint, praying that His Honor would visit on Lala Bai such exemplary punishment as might teach her the enormity of what she had done, in slapping a college student and gentleman. And His Honor's petitioner would ever pray.

The Assistant Magistrate had not long adorned the bench; he remembered, in fact, with tingling cheeks, the first case he had tried, wherein he gave a judgment wondrous complicated, for which it would be hard to find warrant in Coke or Blackstone. Yet the Assistant had already learned that a story in Court, and perhaps in history, is good only until another story is told.

So he turned from Shoshi Bushan Sen to dainty Lala Bai, in the dock at the corner of his table. She had been watching Shoshi Babu with a hot little smile and eyes sparkling. If I mistake not, the pretty fingers were tingling to repeat that sounding smack to which he had just borne testimony.

What a pretty voice she had, and how prettily she talked Bengali; with a tag of Sanskrit now and then, learned from some kind old temple-Brahman. I think the Assistant Magistrate smiled as he took that gray goose-quill, and began to make the record on foolscap with the emblem of the Government of

India at the top. I am certain Lala Bai smiled a little, as she told her story.

Yes, she said; the complainant had told the truth; but not all the truth. They had met, as he testified, in the street of Ghora Bazar, and he had made a reproach to her of her calling; but that came later. He and his two companions, college students like himself, had begun with compliments, not reproaches. The complainant indeed, the said Shoshi Bushan Sen, had caught her in his arms and kissed her, first on one cheek and then on the other; and, as she did not admire Shoshi Bushan Sen, and did not wish to be kissed by him on either cheek, she had, she confessed, slapped him as hard as she could — and she hoped it had hurt him.

Thereupon the Assistant Magistrate turned to the said complainant, Shoshi Bushan Sen, and asked him whether these things were so. He grinned fatuously, and said that they were; she had slapped his face, and it did hurt, and, as for the kissing, did not His Honor know that Lala Bai was an abandoned person? So he, the complainant, Shoshi Bushan Sen, Bengali gentleman, cried to the British Raj for justice.

I am persuaded that whoever cries to the British Raj for justice ought to get it, even if, in the outcome, he likes it as little as did Shoshi Bushan Sen, Bengali gentleman. The outcome befell thus. The admirably lucid Indian Penal Code, wherein each native from Kashmir to Comorin may in his own speech read of his rights and duties, has an equally admirable appendage, called the Code of Criminal Procedure. I therewith expounded to Shoshi Bushan Sen a certain section of it, which, with admirable insight into the human heart, and the spirit and temper of the land, provides that where, in the judgment of the Court, the complainant in a case shall be deemed to have brought a

complaint which is 'frivolous and vexatious,' the said Court may release the defendant, and may, in its high discretion, fine the said complainant a reasonable sum; which sum may, if the Court so decide, be turned over as compensation to the injured defendant, thus frivolously and vexatiously dragged before the august bar of judgment.

By which exposition, the complainant Shoshi Bushan Sen was visibly chilled, spite of desert winds. He lost the last of his assurance, and stood, visibly perplexed, while Lala Bai began to smile.

Noting the perplexity of that young Bengali gentleman, I did my best to dispel it. I laid down for him the principle, evidently new to his Bengali mind, that a woman, even such a one as fair Lala Bai, possessed certain indefeasible civil rights. For example, if she wished to be kissed, that was her matter; but if she did not wish to be kissed, or wished not to be kissed, which is still stronger, she was within her rights and the British Raj would guarantee them to her. Wherefore it followed that, in kissing her against her will, as she testified, and as he admitted, he had been guilty of assault, and was, therefore, punishable. So I proposed to punish him under the said section of the Code; unless, indeed, — and here I turned to Lala Bai, — the defendant wished to bring a case of assault against him, in which case I stood, or sat, ready to issue a summons.

Lala Bai had a perfect sense of comedy. I had thought so, and she justified my faith. With downcast eyes and clasped hands, she said, in a voice gently sad, 'I forgive the Babu!' and then, with the shadow of a smile on her lips, glanced up through her eye-lashes.

Well, I fined Shoshi Bushan Sen, Bengali gentleman, rupees twain and

sent him home rueful; not, I am afraid, duly impressed by justice and the law. Lala Bai thought better of the British Raj, I am convinced; the decision was for her a declaration of her humanity. There was gratitude in her eyes, and genuine feeling, as she bowed to me, and then trotted daintily out into the sunlight with her two companions.

I never saw you or heard of you more, pretty, graceful Lala Bai; but some day, after you close your eyes for the last time on Indian skies, you may be incarnate in some happier clime, the wings of your soul no longer besmirched, yet with all your charm remaining. Should this befall, Lala Bai, I should like to know you.

THE COLUMBIAN CITY

BY ALICE MEYNELL

GENOA has succeeded well with a trick practiced by the race that built her — mankind. For men, too, seal up within themselves characters unapparent in their aspect, but cherished, undestroyed. Youth is locked up in the man of middle age, youth and middle age together are locked up in the aged man, well out of the sight of other men, and particularly deep out of the sight of his children: not merely a memory, but something as it were contemporary, an actual survival. In other words, the grown man knows in his own heart that he is a youngling, a youngling with additions. Perhaps he is, in his private thoughts, somewhat astonished to see that his friend is aware of him old, and is not aware of him young-and-old. Perhaps he fails to remind himself that his friend nourishes in his turn a like conviction, and carries about a like astonishment. To his junior every adult man addresses in silence the remonstrance, 'Oh, young man, I too am a young man, with age added to my youth, and you are nothing that I am not.' Other latent and lurking things

are equally simple, and some accidental and some perpetual: the golden voice in the silent throat, and moonlight still streaming, albeit to us invisibly and insensibly, from the daylight moon.

It is no wonder that I should be set thinking of such concealments, since to me was shown, only yesterday, — to me who had been a Genoese child, with a full mastery of the local language, its Arabic, its French, its Portuguese, and even its Italian words, and of its perfectly organized and orderly, though unwritten grammar, — since, I say, to me had been shown for the first time the secret of my Genoa, my city of the fullness of the Renaissance; and the secret, which has always been there, is that she is at heart Gothic.

He who takes a motor-journey down the great high road of France to the South, and then through the last seaward foot-hills of the Maritime Alps eastward into Italy, leaps from ancient Rome at Nîmes and Orange and the Pont du Gard, to the Middle Ages at Avignon, and to the Renaissance at Genoa: three great stations of the genius

of building in its zig-zag flight through Europe. That flight, mainly north-westerly, has here, by some chance, left us its monuments in an inverted order, and that inverted order is exactly suitable to the journey of the traveler journeying southeasterly. He flies toward Rome as one breasts a stream, swimming toward its source; but he leaves the Roman amphitheatre behind him in France, and there also the mediæval city, and overtakes the magnificent Renaissance — the centre of it, the fullness, the success, the domination — at Genoa. Not Venice, in the Grimani palace, not Vicenza, holds a more beautiful representative of the triumphant art of civic building of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than Genoa shows in her Via Nuova (your true Genoese has not learned in twenty years and more to call that memorable street the Via Garibaldi), and in the score of scattered palaces within and without the place where stood her walls.

You have to recognize those palaces now, in the western suburb, through the smoke of factories and the dust and ashes of industrial refuse. They stand darkling in the injured sunshine, but you know their majestic, clean proportions, their four-square shape, and their cornices, their high roofs, the vaulted ground-floor, and the 'noble' storey. Some of them are now standing with nothing but their own immediate architecture left — their 'house left unto them desolate'; and the mediate architecture so much their own, the terrace, the garden, the winging half-circle of masonry to right and left, the upper fountain, and the lower, and the lowest, cut away and shoveled into ash-heaps. Gone the gardens whereof the odors went out to sea to John Evelyn sailing by. But other *palazzi*, and all those of the Via Nuova, are untouched, unsullied, altogether unchanged. And

these most Genoese buildings, and this incomparable street, were, we are now to learn, a kind of afterthought, a repudiation, a change, a novelty. The inner fact that our resplendent Genoa had locked and double-locked in the heart of her other streets — the close throng of her lofty and serried ways — is that she is, within and within, a Gothic city.

The secret has been well kept now for centuries. But at last Commendatore d'Andrade, who has saved numbers of the best buildings in the Columbian city from destruction when the straight lines of new streets have menaced them, began to wonder what might mean the faint indications of pointed arches, discernible where the characteristic soft colors of the Genoese plastered wall — dim yellow and rose — imperfectly disguised them. D'Andrade was restoring the Gothic St. George's Hall, and was well aware of other relics of the great times when Genoa financed the dark distant islands of England, and gave them her patron saint, and left perdurable Italian words among the terms of her accountants. Those indications he traced and tracked, and following them discerned the Gothic town as strong as ever, upright, unruined, no dead city, no buried city, no city demolished nor one rebuilt, but a living city, hiding a lost art, a forgotten heart, an ancient spirit, inner chambers of history disguised; an erect city with a finger on her lip.

There is nothing more obscure in the history of the builder man than the manifest fact that he has grown, under all skies, to be ashamed of any gable he once put up. A recognition of this general passion was forced upon me, most unexpectedly, in California. There I saw the thing that has modernized Bruges, London, and Genoa, among other cities, prompting the new, remote, and most western American to hide his

gable too: to put up before it a shame-faced screen. It was done indeed on a small scale and by simple means. The pointed roof had a plain square clapped on in the little frontage. And there was your Renaissance, here too, here again, putting your Gothic out of sight. Here too moved that historic impulse. The humiliation of a gable must be veiled from the public eye, albeit it was the eye of no more than a scattered village, and the house, at once bashful and ambitious, was a wooden cottage; and the old tradition of European building and its inheritance were cut off by many thousand miles. Man is like man; and by the Pacific he put on his little apron of thin wood as by the Thames he covered up his gable by square brick. A decent square, a square of some kind, something vertical and quadrangular, to face the world with. Thus the tiny Gothic and the tiny Renaissance were acted out on this strange unhistoric soil and in this new day; and the Gothic was disguised.

Thus the old world disguised it. You may travel the older suburbs of London, and see little but Georgian and seventeenth-century façades. But if the chance of a high railway line should give you a sight of the roofs, you will see the multitude of high gabled tiles put pridefully out of view. Out of view, the citizen seems to say; cover that discreditable fact, and let no one but the birds know that our roof has points.

Evelyn passes over with contempt a church in Italy that was only 'of Gotiq ordonance.' Fielding apologizes for admiring a house of domestic English Gothic, albeit in the deep places of the country, far from the dominion of taste. Obviously, both the earlier and the later author would have liked, the one the church and the other the house, if they but might, if taste would but permit.

It may be objected that England has in great measure been painted red of late, and made thorny with sharp-gabled houses, and that in particular vast suburbs have been converted to domestic Tudor, and away from the cornice and the square front. But that is not a forthright choice — it is artificial and a revival. Wherever man moves on the free way of his development, whether through hundreds or half-scores of years, whether in old lands or new, in whatever compendium of his racial history, in whatever modern pettiness or haste, he is ashamed of last year's or last century's gable, and dresses it in a false front that is his pride, and that banters, little as he may know it, all that is classical in his ambitions.

Genoa wore her new face with all her old exaltation of manner, and kept her secret until the architectural and antiquary eye began to trace those signs of the pointed arch. The colored plaster had fallen somewhat away, the Gothic signal became more evident. And the antiquary finger dogged it, street by narrow street, lane by lane, as straight as the lanes of Venice, but much loftier. For Genoa is more stringently packed than a child's box of toys, set closer than any other city of Europe, so that here and there the eaves of the great houses not only meet across the foot-path way, but overlap each other from this side to that. It was then discovered that those close streets had been made for mules, and not for the walks of citizens and their wives. Genoa had been an arcaded city. The mediæval citizen walked within the houses. He went sheltered, threading his town, covered over from rain and sun, fenced from wind, about the Gothic streets. It was the Renaissance that sent him out into the little thoroughfares, first cowering in a chair, and later hurrying under an umbrella. Beauty, and the beau-

tiful attire of the Middle Ages, paraded at ease, not between but within the giant houses.

Down by the port, who does not know the long line of arcades yet remaining — round vaulted archways, with the popular shops below: the little iron-monger with his tiny window on the outward side, the deep quiet wine-shop darkling to the inner side? It is a round-arched colonnade, and nothing is more familiar, more purely Genoese, than its aspect, nothing less Gothic. Well, this too is secretly Gothic. The pointed arches were converted into round when Genoa became ashamed of the *ogive*. With this discovery I resign the Genoa of my childish past, finding that she has an altogether different past of her own, hitherto kept from me who have always loved her. It is a disconcerting discovery, and I turn back to the Via Nuova, the perfect Renaissance street, always Renaissance, which has no secrets.

Americans, as of course, honored Genoa for the sake of their Columbus; but there is no Genoese school of art, and the most beautiful coast in the world is hidden from the traveler by tunnels, most fortunately for its beauty, and few pass more than a night or two in the sea-and-mountain city. But they may have time to make a comparison with New York, equally serried between waters as Genoa between the Mediterranean and the mountains. The narrow space sends New York up skywards by means of the ladder and the hod, and higher yet again by the ladder and the hod. The much narrower space, not only narrow but also

steep, made the Genoese houses thus tall, and ranged them thus serried with defiles between, and set the city climbing by the help of her mountains. She steps up a stair of little wild-flower vineyards, by ledges of olive trees and wheat. You climb to the top floor of your high house, and find yourself at the roots of your neighbor's orange trees, at the foot of his blooming garden that looks over your head straight against the south. Climb his six storeys again, and you rest, on the lower terrace, among the flowers of a higher householder, who faces freely sunward over many a silver-colored roof. It is a bright light gray city, as Florence is a clear brown, Rome generally yellow, Venice somewhat prevalently ruddy.

Genoa is to be allowed to keep her old secret, though known now, unexposed. Her Gothic arcades are not to be carved out again; they are traced and tracked, but they must remain built up into the wall once gay with the soft colors of the Renaissance city, colors now so faded that they too belong to the past, a later than the Gothic past, but still a past. Only here and there, as an example, a Gothic arch has been made to show itself, wholly, under the pickaxe. The general seal is not to be shattered, the key is not to be turned, the lock is not to be picked; but Genoa has had to confess once for all that there is a seal, a key, a lock, that something once open is enclosed. Scratched, stabbed, has her secret been, and probed, conjectured, ascertained, published; and now returned to her altered keeping, like a child from the surgeon's hands into the mother's.

CRITICIZING THE COURTS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

IN a general sense the question of the right to criticize the courts is no question at all. In a democracy every institution is necessarily the subject of criticism, often of an offensive and painful character; and to this general rule the courts are no exception. Indeed, in one sense, the courts are peculiarly the subject of the criticism of experts. Lawyers who try cases are engaged in testing the judicial capacity of judges. Lawyers who appeal from a lower court to a higher court are engaged in criticizing the judge who was responsible for an unsatisfactory decision. The appeal judges are paid by the state to act as critics of their brethren in the court below. In view of this machinery through which the courts are subjected to the animadversion of professional critics, it would be a hardy or a very foolish man who would assert that criticism of the courts should not be indulged in by laymen.

But, while the general right to criticize is not disputed, there has been evident in recent years, and generally in political campaigns, a somewhat vague attempt to draw an imaginary or real line between the types of criticism which are permissible and those which are not and which constitute what are called 'Attacks upon the Courts.'

If we were to attempt such a classification of current criticisms of the courts, we should find in the group concerning which the right to criticize is unquestionable, such subjects as the break-down in certain sections of our

criminal law, the defects of over-cumbersome procedure, the imperfect condition of judicial machinery, and the time-honored complaint of the law's delay.

Modern conditions are the natural causes for these criticisms. The improvement of judicial machinery is a matter of very considerable importance. The amount of work which has to be done by the courts is enormous in comparison with what was required a half-century ago; and with the increase of litigation, the inevitable result of our more complicated form of society, the strain upon the machinery of the courts has increased. We are applying efficiency tests to industrial processes to promote speed, accuracy, cheapening of cost, conservation of energy, and the adaptation of means to the end sought. These critics demand the application to the courts of the same principle of scientific management which to-day bids fair to revolutionize the machinery of production. There is, they assert, the same need of economic efficiency in the courts as in business. Their criticisms have a double aspect: one which relates to defects in the machinery of procedure and practice, and aims from a standpoint of efficiency to reconstitute the processes of justice; and the other, to the substitution of a new and more healthful spirit for one in which the broad ethical demands of justice are too often subordinate to unserviceable technicalities and trifles.

On these subjects we have now an

aroused public opinion, guided by leaders of recognized standing and authority. A demand for law-reform supported by the leaders of the American Bar, and by the judges themselves, is nowhere considered as in any sense an attack upon the courts, as that much worn phrase is currently used.

The subjects which have been mentioned are not controversial ones, since we are all interested in having our courts improved in efficiency, and our criminal law made sure and speedy. Criticism of the courts for defects in these matters has never written a line in a party platform pledging any political organization to the defense of the courts against attacks upon the judiciary.

When, however, we have passed from the consideration of these matters, upon which public opinion is substantially in accord, to the consideration of the relation of the judiciary to the public policy of the state and nation, we have entered the field in which the existence, or at least the extent, of the right to criticize the courts, is challenged or denied as a political issue.

It is the recurrence of an old subject in a new form. The right to criticize the Supreme Court and to question the finality of its decisions on political problems, half a century ago was a subject of debate in the great controversy over the nature of the Constitution, which later culminated in our Civil War. The right to criticize the judiciary and to question the finality of decisions upon economic, industrial, and social problems is the open public question of our own time, and is the fundamental issue in the current discussion of attacks upon the courts and current defenses of the judiciary.

The question rarely, however, is expressed concretely in this form. Ordinarily the issue becomes available for political purposes in the highly utili-

tarian literature of party platforms, through the form or manner of criticism upon court decisions, on grave public questions, indulged in by prominent public men in an opposite camp; and the 'defense-of-the-judiciary' planks, evoked by such utterances, deal with rebukes of the manner of these criticisms more than with their substance. The Republican planks which defended the courts against Bryan and his criticisms of the Income Tax decision, and the Democratic planks which defended the courts against Lincoln and his criticism of the Dred Scott case, and more recently against Roosevelt and his criticism of the Bakeshop and Sugar Trust cases, are alike in this regard.

There exists to-day, no doubt, a wholesome public opinion which protects our courts generally from the vilification and coarse libeling to which our legislative and executive officers are constantly exposed. To a certain extent, party platforms which protest against attacks upon the courts are healthy expressions of this public opinion.

It is an encouraging feature of our democracy that at least in our attitude toward the courts, we have, by general consent, decided to be civil. It is an attitude which to-day protects our courts from that criticism, unlimited either as to form or substance, which relentlessly pursues prominent members of coördinate branches of our government. It is a comparatively modern development of democracy.

The distinction made between the courts and other executive and legislative officers as to the form of criticism applicable to them did not exist at the time our government was founded, nor in the so-called 'Golden Age' of the Supreme Court. It was recognized neither by the public nor by the great statesmen of the past. Jefferson, for example, indulged in criticism of

the Federal Judiciary which would be intolerable to-day from any living public man. 'The Judiciary of the United States,' he declared, 'is a subtle corps of sappers and miners, constantly working underground to undermine the foundations of our confederate fabric.' His followers, who shared his bitter animosity against Marshall, joined with him in his repeated attacks upon the great Chief Justice. After the Jeffersonian resistance to the power asserted by Marshall in his court to declare laws to be unconstitutional had ceased; after the disappearance of the Jacksonian doctrine, asserted in the matter of the rechartering of the Bank of the United States, that each branch of the government was a law unto itself as to the construction of the Constitution, and that the executive might on this theory disregard a construction given to that instrument by the Supreme Court in holding that such a bank was authorized by the Constitution; after the disappearance of the still more dangerous heresy, originated by Jackson, that the executive might refuse to compel the enforcement of a resisted judgment of the Supreme Court if that judgment happened to be displeasing to the executive, — after these and other contests for power between the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of our government for the time being had been settled, the modern doctrine of judicial immunity from political criticism began.

That immunity John Marshall never enjoyed. During substantially the whole of his judicial career, while he was rendering that long series of constitutional decisions, political decisions in the higher sense of the word, through which not merely the extension, but the very existence of our national life was made possible, he was the object of partisan criticism of the bitterest kind. The old nationalism of Mar-

shall was an alarming doctrine to the early Jeffersonians. The development, through these decisions, of a nation, where Jefferson desired merely a confederation of jealous states, required not merely judicial decisions, but public discussions of those decisions and the final acceptance of them by the people as wise statesmanship, as well as sound interpretations of our fundamental law.

Marshall ceased to be the subject of political discussion only when public opinion had concluded that an American nation, harmonized by a great American court, was not a menace to the sovereign states. No one would have dreamed of saying at any time during the first twenty years of Marshall's incumbency in the Supreme Court that any decision of that court was to be taken as the final word on the relation between the states of the nation; that is, taken as the final word in the sense that the political problem involved in it was not to be discussed, criticized, defended, or condemned.

It was largely through the discussion of the expansive principles of Marshall's constitutional nationalism that public opinion became formed. Those principles were tested in public debates on the great question whether, under the Constitution, there was or should be an American nation rather than a mere federation of states. They were discussed and were understood — not in their narrower sense as legal decisions, but in their wider sense as constitutional political principles — by a public which listened to the great debates between Webster and Calhoun.

It was to no small extent because the great judicial decisions of Marshall stood the test of these debates, because the national principle of Marshall, expounded by Webster, appealed to the people of the North as something not only sound but worth fighting for, that

the war was fought and the nation saved. The criticism of the judiciary which prevailed during most of Marshall's term of office did the court little harm, and did the nation infinite good; for it was essential, not only that the Constitution should be construed, but that the construction which made the federation of states a nation, should be known, weighed, balanced, tested, and accepted by the people.

The notion that the Constitution is a sacred puzzle for lawyers, concerning which the opinion of the people is unimportant, certainly did not exist in Marshall's time among statesmen, or even among lawyers whose opinions have escaped oblivion. The Jeffersonian critics were met, not by assuring them that they were attacking the courts and were enemies of organized society, but by replying to their criticisms in debate, thereby putting a wholesome public opinion behind the court.

The more lawyer-like attitude toward the court and the Constitution, the attitude that the decision of the court on a constitutional proposition is not only final but undiscussible, and that public opinion in opposition to it is morally wrong, had its first conspicuous expression after Marshall's death, when Chief Justice Taney tore the safety-valve from the national machine, in the Dred Scott case, by substantially declaring that there was no way under the Constitution for the law-making branch of the nation to deal with the problem of chattel slavery.

Up to the death of Marshall, the criticism of the Supreme Court had been directed merely against its extension of the life of the nation by a broad construction of the Constitution. Taney's decision was a contraction of the constitutional life of the nation by the declaration of its powerlessness to act on a matter which peculiarly needed national action. The friends of

slavery asserted that the Dred Scott decision was not debatable; that the decision made by that august tribunal must be accepted in silence, and that the only lawful and orderly escape from its conclusion was by the amendment of the Constitution itself on the subject covered by the decision,—a thing absolutely impossible.

In all ages there have been classes of men, wise after events and not in them, who 'build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say that if they had lived in the days of their fathers, they would not, like them, have shed the blood of the prophets.' This class in our own country is prone to look back to Lincoln's attacks upon the Dred Scott case, and upon the court which rendered that decision, and assure itself that if it had lived in the same period it would have sided with him in his criticism of that decision. But the principle upon which Lincoln acted is far more important and vital to-day than the decision which he attacked. We, all of us, are able to see to-day that when the Supreme Court declared that the nation was powerless to remedy by law the iniquities of an industrial system which required law, it left no alternative for those who stood for freedom, but war. We can look back and see that the acceptance of Douglas's position was impossible.

We are all able to see now, in the classic conflict between a small man and a great man, the distinction between a narrowly juristic and a statesmanlike attitude toward the courts. What we differ about is the application of the same principle, which we admit was correct when expressed and applied by Lincoln, to the social, industrial, and economic rather than political problems of our own time. Most of us are ready to say that Lincoln, who was a great and far-seeing

statesman and who is dead, was right; and that Judge Douglas, who is also dead and whom subsequent events and the judgment of history have found to be neither a statesman nor a great man, was wrong. But the same class that believed Douglas right when he was campaigning for the political issue which he called the supremacy of the courts, in the recrudescence of that issue in our own time are followers of his spirit today; and the principle which Lincoln maintained has, among them now, as few friends as it had when he was alive.

It would be a rash person who would deny that Douglas's doctrine is not substantially that with which defenders of the courts meet their critics today. Lincoln asserted the right of the people to criticize particular decisions as embodying dangerous doctrines, and, more especially, when such particular decisions, as in the Dred Scott case, clog the whole machinery of government and leave it powerless to act where action is essential.

'We believe,' he declared, 'as much as Judge Douglas, perhaps more, in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government. We think its decisions on constitutional questions *when fully settled* should control not only the particular case decided, but the general policy of the country, subject to be disturbed only by amendments to the Constitution, as provided in that instrument itself. More than that would be revolution. But we think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this.'

Judge Douglas asserted that a political issue based upon the criticism of this single decision involved or implied an attack upon the whole judicial system and created, he declared, 'a distinct and naked issue between the

friends and enemies of the Constitution, the friends and enemies of the supremacy of the laws.'

If Douglas was wrong and his doctrine was unsound at the time when it was enunciated, the political tendencies of our own day afford still less excuse for its reaffirmation. The problems of our day are essentially different from those which formed the subject of the great debates prior to the Civil War. The political relation of the states to the nation is settled. Our questions are not political in the old sense of the word, but primarily economic, social, and industrial. They are problems of corporations and labor-unions, of the regulation of railroads and industrial trusts, of taxation, of conservation of natural resources, of congestion and concentration, of natural and artificial industrial inequality. Back of all these problems is the fundamental one of the extent to which, under our constitutional system, they may be dealt with by law — and law of a new type.

As society becomes more complex, the whole tendency of legislation is to attempt to deal with the individual as a member of the state, instead of dealing, as formerly, with the state as a mere mathematical sum total of individuals, whose individual rights as such must be preserved, at least in theory, at the cost of society as a whole, and, far too often, at the cost of the individual himself.

This principle is old and well-established in Europe, and consistent with the necessities of continental government. It is new with us. It is a decided variation from American traditions. It is at variance in particular with the economic theory current when we adopted our Constitution, an economic theory which, having been unconsciously adopted, has tinged the interpretation by our courts of the broad generalities of our Constitution.

A historical discussion of the principle of the laissez-faire doctrine of Quesnay and Adam Smith would be out of place here. Its merit from the standpoint of history is in the immense service it rendered in the destruction of a bewildering network of ancient, meddlesome interferences with the liberty of the individual, a despotism which was rarely benevolent and almost uniformly destructive of the enterprise and initiative of the individual, and of natural and proper opportunities for self-development. No one can study the causes which led to the French Revolution without seeing that the overgrowth of the state supervision of the citizen, not for the benefit of the citizen, nor for the benefit of the state, but to afford luxuries to a selfish, idle, and fearfully extravagant court, was one of the main causes for the termination of the old régime.

The cry for individual freedom from governmental interference, the shibboleth that that government is best which governs least, was a natural reaction from the bondage of regulations of the past. This principle Europe soon found to be unworkable under continental conditions. America, however, tried it under economic conditions unlike those in Europe, — in a new country with immense areas of free land, with few cities, where the opportunities for individual initiative were by nature apparently unlimited, and for a long time in their exercise involved no conflict with the interests of society as a whole.

As our society becomes more complex, with the enormous growth of our population, with the development of our cities, new industrial, social, and economic conditions are presenting problems for solution of the greatest difficulty. These questions in Europe are legislative questions, pure and simple. With us they are something more.

One of the most important questions which confronts us in America is one which does not exist in Europe, and that is the exact relation of the courts to American economic problems. This is the main basis for current discussions of the judiciary. The principal critics of the judiciary to-day are those who are insisting that the economic and social questions which confront us, in so far as they can be affected at all by any branch of government, can be solved only by legislative and executive action, and require the greatest flexibility and freedom in those branches of government for the adaptation of the means to the end in accomplishing the result sought. They meet with criticism, and often with harsh criticism, each decision of the courts which in their judgment unnecessarily limits legislative and executive power in these matters. They are insisting that the courts should not still further complicate the enormously difficult problems confronting legislative bodies and executive officials, by imposing upon them constitutional limitations which are economic theories in disguise.

It is noteworthy that in America a considerable part of this criticism comes from a class which in no other country has any like attitude toward the judiciary, — the humanitarians who interest themselves in social problems, who study the conditions of the working classes, who are allied in one association or another in endeavoring to improve social and industrial conditions in the country, and who formulate and support the legislation which aims at mitigating evils which threaten the lives of the poor.

An example of this type of criticism of the courts was given at the recent Child-Welfare Exhibition in New York. It was a series of photographs of the interiors of tenement houses in the terribly congested district of that city,

showing men, women, and little children huddled together in small, unventilated rooms, filled with one kind of merchandise or another, and engaged in that unregulated 'home work' which is the main cause of that congestion: a form of industry destructive of every principle of home life, and in which not only are adults sweated, but children of all ages labor incredible hours for pittance incredibly small,—children for whose protection in the thousands of tenements to which these industries have now spread, even an army of factory inspectors would be inadequate. Over these series of photographs, to suggest that these conditions are its result, was printed a quotation from a decision of the Court of Appeals, holding, nearly twenty-seven years ago, that the legislature could not take away from the individual worker the right to transform his home into a workshop, and that legislation was unconstitutional which attempted to prevent that congestion 'by forcing him from his home and its hallowed associations and beneficent influences to ply his trade elsewhere.'

The relation of the courts to economics is not settled. It is an enormously important political problem, a problem which affects and involves the whole future of American government. It requires discussion. It forbids finality to judicial decisions which involve this problem until the best wisdom of the courts has been supplemented and properly modified and influenced by the best opinion of the people. Take a single example, the much-discussed recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the Workmen's Compensation Act case, with which the public is now generally familiar.

Here we have a situation which gives a concrete illustration of the whole problem. New York, like other American industrial states, had and has a system,

or rather lack of system, of dealing by law with the enormous number of accidents in factories and industrial establishments, which its own courts admit is unjust to the worker, inadequate, inefficient, and uncertain. The legislature appointed a Commission to make a careful and extended examination of these defects and injustices, and of the problem of industrial accidents generally. The Commission made a report to the legislature and recommended certain legislation. That legislation was of an extraordinarily radical character. Yet it was passed, not only with a most surprising lack of protest from the employing classes, but with the active support and approval of great employers, who realized the weight and injustice of the great burden of accident-loss which is thrown upon the helpless workers and their families.

This legislation was supported by associations of the Bar in the state, whose representatives urged that the gross injustice of the present system needed radical changes, and recommended the legislation presented by the Commission. This legislation was based upon a principle, not new and untried, but in successful operation in England and in every great commercial country in Europe. When this law was tested in the courts, the Court of Appeals, however, declared that this principle—which was social justice as recognized in England and on the Continent—was in New York confiscation of property of employers without due process of law; and that under the constitution of New York, and the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the nation, the state was powerless to enact a law of this kind unless the people should accomplish the superhuman task of amending both constitutions. A proposed amendment of the state constitution is now before the legislature as I write.

Optimistic, indeed, are those to whom there appears to be nothing dangerous to the future of American government in such conflicts between the court and the legislature! To the critics of the judiciary there seem open but two alternatives: either to accept, with the socialists, such decisions as final declarations of the powerlessness of the American state to bring about justice by law, and of the breakdown of constitutional government; or to try by further discussion, and by criticism of such judicial conclusions, to reach a definition of 'due process of law' which does not involve either the collapse of justice through legislative paralysis produced by the courts, or, on the other hand, an actual rather than a fanciful confiscation of property or property-rights.

Time alone will tell whether critics of such decisions are conservative or radical forces in our society. When Turgot was advocating the abolition of the *Jurandes* and *Maîtrises*, he was attacked as a dangerous radical. History now regards him as a great conservative, who foresaw that the continuance of intolerable abuses meant increasing distress and discontent, and perhaps revolution. The supporters of government by law, who defended the *Dred Scott* case against political criticism, considered themselves conservatives. The principle they defended made for war.

The mental attitude in which their successors defend the courts against such criticism of decisions involving economic questions makes for socialism. A statement of that attitude except in a fragmentary way is difficult in the limits of a magazine article, and it is with hesitation that I attempt it. It is, however, something like this. A large class of well-meaning, educated, well-to-do people in our country view with alarm, not so much the causes for

industrial discontent as the means proposed at times to remedy social maladjustment. This class includes not only those whose opposition is based upon purely selfish interests, and whose opinions are negligible in all discussions of principle, but another class deserving of the highest consideration, as representing a sane and intelligent conservatism. To this class our modern legislative tendencies are distinctly alarming. They note the increasing number of statutes which regulate, inspect, limit, or prohibit industrial activities which had formerly been free from state interference or control. They fear more the meddlesome hand of crude or careless legislation than those evils of unregulated industry which the law-makers seek to mitigate or remove.

To these conservatives, the courts seem the main, and at times the only power against what is to them the new barbarism, whose principal means of expression is legislation. They look to the past, and see in the regulative legislation of our own time an attempt to revive in a new form cumbrous, unworkable, and destructive systems of legislation which belong to the Middle Ages in England, and which France threw off with the Revolution. They say that history affords clear proof that the adoption of that theory of industrial liberty which began with the French economic philosophers of the *laissez-faire* school contributed more to the enormous development of industry in the nineteenth century than any single force; that the impetus to individual initiative, generated by the removal of legal restraints upon individual liberty, has transformed the whole industrial and social world in which it has been applied; and that to sacrifice that principle, or to limit it by unwise legislation, is not progress but retrogression, the repudiation of a priceless birthright.

They see what we all see, that our political parties for the most part have no programmes which deal with fundamentals; that references in party platforms to economic problems are almost invariably vague generalities. They see that in the absence of party-programmes on these subjects, a growing volume of questionable legislation is proposed in state legislatures and at Washington. They see bad laws enacted, and worse laws proposed. Some of all this is due to corruption; some to a desire to gratify mere mob passion; and some of it, and indeed most of it, to a genuine but often ill-advised and ineffectual desire to meet and remedy social and industrial evils which require law. To stem this current they look to the courts. They are asking the courts to enlarge their functions by declaring such legislation unconstitutional; by interpreting laws which they do not nullify, in such manner as to remove their sting by ignoring their plain meaning. Some of the more Bourbon of these advocates of judicial aggression have even proposed the abdication by the legislature and Congress of their functions in dealing with certain of these vexed questions, and the leaving of them to the courts for solution: urging, for example, that the common law and the courts can, if undisturbed by meddling legislation, furnish an adequate remedy for the problems of industrial trusts; that the Sherman Anti-trust Law, with its sweeping generalities, should not be amended or repealed, but left for the Supreme Court to furnish the missing statesmanship in its composition.¹

¹ Since this article was written, the United States Supreme Court has decided the long pending Standard Oil case. The amendment to the Sherman Anti-trust Law, which Congress has repeatedly refused to make since 1896, and which the President in his message of January 1910 refused to recommend, as involving an extension of judicial power dangerous to the judi-

This principle, that the extension of the power of the court in the sphere of government is or may be an antidote for bad legislation and tendencies toward executive aggression, is a modern heresy, and a dangerous one. It aims to place in the judge a responsibility and a power which the Constitution never gave, and which the courts cannot exercise and should not exercise. There is no country in the world governed by courts. There is no place in the American system for such an experiment. The over-development of the judiciary is no cure for legislative corruption or inefficiency. One of the most healthful indications of the vitality of American democracy is the general recognition of the weak spots in our government, — defects which these conservatives point at incessantly, and for which they offer judicial aggression as a cure. The common sense of the people rejects that cure as a dangerous nostrum, but the disease is recognized, — the partial breakdown of the machinery for law-making and law-enforcing, and the failure of that machinery to produce officials capable either of enacting, enforcing, or applying the kind of law which our present needs demand.

We are slowly reacting from the madness of mob democracy, the democracy itself, has been now written into this law, amid general rejoicing in the business world, by judicial interpretation. In his message President Taft had said, 'It has been proposed, however, that the word "reasonable" should be made a part of the statute, and then that it should be left to the court to say what is a reasonable restraint of trade, what is a reasonable suppression of competition, what is a reasonable monopoly. I venture that this is to put into the hands of the courts a power impossible to exercise on any consistent principle which will insure the uniformity of decision essential to just judgment. It is to thrust upon the courts a burden which they have no precedents to enable them to carry, and to give them a power approaching the arbitrary, the abuse of which might involve our whole judicial system in disaster.'

cracy which fills our ballots with a vast number of elective offices, bewildering to the voter, beyond his capacity of intelligent choice. We are recognizing these causes of the weakness of the state. We are everywhere planning revisions of our laws, in an effort to attain greater legislative and executive efficiency and honesty, by changes, for example, in electoral machinery in relation to the nomination of candidates for public office. One of the most recent of these new proposals, the judicial recall, is however a direct attack upon the independence of the bench. The advocates of judicial aggression must accept their full share of responsibility for this menace to judicial freedom, for it is an equally indefensible counter-proposition to their own heresy. Friends who multiply for us hosts of new enemies are liabilities, and not assets. Those who wish to use the courts to stunt or sterilize democracy are not true friends of the judiciary, despite their many protestations, or of the American system of constitutional government.

For the courts to maintain at all times under such conditions, between such widely divergent views, the position which the law and the Constitution require, is difficult. To satisfy both schools is impossible. That there should be criticism of the courts under such circumstances, with such jealous scrutiny of each important constitutional decision is inevitable. It is to the credit of the courts that the volume of public criticism is not greater; that the occasions for it, either fanciful or real, are comparatively so few. It is particularly to their credit that reactionary decisions are so infrequent, and that so generally they have taken in the consideration of legislation a true position, well expressed by Judge Harlan, when, in *Atkin vs. Kansas*, he said:—

‘No evils arising from such legislation could be more far-reaching than those which might come to our system of government if the judiciary, abandoning the sphere assigned to it by the fundamental law, should enter the domain of legislation, and upon grounds merely of justice and reason or wisdom annul statutes that had received the sanction of the people’s representatives.’

The position in which the American courts are placed to-day is a peculiarly delicate one. On the one side are those to whom modern American legislation is the new barbarism threatening the states and nation with a rank growth of meddlesome, inefficient, unenforcible laws injurious to industrial development, a growth noxious yet inevitable, unless restricted, as they ask to have it restricted, by new judicial limitations. On the other side are those who contend that legislation of the new type is necessary and unavoidable, that the collective principle so clearly expressed in industry in the great aggregations of capital, can only be governed, so as to preserve an actual rather than a nominal individual freedom, by the enactment of wise law; and they too are looking to the courts to sanction, and not to destroy, new legislative programmes, and to permit such increase of governmental control over industry as will prevent the exploitation of the people. Hence the issue of criticizing the courts; hence unreasoning defense, and at times intemperate censure, of judicial decisions involving the Bakeshop Law, the Workmen’s Compensation Law, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the Oklahoma Bank-Guaranty Law, the Interstate Commerce Law, and other legislative experiments with the collective principle.

That such an issue should exist is inevitable. A conservative institution is always subject to strain and stress in

a period of progress, and in our country the courts have always been our greatest and best conservative institution. No single fact, however, more clearly indicates the general respect and confidence of the people for the kind of conservatism which the courts have so long expressed, than that no substantial faction or party in our country to-day desires the judiciary to throw off that conservatism and become 'radical,' or even 'progressive,' as that term

is currently used. What we ask from our courts is, in fuller measure, that which in the main we are conscious that we receive: a conservatism which is consistent with a not too remote possibility of progress, a conservatism free from all entanglements with either radicalism or reaction, a conservatism which harmonizes the past with the future by preserving the present from violent oscillations through contending forces.

THE FRUITS OF DEATH

BY AMEEN RIHANI

SAID the folded Leaves upon the Heath
 To the opening Leaves upon the Tree:
 'Soon will the Warders of the Storm
 Bring us to our Mother-Sea,
 Even as they opened yesternight
 Our prison doors of Destiny:
 We envy not the Birds now nor the Dew,
 To them we leave the Forest and to you.'

The infant Leaves thus made reply:
 'But we rejoice that we are here;
 We stand in the cerulean Gate
 Of Life to crown the dying Year.
 Him who emancipates we love,
 He who enchains is also dear:
 You are the Flowers of the Storm, and we,
 We are the Fruits of Death upon Life's tree.'

THE COLLEGE: AN UNDERGRADUATE VIEW

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

THE undergraduate of to-day, if he reads the magazines, discovers that a great many people are worrying seriously about his condition. College presidents and official investigators are discussing his scholarship, his extra-curricular activities, and his moral stamina. Not content with the surface of the matter, they are going deeper and are investigating the college itself, its curriculum, the scholarship of the instructors, and its adequacy in realizing its high ideal as a preparation for life. The undergraduate finds that these observers are pretty generally inclined to exonerate him for many of his shortcomings, and to lay the blame on the college itself; the system is indicted, and not the helpless product.

For this he is grateful, and he realizes that this dissatisfaction among educators, this uneasy searching of the academic heart, promises well for the education of his children, and for himself if he remains in college long enough to get the benefit of the reforms. Meanwhile, as he attends recitations and meetings of undergraduate societies, talks with his fellow students and the professors, and reads the college papers, he may, even if he can get no hint of the mysterious inner circles where the destinies of the students are shaped and great questions of policy decided, be able himself to see some of the things that complicate college scholarship to-day, from an inner point of view which is impossible to the observer looking down from above. He may find in the character of the student body itself,

and the way in which it reacts to what the college offers it, an explanation of some of the complications of scholarship that so disturb our critics; and in a certain new quality in the spirit of the college, something that is beginning to crystallize his own ideals, and to make him count himself fortunate that he is receiving his education in this age and no other. In the constitution of college society, and in the intellectual and spiritual ideals of the teachers, he may find the explanation why the college is as it is, and the inspiration of what the college ought to be and is coming to be.

The first thing that is likely to impress the undergraduate is the observation that college society is much less democratic than it used to be. It is to be expected, of course, that it will be simply an epitome of the society round about it. But the point is, that whereas the college of the past was probably more democratic than the society about it, the present-day college is very much less democratic. Democracy does not require uniformity, but it does require a certain homogeneity, and the college to-day is less homogeneous than that of our fathers. For the growing preponderance of the cities has meant that an ever-increasing proportion of city-bred men go to college, in contrast to the past, when the men were drawn chiefly from the small towns and country districts. Since social distinctions are very much more sharply marked in the city than in the country, this trend has been a potent influence in undemocratizing the college. In ordinary city

life these distinctions are not yet, at least, insistent enough to cause any particular class feeling, but in the ideal world of college life they become aggravated, and sufficiently acute to cause much misunderstanding and ill-feeling. With increasing fashionableness, the small college, until recently the stronghold of democracy, is beginning to succumb, and to acquire all those delicately devised and subtle forms of snobbery which have hitherto characterized the life of the large college. If this tendency continues, the large college will have a decided advantage as a preparation for life, for as a rule it is situated in a large city, where the environment more nearly approximates the environment of after life than does the artificial and sheltered life of the small college.

The presence of aliens in large numbers in the big colleges, and increasingly in the smaller colleges, is an additional factor in complicating the social situation. It ought not to be ignored, for it has important results in making the college considerably less democratic even than would otherwise be the case. It puts the American representatives on the defensive, so that they draw still more closely together for self-defense, and pull more tightly their lines of vested interest and social and political privilege. The prejudice of race can always be successfully appealed to in undergraduate matters, even to the extent of beguiling many men with naturally democratic consciences into doing things which they would murmur at if called on to do as individuals, and not as the protectors of the social prestige of the college. The fraternities are of course the centre of this vast political system which fills the athletic managements, selects members of the societies, officers of classes and clubs, editors and assistants of publications, and performs generally all that indispensable public service of excluding the

aliens, the unrepresentable, and the generally unemployable from activity.

I am aware that most of the colleges pride themselves on the fact that the poor man has an equal chance with the rich to-day to win extra-curricular honors, and mingle in college society on a perfect plane of social equality with the best. It is true, of course, that in college as in real life the exceptional man will always rise to the top. But this does not alter the fact that there exists at too many American colleges a wholesale disfranchisement from any participation in the extra-curricular activities, that is not based on any recognizable principle of talent or ability. It is all probably inherent in the nature of things, and to cavil at it sets one down as childish and unpractical. At present it certainly seems inevitable and unalterable. The organized efforts of the President recently to democratize the social situation at Princeton met with such dull, persistent hostility on the part of the alumni that they had to be abandoned.

This social situation in the college is not very often mentioned in the usual discussions of college problems, but I have dwelt on it here at length because I believe that it has a direct bearing on scholarship. For it creates an eternal and irreconcilable conflict between scholarship and extra-curricular activities. Scholarship is fundamentally democratic. Before the bar of marks and grades, penniless adventurer and rich man's son stand equal. In college society, therefore, with its sharply marked social distinctions, scholarship fails to provide a satisfactory field for honor and reputation. This implies no dislike to scholarship as such on the part of the ruling class in college society, but means simply that scholarship forces an unwelcome democratic standard on a naturally undemocratic society. This class turns therefore to the

extra-curricular activities as a superior field for distinction, a field where honor will be done a man, not only for his ability, but for the indefinable social prestige which he brings along with him to college from the outside world. There is thus a division of functions, — the socially fit take the fraternities, the managerships, the publications, the societies; the unpresentable take the honors and rewards of scholarship. Each class probably gets just what it needs for after life. The division would thus be palpably fair were it not for the fact that an invidious distinction gets attached to the extra-curricular activities, which turns the energy of many of the most capable and talented men, men with real personality and powers of leadership, men without a taint of snobbery, into a mad scramble for these outside places, with consequent, but quite unintentional, bad effects on their scholarship.

The result of all this is, of course, a general lowering of scholarship in the college. The ruling class is content with passing marks, and has no ambition to excel in scholarship, for it does not feel that the attainment of scholars' honors confers the distinctions upon it that it desires. In addition, this listlessness for scholarship serves to retard the work of the scholarly portion of the classes; it makes the instructor work harder, and clogs up generally the work of the course. This listlessness may be partly due to another factor in the situation. An ever larger proportion of college students to-day comes from the business class, where fifty years ago it came from the professional class. This means a difference between the intellectual background of the home that the man leaves and of the college to which he comes, very much greater than when college training was still pretty much the exclusive property of the professional man or the solid mer-

chant, and almost an hereditary matter. For, nowadays, probably a majority of undergraduates are sent to college by fathers who have not had a college education themselves, but who, reverencing, as all Americans do, Education if not Learning, are ambitious that their sons shall have its benefits. These parents can well afford to set their sons up handsomely so that they shall lose nothing of the well-rounded training that makes up college life; and although it is doubtful whether their idea of the result is much more than a vague feeling that college will give their boys tone, and polish them off much in the way that the young ladies' boarding-school polishes off the girls, they are a serious factor to be reckoned with in any discussion of college problems.

Most of these young men come thus from homes of conventional religion, cheap literature, and lack of intellectual atmosphere, bring few intellectual acquisitions with them, and, since they are most of them going into business, and will therefore make little practical use of these acquisitions in after life, contrive to carry a minimum away with them. In the college courses and talks with their instructors they come into an intellectual atmosphere that is so utterly different from what they have been accustomed to that, instead of an intellectual sympathy between instructor and student, there ensues an intellectual struggle that is demoralizing to both. The instructor has sometimes to carry on a veritable guerilla warfare of new ideas against the pupils in his courses, with a disintegrating effect that is often far from happy. If he does not disintegrate, he too often stiffens the youth, if of the usually tough traditional cast of mind, into an impregnable resolution that defies all new ideas forever after. This divergence of ideals and attitudes toward life is one of the most interesting complica-

tions of scholarship, for it is dramatic and flashes out in the class-room, in aspects at times almost startling.

There is still another thing that complicates scholarship, at least in the larger colleges that have professional schools. Two or three years of regular college work are now required to enter the schools of law, medicine, divinity, and education. An undergraduate who looks forward to entering these professional schools, too often sees this period of college work as a necessary but troublesome evil which must be gone through with as speedily as possible. In his headlong rush he is apt to slight his work, or take a badly synthesized course of studies, or, in an effort to get all he can while he is in the college, to gorge himself with a mass of material that cannot possibly be digested. Now, the college work is of course only prescribed in order that the professional man may have a broad background of general culture before he begins to specialize. Any hurrying through defeats this purpose, and renders this preliminary work worse than useless. A college course must have a chance to digest if it is to be at all profitable to a man; and digestion takes time. Between the listlessness of the business youths who have no particular interest in scholarship, and the impetuosity of the prospective professional man who wants to get at his tools, the ordinary scholar who wants to learn to think, to get a robust sort of culture in an orderly and leisurely way, and feel his mental muscles growing month by month, gets the worst of it, or at least has little attention paid to him. The instructor is so busy, drumming on the laggards or restraining the reckless, that the scholar has to work out much of his own salvation alone.

Whether or not all this is good for the scholar in cultivating his self-reliance, the general level of scholarship cer-

tainly suffers. Neither the college administration nor the faculties have been entirely guiltless, in the past, of yielding before the rising tide of extra-curricular activities. Athletics, through the protection, supervision, and even financial assistance, of the college, have become a thoroughly unwholesome excrescence on college life. They have become the nucleus for a perverted college sentiment. College spirit has come to mean enthusiasm for the winning of a game, and a college that has no football team is supposed to have necessarily no college spirit. Pride and loyalty to Alma Mater, the prestige of one's college, one's own collegiate self-respect, get bound up and dependent upon a winning season at athletics. It seems amazing sometimes to the undergraduate how the college has surrendered to the student point of view. Instructors too often, in meeting students informally, assume that they must talk about what is supposed to interest the student rather than their own intellectual interests. They do not deceive the student, and they do miss a real opportunity to impress their personality upon him and to awaken him to a recognition of a broader world of vital interests than athletic scores and records.

If the college would take away its patronage of athletics, which puts a direct premium on semi-professionalism, would circumscribe the club-house features of the fraternities, and force some more democratic method of selection on the undergraduate societies, would it have the effect of raising the general level of scholarship? It surely seems that such a movement on the part of the college administration would result in keeping athletics proportioned directly to the interest that the student body took in it, to the extent of their participation in it, and the voluntary support that they gave to it, instead of to the amount of money that

an army of graduate managers and alumni associations can raise for it, and to the exertions of paid professional coaches and volunteer rah-rah boys. This would permit college sentiment to flow back into its natural channels, so that the undergraduate might begin to feel some pride in the cultural prestige of his college, and acquire a new respect for the scholarly achievements of its big men. This would mean an awakened interest in scholarship. The limitation of extra-curricular activities would mean that that field would become less adequate as a place for acquiring distinction; opportunity would be diminished, and it would become more and more difficult to maintain social eminence as the *sine qua non* of campus distinction. Who knows but what these activities might be finally abandoned entirely to the unrepresentable class, and the ruling class seize upon the field of scholarship as a surer way of acquiring distinction, now that the old gods had fled?

If the college is not yet ready to adopt so drastic an attitude, it has at least already begun to preach democracy. It is willing to preach inspirationally what it cannot yet do actively. In the last few years there has been creeping into the colleges in the person of the younger teachers a new spirit of positive conviction, a new enthusiasm, that makes a college education to-day a real inspiration to the man who can catch the message. And at the risk of being considered a traitor to his class, the sincere undergraduate of to-day must realize the changed attitude, and ally himself with his radical teachers in spirit and activity. He then gets an altered view of college life. He begins to see the college course as an attempt, as yet not fully organized but becoming surer of its purpose as time goes on, to convert the heterogeneous mass of American youth — scions of a property-

getting class with an antiquated tradition and ideals that are out of harmony with the ideals of the leaders of thought to-day; slightly dispirited aliens, whose racial ideals have been torn and confused by the disintegrating influences of American life; men of hereditary culture; penniless adventurers hewing upward to a profession — to a democratic, realistic, scientific attitude toward life that will harmonize and explain the world as a man looks at it, enable him to interpret human nature in terms of history and the potentialities of the future, and furnish as solid and sure an intellectual and spiritual support as the old religious background of our fathers that has been fading these many years.

This is the work of the college of to-day, as it was the work of the college of fifty years ago to justify the works of God to man. The college thus becomes for the first time in American history a reorganizing force. It has become thoroughly secularized these last twenty years, and now finds arrayed against it, in spirit at least if not in open antagonism, the churches and the conservative moulders of opinion. The college has a great opportunity before it to become, not only the teacher, but the inspirational centre of the thought and ideals of the time.

If to the rising generation our elders rarely seem quite contemporaneous in their criticisms of things, we in turn are apt to take the ordinary for the special. We may be simply reading into the college our own enthusiasms, and may attribute to the college a new attitude when it is ourselves that are different. But I am sure that some such ideal is vaguely beginning to crystallize in the minds of the younger professors and the older undergraduates, or those who have been out in the world long enough to get a slightly objective point of view. The passing of the classics has meant much more than a mere change

in the curriculum of the college; it has meant a complete shifting of attitude. The classics as a cultural core about which the other disciplines were built up have given place to the social sciences, especially history, which is hailed now by some of its enthusiastic devotees as the sum of all knowledge. The union of humanistic spirit with scientific point of view, which has been longed for these many years, seems on the point of being actually achieved, and it is the new spirit that the colleges seem to be propagating.

I am sure that it is a democratic spirit. History, economics, and the other social sciences are presented as the record of the development of human freedom, and the science of man's social life. We are told to look on institutions not as rigid and eternally fixed, but as fluid and in the course of evolution to an ever higher cultivation of individuality and general happiness, and to cast our thinking on public questions into this new mould. A college man is certainly not educated to-day unless he gets this democratic attitude. That is what makes the aristocratic organization of undergraduate life doubly unfortunate. For one of the most valuable opportunities of college life is the chance to get acquainted, not politely and distantly, but intimately, with all types of men and minds from all parts of the country and all classes of society, so that one may learn what the young men of the generation are really thinking and hoping. Knowledge of men is an indispensable feature of a real education: not a knowledge of their weaknesses, as too many seem to mean by the phrase, but knowledge of their strength and capabilities, so that one may get the broadest possible sympathy with human life as it is actually lived to-day, and not as it is seen through the idealistic glasses of former generations. The association only with

men of one's own class, such as the organization of college life to-day fosters, is simply fatal to any broad understanding of life. The refusal to make the acquaintance while in college of as many as possible original, self-dependent personalities, regardless of race and social status, is morally suicidal. There are indications, however, that the preaching of the democratic gospel is beginning to have its influence, in the springing-up of college forums and societies which do without the rigid coöption that has cultivated the cutting one's self off from one's fellows.

I am sure that it is a scientific spirit. The scientific attitude toward life is no longer kept as the exclusive property of the technical schools. It has found its way into those studies that have been known as humanistic, but, in penetrating, it has become colored itself, so that the student is shown the world, not as a relentless machine, running according to mechanical laws, but as an organism, profoundly modifiable and directive by human will and purpose. He learns that the world in which he lives is truly a mechanism, but a mechanism that exists for the purpose of turning out products as man shall direct for the enrichment of his own life. He learns to appreciate more the application to social life of machinery in organization and coöperation; he gets some idea of the forces that build up human nature and sway men's actions. He acquires an impartial way of looking at things; effort is made to get him to separate his personal prejudices from the larger view, and get an objective vision of men and events. The college endeavors with might and main to cultivate in him an open-mindedness, so that he will not close up at twenty-five to the entrance of new ideas, but will find his college course merely introductory to life, a learning of one's bearings in a great world of thought

and activity, and an inspiration to a constant working for better things.

I am sure that it is a critical spirit. A critical attitude toward life is as bad a thing for a boy as it is an indispensable thing for an educated man. The college tries to cultivate it gradually in its students, so that by the end of his four years a man will have come simply not to take everything for granted, but to test and weigh and prove ideas and institutions with which he comes in contact. Of course the results are unfortunate when this critical attitude comes with a sudden shock so as to be a mere disillusionment, a turning of a beautiful world yellow; but it must come if a man is to see wisely and understand. The college must teach him to criticize without rancor, and see that his cynicism, if that must come too, is purging and cleansing and not bitter.

And lastly, I am sure that it is an enthusiastic spirit. The college wants to give a man a keen desire for social progress, a love for the arts, a delight in sheer thinking, and a confidence in his own powers. It will do little good to teach a man about what men have thought and done and built unless some spark is kindled, some reaction produced that will have consequences for the future; it will do little good to teach him about literature and the arts unless some kind of an emotional push is imparted to him that will drive him on to teach himself further and grow into a larger appreciation of the best; it will do little good to enforce scientific discipline unless by it the mind is forged into a keener weapon for attacking problems and solving them scientifically and not superficially. And it is just this enthusiasm that the college, and only the college, can impart. We come there to learn from men, not from books. We could learn from books as well at home, but years of individual study will not equal the inspirational

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value of one short term of listening to the words of a wise and good man. Only enthusiasm can knit the scattered ideals and timorous aspirations into a constructive whole.

Some such spirit as I have endeavored to outline, the college is beginning to be infused with to-day; some such spirit the undergraduate must get if he is to be in the best sense educated and adequately equipped for the complex work of the world. If such a spirit is instilled, it almost matters little what the details of his courses are, or the mere material of his knowledge. Such an attitude will be a sufficient preparation for life, and adequate training for citizenship. We want citizens who are enthusiastic thinkers, not docile and uncritical followers of tradition; we want leaders of public opinion with the scientific point of view: unclassed men, not men like the leaders of the passing generation, saturated with class prejudices and class ideals.

The college is rapidly revising its curriculum in line with the new standards. The movement is so new, to be sure, that things have hardly got their bearings yet. Men who graduated only ten years ago tell me that there was nothing like this new spirit when they were in college. The student finds a glut of courses, and flounders around for two or three years before he gets any poise at all. A judicious mixture of compulsory and elective courses seems to be furnishing a helpful guide, and a system of honor courses like that recently introduced at Columbia provides an admirable means, not only to a more intensive culture, but also to the synthesis of intellectual interests that creates a definite attitude toward life, and yet for the absence of which so many young men of ability and power stand helpless and undecided on the threshold of active life. To replace the classics, now irretrievably gone as the

backbone of the curriculum, the study of history seems an admirable discipline, besides furnishing the indispensable background for the literary and philosophical studies. Scientific ethics and social psychology should occupy an important place in the revised curriculum. The college cannot afford to leave the undergraduate to the mercies of conventional religion and a shifting moral tradition.

The pedantic, Germanistic type of scholarship is rapidly passing. The divisions between the departments are beginning to break down. Already the younger instructors are finding their ideal professor in the man who, while he knows one branch thoroughly, is interested in a wide range of subjects. The departments are reacting upon one another; both undergraduates and instructors are coming to see intellectual life as a whole, and not as a miscellaneous collection of specialized chunks of knowledge. The type of man is becoming common who could go to almost any other department of the college and give a suggestive and interesting, if not erudite, lecture on some subject in connection with its work. It is becoming more and more common now that when you touch a professor you touch a man and not an intellectual specialty.

The undergraduate himself is beginning to react strongly to this sort of scholarship. He catches an inspiration from the men in the faculty who exhibit it, and he is becoming expert in separating the sheep from the goats. He does not want experiments in educational psychology tried upon him: all he demands in his teacher is personality. He wants to feel that the instructor is not simply passing on dead knowledge in the form it was passed on to him, but that he has assimilated it and has read his own experience into

it, so that it has come to mean more to him than almost anything in the world.

Professors are fond of saying that they like to have their students react to what they bring them; the student in turn likes to feel that the professor himself has reacted to what he is teaching. Otherwise his teaching is very apt to be in vain. American youth are very much less docile than they used to be, and they are little content any longer to have second-hand knowledge, a little damaged in transit, thrust upon them. The undergraduate wants to feel that the instructor is giving him his best all the time, a piece out of the very warp and woof of his own thinking.

The problem of the college in the immediate future is thus to make these ideals good, to permeate undergraduate society with the new spirit, and to raise the level of scholarship by making learning not an end in itself but a means to life. The curriculum and administrative routine will be seen simply as means to the cultivation of an attitude towards life. As the ideals crystallize out and the college becomes surer and surer of its purpose, it will find itself leading the thought of the age in new channels of conviction and constructive statemanship through its inspirational influence on the young men of the time. Admitting that these ideals are still unorganized and unestablished, that in many of the colleges they have hardly begun to appear, while even in the larger ones they are little more than tendencies as yet, — is it too much to hope that a few years will see the college conscious of its purpose, and already beginning to impose on the rank and file of its members, instructors and undergraduates alike, the ideals which have been felt this last decade by the more sensitive?

ROMAN NIGHTS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

I

It will give an idea of what ages ago those nights were, and of the youth I brought to them, if I say that I arrived in Rome on the first tandem tricycle seen in Italy.

I can look back to it with pride, for I was, in my way, a pioneer; but there was not much to be proud about at the time. Rome was so little impressed that J., my fellow pioneer, and I had scarcely shown ourselves within the gates before we were arrested for driving the tandem furiously through the Corso — as if anybody could drive anything furiously through the Corso at the hour before sunset, when all the world comes home from the Borghese. But two policemen, drawing their swords as if they meant business, commanded us to dismount; and we had to walk to the hotel, pushing the tricycle, between them; and a crowd followed; and the policemen asked us for a *lira*, which we refused, thinking it a proof of the corruption of modern Rome. I do not care to say for how many more we were asked a few weeks later by the Syndic, whom we could not refuse; and altogether I do not think we were to blame if, after the policemen and the swords and the crowd had gone, and the tricycle was locked up, and we wandered from the hotel in the gathering dusk, we were the two most ill-tempered young people who ever set out to enjoy their first night in Rome.

Nor was our temper improved when

J.'s instinct, which in a strange place takes him straight where he wants to go, having got us into the Ghetto, failed to get us out again. The Ghetto itself was all right, — so entirely what a Ghetto ought to be, that had I been the Romans, instead of pulling it down, I should have preserved it as an historical monument: dirty, dark, and mysterious, a labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, lined with tall grim houses, filled with melodramatic shadows with dim figures skulking in them; but a nightmare of a labyrinth which kept bringing us forever back to the same spot. And we could not dine on picturesqueness, and we would not have dined in any of the murderous-looking houses at any price; and at last J. admitted that there were times when a native might be a better guide than instinct, and in his best Italian he asked the way of two men who were passing. One, who wore the tweeds and flannel shirt by which in calmer moments we should have recognized him, pulled the other by the sleeve and growled in English: 'Come on, don't bother about the beastly foreigners!' I can forgive him, remembering what his incivility cost him, not only that night, when we would not let him off until he had shown us out of the Ghetto, but on a succession of our nights in Rome, Fate having neatly arranged that at the one house whose doors were opened to us he should be a constant visitor.

Other doors might have opened had we had the clothes to try them. But

we had come to Rome for four days with no more luggage than the tandem could carry, and we stayed four months without adding to it. We could have sent for our trunks, we could have bought new things in the Roman shops, but we did not; I can hardly say why, except that there was work to do, our letter of credit was small, Youth is stern, — or, more likely, because it saved so much trouble not to.

But if we could not spend our nights in other people's houses, neither could we in the rooms we had taken at the top of one of the highest houses on the top of one of the highest hills in Rome. There was no objection to the rooms: they were charming; but we had found them on a warm November day when the sun was streaming in through the windows that looked far and wide over the town, and beyond to the Campagna, and still beyond to a shining line of the horizon that we knew was the Mediterranean; and we did not trouble about anything but the price, which to our surprise we could meet; and so we moved in at once. Nor for days as we sat at our work in the sunlight, the windows open and Rome at our feet, did we imagine there could be anything to trouble about, unless it were to prevail upon the *padrone's* son-in-law to blow his melancholy cornet anywhere rather than on the roof over our heads.

But even in Rome the sun must set and November nights grow chill, and once, after a day of rain, when a fire would have been pleasant, we suddenly discovered that there was no place to make it in. It had never occurred to us that there could not be, newly come as we were from the land where heat in the house is as much a matter of course as a sun in the sky. At first we wrapped ourselves in shawls and blankets, hired the *padrona's* biggest *scaldino*, and called it an experience. After a few evenings we decided

that it was an experience we could do without, and, like all miserable Romans who have no fireplaces, we settled down to spending our nights in the restaurants and *caffès* of Rome.

I doubt if I should care to spend my nights that way now; a quarter of a century has added unexpected charm to a dinner-table and fireside of my own; but no Arabian Nights could then have been fuller of entertainment than the Roman Nights that drove us out in search of warmth and food. In Philadelphia there never had been a suspicion of adventure about my dinner. It was as inevitable as six o'clock, and as inevitably eaten in the seclusion of the Philadelphia second-story back-building dining-room, if not of my family, then of one or another of my friends. In Rome it became a delightful uncertainty that transformed the six flights of stairs leading to it from our rooms into the 'Road to Anywhere.' That road was by no means an easy one to climb up again, and, if we could help it, we never climbed down more than once a day, usually toward dusk, a few hours earlier when we were in holiday mood, but always in time for a tramp before dinner. If we came to a church, we dropped into it, or a gallery, or a palace, or a garden. We followed the streets wherever they might lead, — the brand-new Via Nazionale to the Forum, or the narrow alleys to St. Peter's, or beyond the gates to the Campagna, — seeing a good deal of Rome without setting out to see anything. When we were hungry, we stopped at the first *trattoria* we passed, provided it looked as if we could afford it, and the chance dinner in a chance place at a chance hour was a bigger adventure than any that crowded the way to it.

One night our *trattoria* happened to be the Posta in a narrow street back of the Piazza Colonna. It was small: not

more than twenty could have dined there together in comfort. It was clean, and the padrone, his son, and the one waiter greeted us with that enchanting smile to which, during my first year in Italy, I was a ready victim. Once we had dined at the Posta, we found it so pleasant that we fell into the habit of getting hungry in its neighborhood. I have since known more famous or pretentious restaurants, but never have dinners tasted so good as at this little Roman trattoria where we had to consider the *centesimi* in the price of every dish, and the quarter of a flask of cheap Chianti shared between us was an extravagance, and we ate with the appetite that came of having eaten nothing all day save rolls and coffee for breakfast, and fruit and rolls for lunch, that we might afford a dinner.

And I have dined in restaurants of gilded and mirrored magnificence, but in none that I thought so well decorated as the Posta, with its bare walls and coarse linen and no ornament, except the stand in the centre where we could pick out our fruit, or our vegetable, or our fish still squirming in proof of its freshness. Nor has any restaurant, gorgeous with the creations of Paquin and Worth, seemed more brilliant than the Posta filled with officers. In Philadelphia I had never seen an officer in uniform in my life; at the Posta I saw hardly anything else. We were surrounded by lieutenants and captains and colonels, and as I watched them pass in and out, with clank and clatter of spurs and swords, and military salutes at the door, and military cloaks thrown dramatically off and on, and gold braid shining, I began to think a big standing army worth the money to any country, on condition it always go in uniform. But it was when the old, spare, grizzled General, always the last, appeared, and they all rose upon

his entrance, that our dinner was dignified into a ceremony. Sometimes I fancied he felt his importance more than anybody, for he is the only man I have ever known, courageous enough in public to begin his dinner with cake and finish it with soup.

Now and then, on special occasions, when we had sent off an article or received a cheque, we went to the Falcone and celebrated the event by feasting on *Maccheroni alla Napolitana*, *Cinghiale all' Agra Dolce*, and wine of Orvieto. The Falcone, another accident of our tramps, though we afterwards found it in Baedeker, was I should be afraid to say how many centuries old, and it looked as ancient. Indeed it was such a shabby, sombre crypt of a restaurant that I accepted the tradition it cherished of itself as a haunt of the Cæsars, and believed the waiters when they pointed to the mark of the Imperial head on the greasy walls, just as the waiters of the Cheshire Cheese in London point to the mark of Dr. Johnson's, while the flamboyancy of the cooking revealed to me the real reason of the decline and fall of Rome. It might be the story of our own decline and fall I should have to tell, had we sent off articles and received cheques every day. But fortunately it was a long time between feasts, and now never, never again can our digestions, or the Cæsars', be imperiled at the Falcone, for they tell me it has gone with the Ghetto and many other things in the Rome I knew and loved.

II

By the middle of the winter we gave up the Posta, not only for special occasions but for every day, and went to the Cavour. I don't know how we had the heart to, for the Cavour never had the same charm, we never got to like it so well. It was too large and popular

for friendliness, the officers dined in a room apart, and the padrone and his waiters were too busy for more than one fixed smile of general welcome. But then, if we paid for our dinner there by the month, it cost us next to nothing by the day, and our letter of credit allowed as narrow a margin for sentiment as for clothes. Besides, the dinner was good as well as cheap; and when the streets of Rome were rivers of rain, as they often were that winter, it was brought to us in a dinner-pail by a waiter, after he had first come half a mile with the *menu*; and in our cold rooms, wrapped in blankets, a scaldino at our feet, a newspaper for tablecloth, we made a picnic of it, freezing, but thankful not to be drowned. And on great holidays, the padrone spared us a smile all to ourselves as he offered us, with the compliments of the season, a plate of *torrone* and a bottle of old wine from his vineyard.

With dinner the night was but beginning, and smiles must have faded had we lingered over it indefinitely. But I learned, to my astonishment, that hours could be, or rather were expected to be, devoted to one small cup of coffee, and that always near the trattoria was a caffè which provided the coffee and, at the cost of a few cents, was our home for as long and as late as might suit us. In Philadelphia after-dinner coffee had been swallowed promptly, in the front or back parlor, according as there was company or not; in Rome it was an excuse to loaf, for people with apparently nothing to do and all their time to do it in. I suspected something wrong in so agreeable a custom, as youth usually does in the pleasant things of life; and at first, when we went to the ancient Greco, I tried to believe that it was because of J.'s interest in a place where artists had drunk coffee for generations. When we gave the Greco up because

nobody went there any longer save a few gray-bearded old men and a few gold-laced hall-porters, and transferred our patronage to a brand-new caffè in the Corso, that called itself in French the Café de Venise, and in English the Meet of Best Society, I pretended that it was because we could there see the *Daily News*, for which Andrew Lang was writing the leaders everybody was reading. But Lang could not reconcile us to the nightly *Gran Concerto* of a piano, a flute, and a violin concealed in a thicket of artificial trees; and the Best Society meant tourists, and we shocked a family of New England friends by inviting them to share its tawdry pleasures; and when after this, finding we could stand it no longer, we exchanged it for a caffè without a past and with no aspirations as the Meet of any save the usual caffè society of a big Italian town, I gave up hunting for excuses and devoted myself to nights of idleness and coffee with as little scruple as the natives.

The caffè we chose was the Nazionale Aragnos in the Corso, the largest and most gorgeous in Rome. Three or four rooms opened one out of the other with a magnificence that we could never have achieved at home, and would not if we could, and a succession of mirrors multiplied them indefinitely. We leaned against blue plush, gilding glittered wherever gilding could on white walls, waiters rushed about with shining nickel-plated trays held above their heads, spurs and swords clanked and clattered; before the end of the evening not a table was vacant. It was only the usual big Continental caffè, but to me as strange as everything in the wonderful life in the wonderful world into which I had strayed from the familiar ways of Philadelphia.

To the marble-topped tables, to the gilding, mirrors, and plush, novelty lent a charm they have never had

since, and might soon have lost had we been left to contemplate them in solitary state, as at first it seemed probable we should. For we knew nobody in Rome except Sandro, the youthful Roman cyclist we had picked up on the road, who amiably showed us the hospitality of the capital by occasionally drinking coffee with us at our expense, and once introducing a friend, a tall, slim, good-looking young man of such elegance of manner and such a princely air of condescension, that Sandro himself was impressed and looked in again the same evening to explain our privilege in having entertained the Queen's hair-dresser unawares.

Foreigners did not often stray into the Nazionale. They were almost as few in number as women, and women were very few, for as they never dined, — or so I gathered from my experience at the Posta, the Falcone, and the Cavour, — they never drank coffee, though on Sundays they descended upon the caffè with their husbands and children, and devoured ices and cakes at a rate that convinced me that they devoured little else from one Sunday to the next. When I asked for the *Times*, which they took at the Nazionale, the waiter invariably answered: 'It reads itself, the Signore Tedesco has it'; and the Signore Tedesco, a mild German student who for his daily lesson in English read the advertisement columns from beginning to end, was the only foreigner who appeared regularly at any table but our own. And yet at ours, before I could say how it came about, a little group collected, and every evening in the furthest room, J. and I were holding an informal reception which gave us all the advantages of social life and none of its responsibilities. We could preside in the travel-worn tweeds of cycling, and not bother because we were not

dressed; we could welcome our friends the more cordially because as we did not provide the entertainment it was no offense to us if they did not like it, nor to them if we failed to sit it out. In the caffè we found the 'oblivion of care,' the 'freedom from solitude,' though not the big words to express it, which Dr. Johnson 'experienced' in a tavern. Were all social functions run on the same broad principles, society would not be the strain it is upon everybody's patience and purse.

III

Almost all the group were artists. Some lived in Rome; others, like ourselves, were there for the winter; others were just passing through. Artists were then as great a novelty to me as the caffè, — I had been married so short a time that J. had not ceased to be a problem, if he ever has, — and nothing was more amazing to me than the talk. They talked as if talk were the chief business of life; but while they had so much to say that it made me grateful I was born a listener, they had only one subject to say it about. It was art from the moment we met until we parted, though we sat over our coffee for hours. Often it was next morning when J. and I reached the house at the top of the hill, and he dragged the huge key from his pocket, undid the ponderous lock, and struck the overgrown match, or undersized candle, by which the Roman who had six flights to climb lit himself to bed; and, having only the one supplied by the restaurant, we hurried upstairs as fast as we could go, lest it might not last.

And the talk was bewildering, revolutionary, to anybody who had never heard art talked about by artists. All I had thought right turned out to be wrong, all I had never thought of was right, all that to the critic of art was

essential had nothing to do with it. History, dates, periods, schools, sentiment, meaning, — attributions had just begun to be heard of, — were not worth discussion or thought. The concern was for art as a trade — the trade which creates beauty; the vital questions were quality, color, values, tone, mediums. The price of pictures, the gains of artists, the things in artists' talk to-day, were never mentioned; rather, those who sold were looked down upon. There were nights when I went away believing that nothing mattered in the world except the ground on a copper plate or the grain of a canvas.

But though the talkers might be of a hundred opinions as to the meaning of right and wrong, though they might wrangle over mediums until the German student looked up in reproof from his columns of advertisements and the Romans shrugged their shoulders at the short tempers of the *forestieri*, they were of one mind as to the supreme importance of art. If I ventured to disagree — which I was far too timid to do often — they were down upon me like a flash, abusing me for being so blind as not to see the truth in Rome, of all places, where of a tremendous past nothing was left but the work of the masters who built and adorned the city, or who sang and chronicled its splendors.

The noise of their talk is still loud in my ears, but many of the talkers have grown dim in my memory. Of some of the older men I cannot recall the faces, or even the names; some of the younger I remember better, partly, I suppose, because they were young and starting out in life with us, partly because one or two later on made their names heard of outside the Nazionale and Rome. The Young Architect was getting ready to make his known in Philadelphia, and the knowledge of the

Beaux-Arts could not have served him so well as his conviction that the architecture of Europe had waited for him to discover it. He had never been abroad before and he could not believe that anybody else had. He would come to our little corner, from his prowls in Rome, and tell men, who had been there for more years than he had days, all about the churches and palaces and galleries, as I can fancy Columbus telling the Spaniards at home about the wonders of the New World. But the older men listened patiently and spared his illusions, no doubt hearing in his the voice of their own foolish youth calling. He carried his confidence back home with him unspoiled, and his first building — a hospital or something of the kind — was a monument to his discoveries, beginning on the ground floor as the Strozzi Palace, developing into various French châteaux, and finishing on the top as a Swiss *châlet*: atrocious as architecture, but amusing as autobiography. All his buildings were more or less reminiscent, telling again in stone the story so often told in words at the Nazionale, for Death was kind and claimed him before he had ceased to be the discoverer, to become himself.

Donoghue too has gone, Donoghue the sculptor who, as I knew him in Rome, was overflowing with life, young, — he would never have grown old no matter how long he might have lived, — big, handsome, and so gay that wherever he went laughter went with him. His discovery was of Paris and the Latin Quarter, but it had filled a year between Chicago and Rome, and he had had time to work off his fantastic exuberance as discoverer. 'Donoghue is all right,' they would say of him at the Nazionale; 'he has got past brass buttons and pink swallow-tails, even if he does cling to low collars and tight pants and Oscar.' Certainly, he

had got so far as to think he ought to be beginning to work, and he was in despair because he could not find in Rome a youth as beautiful as himself to pose for his Young Sophocles. He would drop into the Nazionale to report his want of progress, and in our rambles we often met him upon his search for a model. He referred to his beauty with the simplicity and vanity of a child — a real Post-Impressionist, without the struggle. Indeed, he was a child in everything, with the schoolboy's sense of fun. I never knew him happier than the evening he hurried to the caffè from his visit to the Coliseum by moonlight, to tell us of his joke on the Americans he found waiting there in silence for the guide to say that the moon was in the proper place for emotion. A friend was with him. 'I said, "*Sprichst du deutsch?*" very loud as we passed,' was Donoghue's story, 'and he answered as loud "*Nichts! Nichts!*" and of course the Americans took us for Germans. Then we hid ourselves in the shadows a little further on and we both yelled together at the top of our voices, "Three cheers for Cleveland!" and the Americans jumped, and they forgot the moon, and they would n't listen to the guide, and I tell you it was just great'; and he roared with laughter until I was sure that even the mild German would protest. He was as enchanted with his method of learning Italian. He was reading Wilkie Collins and Bret Harte in an Italian translation, and when he yawned in our faces and left the caffè early, it was because the night before the Dago's *Woman in White* or *Luck of Roaring Camp* had kept him up until dawn, though really it was a waste of time since anybody had only to get him half seas over and he would talk any lingo in the world. Eventually he posed for himself, tired of his hunt for a model and also perhaps because he

always spent his quarter's allowance the day he got it, and most models could not wait three months to be paid. After that he joined us less often. But for me, in memory, he would dominate the group in our corner of the Nazionale, had it not been for Forepaugh.

Who Forepaugh was I did not know then, I do not know now. I do not think anybody ever knew except that he was Forepaugh, which meant, according to his own reckoning, the most wonderful person on earth. He was one of the men whose habit it is to turn up in whatever part of the world you may happen to be, with no apparent reason for being there except to talk to you; and as it is years since he has turned up anywhere to talk to us, I fear he has joined the Philadelphia Architect and Donoghue, where he will talk no more. In sheer physical power of speech he was without a rival, and none surpassed him in appreciation of his own eloquence. His interest never flagged so long as he held the floor, though when we wanted him to listen to us, he did not attempt to conceal his indifference. We could not tell him anything, for there was nothing about which he did not know more than we could hope to. He, at any rate, had no doubt of his omniscience. Judging from the intimate details with which he regaled us, he was equally in the confidence of the Vatican and the Quirinal. The secrets of the Roman aristocracy were his, he was the first to hear the scandals of the foreign colony. The opera depended upon his patronage and balls languished without him, though I could never understand how or why, so rarely did he leave us to enjoy them. Every archaeologist, every scholar, every historian in Rome appealed to him; and as for art, it was folly for others to pretend to speak of it in his presence.

He called himself an artist, and for a time he used to go with J. to Gigi's, the life school where artists in Rome often went of an afternoon to draw from the model. But J. never saw him there with as much as a scrap of paper or a pencil in his hands, and nobody ever saw him at work anywhere. For what he did not do, he made up by telling of what he could do. His were the pictures unpainted which, like the songs unsung, are always the finest. He condescended to approve of the Old Masters, assured that the masterpieces he might choose to produce must rank with theirs; but he never forgot the great gulf fixed between himself and the Modern Masters, whose pictures were worthy of his approval only when he had been their inspiration. It was fortunate for American art that scarcely an American artist could be named whom Forepaugh had not inspired.

Like all talkers who know too much, Forepaugh had what Carlyle called a terrible faculty for developing into a bore. Some of our group would run when they saw him at the door, others took malicious pleasure in interrupting him and suddenly changing the conversation in the hope to catch him tripping. But out of all such tests he came triumphantly. I never thought him more wonderful than the evening when somebody abruptly began to talk about Theosophy in the middle of one of his confidences about the Italian Court. It was no use. Without stopping to take breath, Forepaugh began to tell us the most marvelous theosophical adventures, which he knew, not by hearsay, but because he had passed through them himself. We might express an opinion: he stated facts. And it seemed that he had no more intimate friend than Sinnett, and that to Sinnett he had confessed his skepticism, asking for a sign, a mani-

festation, and that one afternoon when they were smoking over their coffee and cognac after lunch in Sinnett's chambers, then on the third floor of a house near the end of Bond Street, — Forepaugh was exact in detail, — Sinnett smiled mysteriously, but said nothing except to warn him to hold on tight to the table. And up rose the table, with the litter of coffee-cups, cigars, and cognac, up rose the two chairs, one at either end, with Sinnett and Forepaugh sitting on them, and they floated out of the open window — it was a June afternoon — and along Bond Street, above the carriages and the hansoms and the omnibuses and the people, as far as Piccadilly, round the lamp-post by Egyptian Hall, up Bond Street again, and in at the window. "Hold on," said Sinnett, and I never held on to anything as tight in my life as I did to that table,' said Forepaugh in conclusion. He always reminded me of the man who annoyed my uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland, by always knowing, doing, or having everything better or bigger than anybody else. 'Why, if I were to tell him I had an elephant in my back-yard,' my uncle used to say, 'he would at once invite me to see the mastodon in his.' Forepaugh had a mastodon up his sleeve for everybody else's elephant.

If Forepaugh gave us a deal of information we had no use for, he was really a good fellow whom we should have missed from our table. And it was through him that J. and I were first made welcome in that one house open to us, to which I have been all this time in coming. For it was Forepaugh who told Vedder we were in Rome, and Vedder, once he knew it, would not hear of our shutting his door in our own faces, nor would Mrs. Vedder, whatever the condition of our wardrobe. Vedder may have revealed many things in his recent *Digressions* but not

the extent of the hospitality he and his wife showed to the American who was a stranger in Rome, where then already they had been long at home. And not only to the American. Often as we went to them, we never found them alone, and never was the group at their fireside without a foreigner or two. The first person we were introduced to on the first visit was the Englishman who would have deserted us in the Ghetto, and who looked as if he wished the Vedders had learned to be less indiscriminate in their hospitality. We had the satisfaction of knowing that we made him supremely uncomfortable. He scowled upon us then, and continued to through the winter. He could not forgive us for having found him out, and was evidently afraid we were going to tell everybody about it. He was something very learned and was writing a book on Ancient Rome; later he became something more important at South Kensington. But no degree of learning and importance helped him to forget, or, anyway, to forgive. At chance meetings, years afterwards, in London, he scowled, as no doubt he would still, had he not long since gone to the land where I hope all scowls are smoothed from his scowling brow.

If he scowled, there was another Englishman who smiled: an elderly man with the imperturbable serenity of a Buddha. He also had written books, but I never knew their names and now I have forgotten his, and it would spoil my impression of him if I knew or remembered. For when I was in Rome he had risen above activity and toil to the contemplative life, and, I suppose, to the income that made it possible. One night he explained his philosophy to me. Men could not be happy without sunshine. The sun was house, food, clothes, furniture, everything; and as most of the year in Eng-

land sunshine was not to be had at any price, he lived in Rome, where almost all the year it was his for nothing. He sat on the Pincian or in other gardens during the day, doing nothing in the sunshine — that was living. And he urged me to follow his example and not to wait until half my life had been wasted in the pursuit of happiness where it was not to be found. He may have been right, but I never needed to become a philosopher to value the virtue of indolence, though I have never had the money to pay for it. Any man has the ability to do nothing, a great authority has said, and I can answer for one woman who has more than her fair share of that ability.

As regular a visitor was a huge long-bearded Norwegian, who looked a prophet and was an artist, and who spent most of the winter in the study of Marion Crawford's novels, — I cannot imagine why, as they roused him to fury. 'Marion Crawford,' he would thunder at us; 'bah! He is a weak imitator of Bulwer, that is all, and he has not Bulwer's power of construction. He is not Bulwer. No. He is a weakling. Bah!' My only quarrel with Marion Crawford's books was that they never excited emotion in me, one way or the other, and I was so puzzled by his excitement that I went to the trouble of looking up *Mr. Isaacs* and *The Roman Singer* at Piali's in the Piazza di Spagna, where I had shortly before asked for Pepys's Diary and been offered Marcus Ward's. But the learning of the store could supply Marion Crawford, and I re-read the two novels and understood less than ever the Norseman's rage.

We were as certain to find this fiery critic and the two Englishmen any night we called as we were to find Vedder. Other men came and went, among them a few Italians and Frenchmen and more Americans, but none could

have appeared so regularly, so much fainter is the impression they have left with me. They were mostly artists, and at Vedder's, as at the caffè, the talk was chiefly of art. There was little of his work to see, for his studio was some distance from his apartment. But it was enough to see Vedder himself or, for that matter, to hear him. In his house he led the talk, even Forepaugh having small chance against him. He was the most prolific, the most determined, the most animated of talkers. It was stimulating just to watch him talk. He was never still, he rarely sat down, he was always moving about, walking up and down, at times breaking into song, at times into dance. He was then in his prime, large, with a fine expressive face, and as American in his voice, in his manner, in his humor, as if he had never crossed the Atlantic. He had recently finished the illustrations for the *Rubaiyat*, and the book was published while we were in Rome. It was never long out of his talk. He would tell us the history of every design, and of every model or pot in it. He exulted in the stroke of genius by which he had invented a composition or a pose. I have heard him describe again and again how he drew the flight of a spirit from a model outstretched and flopping up and down on a feather-bed laid upon the studio floor, until she almost fainted from fatigue, while he worked from a hammock slung above.

I recall his delight when a friend of Fitzgerald's sent him Fitzgerald's photograph with many compliments, asking for his in return; and when Dr. Chamberlain, while filling a difficult tooth for the Queen, sang the praises of the *Rubaiyat* until she ordered a copy of the *édition de luxe*. In looking back, I always seem to see Mrs. Vedder pasting notices into a scrap-book, and to hear Vedder declaiming quatrains

from the *Rubaiyat*, and telling stories about it. There was one evening when he came to a dead stop in his walk and his talk, and shaking a dramatic finger at us, said, 'I tell you what it is. I am not Vedder. I am Omar Khayyam!' 'No,' drawled the voice of a disgusted artist who had not got a word in for more than an hour, 'No, you're not. You're the great I am!'

Vedder laughed with the rest, but I am not sure he liked it. He was sensitive to criticism, though he carried it off with a laugh. Clarence Cook was one of the critics of his Omar who offended him. 'It's funny,' Vedder said, 'all my life I've hurt Clarence's feelings. He always has been sure I have done my work for no other reason than to irritate him, and now that's the way he feels about the Omar.' The laugh was not so ready when Lang — I think it was Lang — wrote that Vedder's Omar Khayyam was not of Persia, but of Skaneateles. And after I suggested that it was really of Rome, and some mistaken friend at home sent my article to Vedder, I never thought him quite so cordial.

IV

And so the winter passed. For us there was always a refuge from our cold rooms at the caffè or at Vedder's; very occasionally with friends we stumbled upon unexpectedly during our rambles; and once in a while with new friends, made I have forgotten how — though I have not forgotten that it was in Rome we first met Miss Harriet Waters Preston, who accepted us, cycling tweeds and all, notwithstanding the shock of our shabbiness to the admirably appointed *pension* where she stayed. There were also nights when the affairs of Rome drew us from the caffè. I remember once our little group interrupted their in-

terminable arguments long enough to see the Tiber in flood, down by the Ripetta, where people were going about in boats and Rome looked like the Venice to which I had then never been, and we met Humbert and Margherita driving down alone in an American trotting-wagon so as to show their sympathy; for, whatever they may not have done, they always appeared in person when their people were in trouble. Not so many weeks before, we had watched the enthusiasm with which the Romans greeted Humbert on his return from visiting the cholera-stricken town of Naples. And I remember, too, on Befana Night, adjourning to the Piazza Navona to blow horns and reed whistles into other people's ears and to have them blown into ours.

For the humors of the Carnival there was no need to leave the caffè, where one Pulcinello after another broke into our talk with witticisms that kept the caffè in an uproar, and for me destroyed whatever sentiment there might have been in the thought that this was my last night in Rome — the last of the wonderful nights when I learned my folly in ever having believed that anything in the world mattered, that anything in the world existed, save art.

Pulcinello went with us from Rome, following us to Naples, and saving us from homesickness for the rooms full of sunshine at the top of the high house on the top of the high hill, and for the blue plush and the gilding and the mirrors and the talk of the Nazionale. And Pulcinello went with us to Pompeii, reappearing during our nights at the Albergo del Sole, that most delightful and impossible of all the inns that ever were. It may have vanished in the quarter of a century that has passed since the February day I came to it, when the sky was as

blue as the sea, and a soft cloud hung over Vesuvius, and flowers were sweet in the land. But Pompeii could never be the same without it. It was made for our shabbiness; its three tumbled-down little houses ranged round the three sides of an unkempt, mud-floored court; our bedroom without lock or latch, and with a mirror cracked from side to side, like the Lady of Shalott's, though for other reasons; the dining-room with earthen floor, and walls decorated by a modern-primitive fresco of the padrone holding a plate of *maccheroni* in one hand, a flask of *Lacrima Christi* in the other; and a central column spreading out branches like a tree, bearing for fruit row upon row of still uncorked bottles; and a door open to all the stray monks and beggars of Pompeii — to all the fowls, too, including the gorgeous peacock that strolled in after its evening walk with the young Swiss artist on the flat roof of the inn where, together, they went before dinner to watch the sunset.

Throughout dinner, at the head of the long table where we sat with the Swiss artist and an old German professor of art and an older Italian archæologist, the talk was of art. While we helped ourselves from that amazing dish into which you stuck a fork and pulled out a bit of chicken or duck or beef or mutton or sausage; while the old professor and archæologist absent-mindedly stretched a hand to the column behind them, and plucked from it bottle after bottle of wine; while the beggars whined at the open door, and the monks begged at our side, and Pulcinello capered and jested and sang; while the American tourists at the other end of the table deplored the disorder and noise until we sent them the longest and most expensive way up Vesuvius to get rid of them; while the fowls fought for the crumbs, — the

talk was still of art, and again of art, in the end as in the beginning. I might not understand half of it, coming as it did in a confused torrent of German, Italian, French, and English, but the

nights at the Sole, like the nights at the Nazionale, made this one truth clear: that nothing matters in the world, that nothing exists in the world, save art.

THE CHURCH AND THE MOUNTAIN

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THERE is no doubt about it that mysticism is the only philosophy.

Of course all the others are true too, and there are probably none too many of them to preserve the balance of the many-sided world. If one commits himself wholly to a statement like that above, one finds himself confronted with the challenge: 'So you believe that the business of life is to escape from the illusion of individuality and to merge your troublesome run-away soul as quickly as possible in the All-One, the All-Nothing?' But why must philosophy bind itself into a logical system? Why is it not generously content to remain a tendency? A thing which devotes itself utterly to the needs of the human spirit, it ought to give plenty of scope even to moods and occasions; so that if I abandon my soul completely to-day — finding it uncommonly troublesome, perhaps—I should be perfectly free to reclaim it to-morrow and give it another trial.

I modify my initial statement. All the philosophies are good, but mysticism is the best of them.

Ah, that business of losing the soul — how sorry one is for those who have never known it! One can seldom predict the experience. It does not come

very often at best, and has a royal way — which becomes it — of choosing its own occasions. Describe it? One cannot. It is as the lapse of the river into the sea, as the merging of spirits on lovers' lips, as the breathless hush when wind folds into wind and the night broods close, as the withdrawal of the morning star into the dawn. Yet it is more than all these things; it is — very God of very God. When it is over, one stands transfixed, intensely serious, yet serenely light-hearted too; exhausted, yet wonderfully refreshed; purged, exalted; and quiet — that is the best gift of the experience, its gift of peace. A very profundity of repose holds the spirit that has submitted to a mystic embrace.

Explain it? How can one, if even description has to go halting by synonyms and comparisons? Perhaps the soul is an emanation from God and is gathered wholly back into Him when the rapture falls. Perhaps our boasted individuality is really as much of an illusion as the early, thorough-going mystics consistently maintained. Perhaps — but who knows, and what does it matter? The experience itself is the thing; and one who has known that, perceives that the function of

understanding is not so essential to the life of the spirit as is sometimes supposed.

I have said that one can seldom predict a mystic experience. That is true; the high summons may come anywhere, at any time. But still there are certain places that are more liable than others to know divine visitations; and the wise mystic searches these out and zealously frequents them. Every one for himself in this matter. Although mysticism is anything but an individualistic faith, its manifestations are purely particular; and its children have to study their own peculiar environments to understand where, for them, Jacob's ladder rests.

In my experience, there are two places — widely sundered and utterly diverse — which can above others be trusted to catch and detain the skirts of Divinity.

One is a mountain. It is not so very much of a mountain — not so very high, I mean, and, viewed with strictly impartial eyes (if any one in the world is so unlucky as to have optics like that), certainly no more beautiful than a hundred other hills. Its prosaic name is Green Peak. I like it immensely for that. It is so unassuming and genuine of it; so fine, too, and clever — masking High Heaven in the guise of the commonplace. As if a seraph should rest content to bear the name John Jones. It is just a hill like all other hills; — but, ah! it has ways with it.

Sometimes it wakes me in the early dawn. That is inconvenient, for I hate to get up. But I have to do it, thrusting my feet into my slippers, wrapping a long cloak about me, stealing down through the silent house, mysterious, shadowy, unreal, not my familiar home at all, but an enchanted dwelling. The pictures and tables make significant signs as I pass; I catch them from the tail of my eye. Slowly, softly, I open

the door and step out into the glimmering dawn; the cool air breathes in my face, and the silence — ! Why is it that even the quietest house is full of obscure disturbance compared to the wide peace of the outdoors? I sit down on the doorstep, and look across the valley at Green Peak. It stands very dark and high, outlined against the faint glory which is just beginning to quicken in the sky behind it, with one great white star above its head and a white band of mist folded across its breast. Other mists out of the valley are creeping softly about its feet and climbing its dark sides. It is a shepherd — no, a priest. But, after all, are they not the same thing? It is sublimely august and gentle, presiding over the dawn.

I gaze at it and I cannot breathe softly enough in my adoration. The meadows worship with me; they are mute, all gray and silver with dusk and the dew. The tall trees worship; no murmur runs through their hushed branches. The very grass prostrates itself still lower in its dear humility, and waits; we all wait — for what? There comes an instant, when, thought and sense suspended (or else exerted — I really do not know which) to the uttermost, self-consciousness entirely eclipsed, the trees and the grass and the meadows and I are caught up together with the white mists to the dark breast of the mountain, and there are held close in an embrace which fuses our separate beings and makes us one even with the morning star. After this, I go soberly back to bed; and when the quarry whistle wakes me at seven o'clock in the usual manner, and I sit up and remember, I seem to have had an experience beyond the world, in the ideal realm which the objects of sense only symbolize.

So much for the morning. Green Peak's mid-day mood is for the most

part a practical one. The sensible mountain understands that the work of the world must be done, and that its children must be left undistracted to do it. It stands out quite clearly therefore, with cloud-shadows racing over it, with breezes saluting it, with a blue sky irradiating it. There is as little of mystery about it as may be. Nevertheless, it torments me sometimes, will not entirely let me alone; and I often have to shut myself quite away from it if I expect to concentrate my mind on anything else. It has lurking suggestions of magic in its lines and its hollows at almost any hour of the day.

Then when evening comes — ! If I had to choose its superlative moment of revelation, I should hesitate between the dawn and a certain sunset that occurs two or three times in a season. The conditions for the latter are known to me now, and I can watch for it; though of course I am quite as likely to be disappointed as gratified in my expectation. For mere conditions do not secure revelation. As a matter of fact, the thing seems to mean most when it comes as a surprise, when I have quite forgotten about it, have failed to recognize the possibilities of the sky, and am merely roaming about the garden, thinking that here is a dull day over — better luck to-morrow. For, in accordance with one of the most beautiful laws of the world, it is always a dull day that works the spell. From morning to night a gray heaven of cloud, brooding above the tops of the mountains, not very low, but close, unrelenting. No wind, as a rule — a silent day, heavy and forlorn. Such a day is depressing; one aches with the burden of nameless troubles. Then, just when it seems to be over, when the sun has withdrawn his unseen presence behind the western hill and there is no longer any hope of a glimpse of his genial countenance, then the miracle hap-

pens. A touch, a warning — I know that the hills send forth a summons when they feel the glory coming, for I have often been called from the supper table, from the depths of the barn or the library, by a sudden, unreasoned necessity to go and look at Green Peak. And there — oh, wonderful! how shall one paint such a transfiguration? The clouds have parted somewhere in the north, below the line of the hills, and the light of the sunken sun streams back in a long, level finger or band across the breast and summit of the whole eastern range. The feet of these mountains stand plunged in shadow, — the gray night has met the gray day there, — but their crests soar into a sudden glory which dazzles and confounds the sight; one cannot believe it. Radiant, shining, glowing, intense, they lift up their heads, like flaming archangels, against the gray sky, and the King of Glory comes in.

There is simply no sort of comment to make on a sight like that.

Green Peak is very noble in storms. It wears the clouds grandly, and lets them wreath and stream about it as they will, shutting it away altogether, or giving dark glimpses of its crest or slopes to watchful valley eyes. It is terribly austere thus at times; but that is all right — priests have to be austere now and then.

One evening I came home across the meadows, late, in the final hush of a storm that had spent itself at sunset time. It was quite late, there was very little light left, and what light there was seemed to be all embodied in a white mist which filled the whole valley. A veritable sea of mist; I swam in it, I could not see or breathe or feel anything else. There were no mountains, there was no sky, there was hardly a path under my feet. One's very thoughts become muffled in a mist like that. I was plodding along blindly,

stupidly, not enjoying myself very much (this kind of mystery is too oppressive), when a faint stir, the merest soft breathing of air, made me look up, and there above me loomed the crest of my mountain, gigantic. Only the crest; its sides were still lost in utter vagueness and nothingness. I forgot that it had any sides, and its crest astonished me as something unfamiliar, a new peak in Darien. Yet it was Green Peak, beyond any doubt. It leaned over me out of its fathomless realm of white cloud, and sternly admonished me — how it impended, how it imposed, how it grew! I stood perfectly still of course, and again the releasing touch came upon me, and in that white oblivion Green Peak and I were once more made one with each other and with the universe.

Green Peak's twin sister in magic is not a mountain, or any shape of the open country. It is a church in a city, many miles away. A very beautiful church; yet here again, one has to know it to love it. It occupies a commanding position, in a triangle, at the junction of several streets. But it holds this position so modestly, with such an unassuming grace, that one does not realize what a power it wields until it is too late. Too late to escape, I mean of course, — if one happens to want to escape. For myself, I think that the rogue has bewitched me, the rascal has given me medicines to make me love it.

I do not 'belong' to it in the least; it does not represent my native denomination. But I went in there one day in some stress of spirit, and all was over with me. I have forgotten now what was the matter; I only know that I was tired and vexed, and that the church presented itself, and that I went in. I crossed the street with a dash in front of a trolley car; I mounted the

steps with a little run; I opened the outer door with a brisk pull, entered the vestibule, paused, hesitated, looked up to see who had spoken to me, opened the inner door slowly, and went in and stood still.

There was nobody there. It was late afternoon, and parts of the church were already in soft shadow. On either side of the nave the columns soared into obscurity, and far down behind the screen the chancel lay dim with dusk. But the low sun had found a last way for itself through a corner of one of the windows and was stealing along the opposite wall, touching here a column and there an arch, resting upon the carved pulpit and bringing a saint or an angel into a sudden brief prominence. Just like the late sunlight on Green Peak. Precisely. The analogy struck me, and I sat down in one of the back rows of chairs with a sense of home-coming.

It was very still. The vastness of this interior removed it from the legitimate class of 'indoors,' and allowed it a range of silence which houses do not know. But it was articulate nevertheless, instinct with a thrilling communication which the spirit understood. Those who had built it had loved their work. That was apparent not only in the compelling impression of the whole, but also in the fine perfection of the details, as the lingering sunlight pointed them out — in the grace of the carving, in the dignity of the statues. There was everywhere the touch of a thoughtful, discriminating devotion, working to produce one effect through a multitude of means. Love to love always. As those who had built had wrought with their hearts in their fingers, so those who inhabited were moved with tenderness and awe. I was sure of this as I sat there alone. I felt the presence of an adoring host of other worshipers in the empty chairs

and in the shadowy, vacant aisles. Their unseen occupation was strangely moving to me.

It was all strange. It is hard to explain what the church did to me that afternoon to make me its slave. It appeared to do nothing at all. There was even a certain aloofness about it, as if it were wholly absorbed in a transcendent mood of contemplation. Yet there was an awareness too, an attention which took note of every sigh, every glance, every hesitating thought. A curious, contradictory mixture of response and ignoring, of utter remoteness and intimate presence. It let me completely alone; yet I had never been so enveloped, so permeated.

The spirit of places and buildings is one of the most mysterious forces we have to reckon with. How can it happen that an inanimate edifice, a mere construction of timber and stone, achieves a distinct personality, even a soul of its own? Matter in its crudest form is here, — undeniable, heavy, opaque, — yet it strikes out a result of pure spirit, intangible and thrilling.

There was no doubt about this church's soul. Soul is an attribute that one knows when one sees it. A lofty soul, invested with grandeur (like Green Peak in that respect), but so gracious as to be almost humble in its response to the faintest tug of a human need. It listened through all its rapt spaces that day to the beating of one heart. A wise soul, moreover. The ages behind the prayers and the litanies which were said in the place every day lent it a weight of intelligence which was very comforting. One felt sure that it would understand every peculiar crisis. Yet not too tolerantly: there was a certain austerity underneath its beauty, an inflexible purpose which forbade many things. It was probably capable of coldness and severity. A serene soul — oh, profoundly untroubled! That was

its most significant trait. For if all the sins and the sorrows of life had been poured out in it, if it knew the very worst of mankind, and could still maintain its high peace, then human affairs could not be in such a desperate strait after all. A scourged criminal might go out from that presence, bleeding, but with a shining face.

Do we often enough stop to think what a beautiful thing our religion is? We are so used to it; or, alas! so unfamiliar with it. For, of course, as mournful matter of fact, our present civilization reflects it hardly at all. But we profess it, and it stands patiently waiting for us to see our way clear to live up to it. Meantime, if we consider it fairly, we find it a most exquisite product, a work of the trinity of God and Man and Brother Time. There is probably no offense in saying that man has improved and developed it much. That is the way of things in the world. A divine seed, a human garden; a divine idea, a human poem or symphony. Humanity is not simple enough, is not consistent, is too diverse, to follow the Christ idea nakedly. It has other needs in its manifold nature: sensuous, passionate longings which crave for adornment and ceremony, pomp and symbolism; docile and timid necessities which must have the safeguard of law and order. It had to take the teachings of Jesus and fashion them into a system. The reed with its one high note of unworldliness has become the organ with many stops and many cadences. Nor has it lost the unworldliness thus. The theme remains the same through all developments.

I thought of these things during the first part of my twilight sojourn in the silent church. But by and by I stopped thinking. The reluctant sunlight withdrew, the shadows deepened and settled, even the silence grew more profound. I sank on my knees. I waited. My

soul lay, an offering, on the white altar, hidden in the dusk. When it was accepted, my life escaped, and I was folded into the church as completely as one of its shadows.

This was already an experience beyond the scope of Green Peak. It had no more divinity in it perhaps (Green Peak is divine enough); but it had humanity, and Green Peak is rather 'careless of mankind.' Having humanity, it had all the rich complexity of emotion which pertains to the intricate working of human affairs; and it moved me, if more disturbingly, yet more profoundly, than the lonely hill. I went out into the evening city, hushed and exalted; nor did I hear the church say behind me as I closed the door, 'Yet show I unto you a more excellent way.'

The next morning the enamored sunlight and I returned in good time; and there was the humanity too, hurrying to embody the spirit which it had left to fill the church so potently in its absence. Humanity? I should say so! It came flocking along the many streets which converged so significantly at this point, trooped in through the doors, paused, subsided, and took its way soberly up the aisles. It was a humanity versed in genuflection beyond a Puritan understanding; but what did that matter? The church reassured me, or rather compelled me, with its imperious gentleness; and I reentered my nook and knelt down with my kind. I supposed that they were still my kind in spite of their superior proficiency in gesture.

Verily, they were, and I was theirs, and we were all one another's. We could not very well help it in the tide of that mighty service which rolled through the aisles presently, sweeping us all together in one burst of praise and prayer. Marvelous service! It was as the voice of the church itself, waking at last from its contemplation and

turning to tell us what it had learned. There was the ring of eternity in it. But there was also the pulse of time and the human accent which marked it the voice of the people as well as of the church. There could hardly have been a heart there that did not find its special need expressed in some prayer first or last; and that is saying a good deal, for an assembly of several hundred modern hearts presents — or conceals — a lavish variety of complex necessities. Yet there was no effect of separation, of passing from point to point in the prayers. They all took their flight from a common ground to a common heaven. Such a service is perhaps the best example there is in the world of the place of the many in the one, of the life of the one as made up of the many, and yet as greater than the sum of them. What is it, by the way, that makes everything that is worth while greater than the sum of all its parts?

The church's morning mood was triumphant. The stained-glass windows glowed in the sun, the arches rose clear of mystery, and even the altar offered its white beauty generously to the reverent gaze of the throng. The organ pealed and the choir exulted; silence was put to flight. The place was no less compelling thus than it had been the evening before. Rather, I found it more compelling, for there was now so much more of me to be compelled: there was the woman across the aisle, the little boy in the next row but one, the young girl in front of him. It is curious how the spirit runs out and identifies itself with certain people in a congregation or audience, claiming them in their unconsciousness, sharing with them a secret congratulation which they never suspect. The experience is a happy one. But it is nothing compared to what happened to that whole churchful of people when, at the most

solemn point in the service, they all knelt together and suddenly — not a barrier of any kind remained, not a sundering distinction in the whole throng; but each life flowed into the other, and all flowed into the One Life and were spread and hushed in an ineffable peace.

This was the 'better way,' this was the crest of mystic experience. For it is more to have been several hundred people than to have been a mountain or even a morning star.

What does it all mean anyway — this spell of the church and the mountain? Nothing new, surely. The spirit world has for ages been knocking at our doors, commanding, appealing, pleading, now and then thrusting its glories upon us in a desperate sally which ought to make an end of resistance. What is the matter, then? Are

we perverse, that we so fleetingly and so seldom embrace the morning star? Do we not even yet understand the meaning of life that we so rarely love one another? Or are we really helpless, bound in chains which we cannot break, unable to live the life of the spirit save in little snatches?

The snatches are something at any rate; in fact they are everything. They indicate native talent and ultimate achievement. That which we have known we can know again, and again, and again; and perhaps by and by permanently. Meantime, the church and the mountain stand fast and hold the keys for us. We can hardly revere them too much, wait upon them too patiently, expect too much of them. They are highly significant.

Every man his own mountain and church. But when he has found them, let him cling to them.

THE LAST ROOM

BY KATHERINE METCALF ROOF

I

THE rehearsal of certain scenes from *Die Walküre*, held for the benefit of Herr Jansen preparatory to his first American performance, was over, and the aids and supernumeraries were disappearing with mysterious dispatch. But Brünhilde, in a gray street-dress, holding shield and spear, still remained upon the empty stage chatting with Siegmund, in English tweed, and Sieglinde, in an American shirt-waist. All three had met and sung together before

in the land of their common tongue. They were of widely differing types, however. Jansen, from the vicinity of the Danish border, was racially if not geographically a Dane. He was a fine-looking, well-built man over six feet in height, and noticeably lean for a Wagnerian tenor. Of him the press agent had already prophesied that he would become a matinée idol — the American equivalent for the German '*Schwärm.*' Hilda Bergmann, the Sieglinde, was a pure northern blonde from Saxony; Ilma Samara, the most famous Brün-

hilde of the period, had no suggestion of the Teutonic type, nor indeed of any type. She was an Austrian from a Slav province on the shores of the Adriatic. In her delicate features, her dark eyes, her subtle personality, one seemed to feel the mysteries of a remote Asiatic inheritance.

They walked together to the stage entrance, where a nurse and a fair-haired child waited in an open carriage to receive Sieglinde. Brünhilde and Siegmund stood a moment on the sidewalk.

'What a fine boy. She seems very happy.'

Ilma Samara's sympathetic interest lingered upon the younger singer greeting her child as if after a long absence.

'And your Evchen, she must be a tall girl now?' Jansen questioned.

A different expression came into Brünhilde's eyes.

'She comes to my shoulder, but I think she will never be so tall as I am. She is now seventeen.'

'Brünhilde having married a mortal, her daughter is perhaps only a woman.'

Jansen had the light manner of the man of the world, rather than the impressive mannerisms usually characteristic of the operatic artist.

Brünhilde's dark eyes rested a moment on his face.

'To that Brünhilde came in the end: to be only a woman.'

'Say superwoman,' Jansen amended.

Ilma smiled. 'Which way do you go, Herr Jansen?'

'Your way, if I am permitted.'

The tenor waited with something more than his usual effect of chivalrous devotion for her permission.

'With pleasure. I think I shall walk, my hotel is so short a distance.'

'And Evchen, will she inherit Brünhilde; has she a voice?' Jansen inquired as they walked on together through the cross street.

Ilma Samara glanced at him, her expressive eyebrows lifted in a whimsical smile.

'You too, Carl Jansen! Here in America they must always hurry on the thing which comes next. They hurry from the opera to the ball while Isolde sings her death-song and Brünhilde lights her funeral pyre. You see the women with their summer hats in March — Well, that you perhaps do not see —' with an implication of pity for his unobservant masculinity — 'but it is the case. They adore the *Wunderkind*. They cannot wait to see the spear of Wotan struck from his hand by the young Siegfried. But you — I am surprised at you. At home we are generally content to let the old singers become first *ausgesungen*.'

Jansen smiled. 'You call yourself an old singer, most beautiful of Brünhildes. But you can afford to say it!'

'My age, alas, is no secret. But a singer, I suppose, is at least as young as her voice.'

'By that sign then you are the youngest as well as the most beautiful, *gnädige Frau*.'

She laughed with a little shake of the head, a soft laughter that brought a radiance to her face without obliterating its melancholy suggestion.

'The same Carl, always ready with compliments.'

'I state only the obvious fact.' The tenor guided her competently across the traffic-tangled street. On the other side he repeated his question. 'But you do not tell me — has Evchen a voice? I remember she had a remarkable ear as a child.'

Ilma answered a little slowly. 'Yes. But it is not a great voice. I do not wish her to become a singer.'

Jansen gave her a quick glance. The engrossing egoism and jealousy of the operatic artist were a familiar spectacle to him. A philosophic cast of mind,

a sense of humor, and an artistic appreciation of femininity had combined to save him from becoming a prey to it. But Ilma — the naïveté of egoism displayed by the majority of their colleagues would of course be impossible to her subtle, civilized psychology. But could it be that she was self-deceived in this matter? She had always seemed to him a devoted mother.

He watched her as he put the question. 'And Evchen — how does she feel about it?'

'It is inevitable that she should have the idea, living in the atmosphere of the life.'

'And she has studied?'

'She has studied — yes. She is a natural musician. When she began to sing, unconsciously at first I told her what to do, what not to do. I had not thought much of where it would carry her. She was just to me Evchen, my little girl.'

He glanced at her finely-cut profile, observant of the subtle, reserved line of the lips.

'And you are sure about her voice. Is it not rather soon to tell?'

'I think not. At her age I was already singing small parts. And even if she might rise to the top of her profession I prefer her to be a happy wife and mother, if that be possible.'

'You did not find that enough.'

It was a moment before Ilma answered. 'I would have her life very different from mine.'

He looked at her again, — that face so expressive in her art, in a sense so at the mercy of her emotions, yet after all so inscrutable. One seemed to see the thing there visible, palpitant as a captured bird; but while the sensitive eyebrows betrayed the presence of an emotion, the sombre eyes kept its nature a secret.

'Ilma,' — he spoke her familiar name for the first time with a change of tone.

'Forgive the frankness of a man who has loved you; but is it possible that you who have seemed always so cold, so engrossed in your art, have come at last to see that no human being can live without love? I said it to you many years ago, but you always denied it.'

'Ah!' she drew a breath, a shimmer of some deep feeling passed over her face. 'I had to deny it to myself so often, Carl Jansen.'

He was silent, stirred by something in her voice.

After a moment she added, 'Do you imagine that I married without love?'

He glanced at her, then quickly away again, for she had power still to set his heartstrings in motion, in spite of all the feminine episodes that had intervened, and that were no doubt yet to come.

'But you were so young, and Berling' — He broke off.

She continued quietly — a quietness, he seemed to see all at once, acquired at the cost of many things. 'I was young, it is true. But I loved as much, I think, as any mature woman can love. I gave all of myself — all. I can speak of it now that it is so far behind me. Otto was — incapable of love. I mistook what I had inspired in him for love. It was long before I found out.'

'Yet you remained in the opera after your marriage, although it separated you.'

'That was his wish, not mine. It gratified his pride and' — she paused — 'hampered him less. It hurt me that he should wish it, yet I believed in him, and so I stayed and worked for him, that he should be proud of me. My remaining there in the opera separated us as you have said, so that he was with me very little. When he was with me he was still my lover as he had been before.' She paused. 'Do you know that I was Otto's wife for five years before I really knew him? Then it was

of my choice that we lived apart. And then after I had taken the step it seemed to him that he wanted me, but it was too late. So I felt, I feel still that I know enough of men, Carl Jansen, although I am not so bitter as to believe all men to be like Otto. There, I have spoken to you as I have to no one.'

'Ilma — ' he began, and could say no more.

She went on: —

'Six years ago — you heard — Otto died. But if I could have had my life as I wished it' — She paused, then said very simply, 'Love would have been all that I asked.'

Their eyes met. He spoke gravely: 'Are you sure?'

'Yes, I am sure, Carl Jansen.'

Then for an instant he seemed to see revealed in her beautiful eyes the possibilities of that wasted love. He wished that he might bend and kiss her hand. He walked beside her some distance in silence; then he said, 'And now?'

She shook her head. 'It is too late. If you take a vine when it is young, and first begins to put out little tendrils and clings about something, and you tear it loose, you break some of the roots and tendrils, and the vine droops for a time, and many little buds die, and never come to anything. But after a while the vine begins to grow again about the new support, and it keeps on growing until the two are one and you cannot pull it free.'

'I see,' he said; and again for a time they walked on in silence.

'After all, it comes to the same thing in the end, beautiful Ilma.' He spoke with his eyes upon the cañon-like perspective of the Avenue. 'Love goes, the voice goes — whatever it is we set our worldly hopes upon — it goes. In the end we are always alone.'

'We are not alone if we love without selfishness,' was Ilma's answer to that.

He shook his head.

'Does one ever love like that?'

'A mother can,' was her answer, 'almost — '

He smiled. 'Almost! But even so, to love unselfishly is to accept loneliness.'

'I can't quite agree to that.'

'Wait then, Brünhilde, until you have walked all through the house of life, and find yourself in the last room face to face with — ' He paused, they were approaching her hotel, and walked more slowly. She waited for him to finish: 'face to face with your own soul.'

'But even then there must be a window from which one can look out.'

He turned and looked into her eyes that seemed to have seen so much. 'For those who have the courage to look, but there is always the same prospect.'

She looked at him curiously. 'This from you, Carl, always so light-hearted.'

He smiled whimsically. 'One cannot afford to be otherwise. Life is too grave a matter to be serious about.'

They had reached her hotel. He removed his hat, and stood in the sunlight with bared head. Some young girls passing tittered self-consciously, and turned their heads over their shoulders to stare at him. Ilma's eyes were fixed upon the blurred mass of bare branches in the park, his were upon her face.

'But not all people travel so far as that room,' he said.

She turned and looked at him. 'But I think I have been there already.'

He shook his head. 'You have not been in that room until' —

Again he paused until she supplemented, 'Well, until —?'

'Until there is nothing more that life can take from you.'

She shivered between a frown and a smile, and noting the touch of apprehension upon her revealing eyebrows, he felt a quick self-reproach.

'Hein, pay no attention to the talk

of an idle German pessimist! It is for such as Carl Jansen over his beer, and not for such beautiful realities as you, Ilma Samara.'

She smiled and put out her hand. 'Of what should real people talk then, if not of real things?'

He detained the hand a moment. 'I think the real people do not talk then, they live them.'

Then, rather as if something about him enabled her to think aloud than that she confided in him, she said, 'Yet to me my life as I look back upon it seems not real at all, except for Eva. It is for that reason I wish hers to be different.' She gave his hand an added shake of friendliness, then dropped it. 'You won't come in?'

'Not to-day. Another time, if I may.'

He stood a moment watching her until she vanished within the revolving circle of the door, still vividly conscious of the look in her eyes. She had always had it, the look of one predestined to loss. 'Fateful,' Otto had called it. That such a woman should have loved Otto Berling!

II

As the clock struck twelve the young girl lying on the floor, bent in an absorbed heap over the score of *Traviata*, glanced up and paused in her *sotto voce* singing. It was time for her mother to be home from rehearsal. But the next moment her eyes went back to the music. As her interest grew, her voice unconsciously increased in volume, until with the 'Addio Del Passato,' she was singing in full voice. It was a voice of a pleasing but light quality, if one could judge by this performance, destined to such rôles as this she was scanning rather than those of the dramatic heroines of modern opera.

Just as she was beginning upon 'Ah gran Dio,' her accustomed ear caught

the sound of a step in the hall, and in an instant she was on her feet, and at the door.

Ilma Samara, releasing herself from the girl's embrace, laid a light hand upon her cheek.

'I don't need to ask what you have been doing.'

Eva flushed; her eyes went to the abandoned opera score. The mother's hand slipped to the girl's shoulder. 'What an untidy room, dear child!' Her glance referred to the scattered newspapers about the floor; but the reproof was almost a caress.

As they stood side by side, the absence of resemblance between mother and daughter was striking. Eva was a pretty girl, possessed of little distinction beyond the unconscious charm of youth and fresh coloring. Ilma, tall enough to deserve the Wagnerian adjective heroic, was yet not large enough to be overpowering in a drawing-room. The heroic suggestion lay rather in an inherent nobility, a disciplined strength, that was the very essence of her personality. Indeed, although she was a large woman, there was an indescribable effect of the elusive, the impalpable, about her. Superimposed upon the pure classic regularity of her beauty was a shimmering suggestive quality that gave it that mysterious power to call up images, ineffable things, to the mind of poet and artist.

Eva helped her mother to remove her wraps, then bent to pick up the scattered papers. Ilma, readjusting her heavy, dark hair after the removal of her hat, inquired, —

'By the way, what did Albertson say of the *Todesverklärung* Saturday?'

Eva did not answer at once. Ilma smiled.

'Did he say that I sang two tones false in "Nur Todgewöhnten"?'

Eva nodded reluctantly.

Ilma seemed to watch the glaring,

crowded street. 'It is true,' she said at last, 'it is difficult to bring down the tone after the cry. But I have never done so before.'

Eva flung herself passionately upon her mother, yet with not quite the usual abandon of a child. The thing about Ilma Samara that kept people at a certain distance had its effect even upon her own daughter. 'It makes no difference. No one sings as you do.'

Ilma drew the girl's hand against her cheek. 'I grow older, dear child. These things must come.'

'You are but thirty-eight. That is young, extremely young for Brünhilde. Look at Brunzola. It is not time yet.'

'No, it is not time,' the singer reflected, 'yet for each of us the hour is set, and we do not know when it strikes.' Then seeing tears in the girl's eyes, she hastened to add, 'There, make yourself tidy for lunch, Evchen. We are late.'

But when, a moment later, she returned to her daughter's room through the open communicating door, she found Eva, her toilette preparations hurried through, bent over the *Die Walküre* score she had laid down the moment before. As she stood there, her presence unnoticed by the absorbed girl, there was a curious expression on her face. To decipher its meaning was like reading a score of complexly interwoven themes, — a strain, one would have said, of some hurting remembrance, love of her child, the less unselfish passion of her art, a premonition perhaps of both wrested from her: Eva torn from her complete allegiance by the lure of art, her own career passing from her as Eva took up her own life. All this and something more bitter from the past that, suddenly overcoming her, wrung a cry from her: 'Eva!'

Eva was at her side in a moment. 'Mother darling, what is it?'

Ilma kissed her daughter, her nor-

mal calm quickly reasserting itself. 'Nothing, dear child.'

Eva hesitated, unconvinced. 'Is it that you don't like me to think of the opera?'

'It is that I don't like you to grow up. I can't bear to lose my baby.'

Eva spoke with her face against her mother's arm. 'But I have not been a baby for a long time, mother. When you were my age you were both opera-singer and wife.'

'I would save you from my mistakes.'

'But you do not feel your life a mistake, mother, surely, when you are the greatest Brünhilde in the world.'

Ilma put the girl gently from her. 'It is life that is the real thing, dear, not opera. I prefer that you have a happy life in your home.'

As if half frightened at her own temerity, Eva persisted: 'But, mother darling, you did not do that.'

The very answer Jansen had made her a few moments before.

Ilma's eyes seemed to look back and forward a long distance. 'Dear Eva, I want you to have what I have missed. It was not ambition or love of the life that kept me in it.'

Strange that she should be saying it again to-day after her long silence. It was characteristic of their relation that Eva did not question beyond the confidence her mother chose to give. But for the first time she pressed her little argument further.

'You say that I have not a great voice, that I cannot go so far as you have gone. But that will not make me unhappy. I would not be so great as you are if I could.'

Ilma smiled a little sadly into the girl's eager face, drawing her hand tightly down over it. 'It would be different, little girl, when you were once there behind the footlights. You would care then.'

Eva was silent a moment, then she

looked up quickly. 'Are you quite sure, mother dear, that you will never marry again?'

Ilma smiled, moving toward the door. 'Quite. What has put that in your head?'

'The other day I heard Bella speak to Frieda, the wig-maker's maid, of some man who is in love with you. She said you were so proud you would n't look at him; and Frieda said — it made me so angry — that some day yet some man would come along who would take down your pride.'

Ilma smiled. 'One man has already done that. Do not be afraid. Until you find the man that you love better than you love your mother, you will have her, as always, to yourself.'

'That day,' declared Eva passionately, 'will never come.'

The look Ilma turned upon her daughter expressed an encompassing tenderness that was both wide and deep. 'That day, I hope, will come in its time, my Evchen.'

III

Eva had for several years been permitted to go with her mother to the opera-house, although until the last two years only for the matinées, Ilma having discovered that the child's absorption in the performance protected her against any harm from the presence of rough stage-hands or light-minded artists. Upon the occasion of this *Die Walküre* performance, however, the character of the cast was as conventional as that of the most decorous of afternoon teas, from Wotan down to the least of the Valkyrs. That ungodlike god was impersonated by a middle-aged German gentleman, chaperoned by an anxious, gray-haired wife who served as his valet, and hovered in the wings during his performance. Hunding was a young Australian giant who had served his apprenticeship in a

German opera-house, and had reached New York by way of Covent Garden. The Fricka was Edith Danforth, a young American woman of conventional antecedents, with a piquant prettiness and light-hearted amiability that made her a general favorite. Jansen as Siegmund, and Hilda Bergmann as Sieglinde, completed the cast.

It was but half an hour before the performance when Ilma and Eva arrived at the opera-house, Brünnhilde's presence not being required until the second act. As they entered the corridor resounding to the familiar sounds of scales and motives, Fricka's maid came hurriedly toward them, a wig of virulent red flowing from one hand, a bottle of smelling salts in the other. Ilma detained her to inquire, —

'Madame Danforth is not ill?'

'No, it is only the little Fräulein Schmidt,' the maid explained. 'She has fainted.'

'Schmidt?' Ilma repeated vaguely.

Eva volunteered, 'She sings one of the Walküren.'

Then, with expressions of sympathy for the indisposed Valkyr, they passed into the dressing-room, giving no further thought to the matter.

But Fräulein Schmidt — like many other obscurities — proved to be more important in her illness than in her health. As Hilda Bergmann in the third stage of her make-up, having covered grease-paint with powder, was adding the accents of art to her candid blue eyes, a knock came at her door, and Bella, the general maid of the women's dressing-rooms, a facile, amiable, untidy person, thrust an indifferently-coiffed head in at the door.

'Have you any cognac, madame? Fräulein Schmidt is sick.'

Hilda turned around in shocked compassion; one eye ringed with cobalt in a preparatory stage produced a startling effect; the other, beautifully finished,

showed a neat arrangement of painted eyelashes like those of a wax doll on the lower lid.

'Poor litt'l thing. I am awfle sorry. I have nothing, only Apollinaris.'

Bella disappeared. Hilda finished the remaining eye by superimposing black upon the cobalt, and adding a touch of rouge at the corners. Then she rang for Bella to assist her into Sieglinde's traditional garments of white cloth and fur. The sound of a Valkyr testing her powers caused her to frown.

'How she sings all tight in her throat! It is terrible.'

'I guess Fräulein Schmidt don't sing at all to-night,' Bella observed, not without some relish in the excitement. 'They're 'phoning all over town to get some one.'

She fastened the last hook deftly, then stood off, regarding her handiwork.

Hilda did not exhibit any emotion over this familiar operatic contingency. A Fräulein Schmidt was easily supplied, in her estimation. She scrutinized herself intently in the glass, observing, 'I am perhaps a litt'l too pink.'

'I think you look fine,' Bella reassured her.

Then, dismissing the maid with a smile, Hilda opened the score of the opera and devoted the remaining minutes to a fragmentary rehearsal.

"Nicht sehre dich Sorge um mich
Einzig taugt mir der Tod" —

As she sang she walked slowly across the room with the solemn step of tragedy, one hand extended to mark the phrasing, an emotional reflection of the music etherealizing her face. Perceiving however, as she walked, her discarded civilian shoes in the middle of the floor, she bent, still singing, to pick them up, and walking on, disposed them neatly against the wall without losing the expression of either face or voice.

Then a rap came at her door and the

call-boy's voice, 'Ten minutes'; and gathering up her skirts, Sieglinde passed out into the corridor, threaded her way across the familiar darkness of the region back of the stage, automatically avoiding electric-light wires, out on to the scene of the first act. Hunding, with folded arms, paced the narrow confines of his hut. Sieglinde greeted him cordially, and after casting an eye on the packed house through a hole in the curtain, turned to chat with Jansen, who strolled up, more picturesque than grotesque in his primitive garments, the outline of his fur girdle perpendicular instead of showing the familiar outward slant of the Teutonic tenor.

No one remembered Fräulein Schmidt lying white and helpless in the dressing-room she shared with two of her divine sisters. Then a concentrated, harassed-looking man walked up and down, calling, 'Clear stage,' and Siegmund retired to the back entrance, Sieglinde to the left, and Hunding betook himself to an open space behind the wings occupied by stage-hands, electric-light apparatus, and unused pieces of scenery. Here he walked uneasily up and down, giving himself over to a *sotto voce* rehearsal. Then sounds of the storm began in the orchestra, raging to fury, gradually dying down as the curtain went up. Siegmund, with a last smile for a pretty young Valkyr lingering in his wake, staggered in through the doorway of the hut; and Sieglinde, preparatory to her entrance, mounted the short flight of steps that composed the interior of Hunding's sleeping apartment.

Hunding continued to stride up and down, oblivious of the stage-hands exchanging their uncouth jests as freely as if they lounged upon a street corner. A few pale Hebrew attendants stood in the wings watching the performance, occasionally singing with the singer. When a motive connected with his

future utterances occurred in the music, Hunding sang, strengthening his hold on the key. After a moment he heaved a deep sigh, and seated himself on a soft rock provided for the convenience of Siegmund in the next act.

Bella, passing with a trailing scalp of valkyr hair pendant from each hand, paused to remark, 'Mr. Marsh is half crazy. They have n't found a substitute for Fräulein Schmidt.'

'Oh, they'll find one.'

Hunding was unstirred by the impending tragedy; beads of perspiration stood out on his grease-paint. Mythological beards and furs were heating, and he was nervous, a condition against which his British pride revolted. But later in the act, when he had made his appearance and exit, and having harshly ordered Sieglinde from the room had rejoined her upon terms of cordial equality in the wings, they were greeted by Mr. Marsh with a face haggard and furrowed with apprehension. The opera singers almost invariably associated Mr. Marsh's face with this expression. He was a sort of stormy petrel who seldom appeared in fair weather, but rose into prominence in the event of a sudden change of opera, indispositions, and the like.

'Here's a fine mess. Little Schmidt can't sing. We've dredged the town for a substitute. Whiteley's on the wire now, after a last forlorn hope in Harlem.'

'Surely many girls of chorus know these parts,' Hilda exclaimed.

'Yes, but most of them are in Philadelphia.'

Sieglinde, being by nature social and sympathetic, and fond of giving advice, would have been glad to continue the conversation, but Siegmund's voice rising in the final measures of *Wälse* warned her of her entrance. Hunding, still indifferent, repaired to his dressing-room to cool off. Brünhilde, in full

armor but without her shield and spear, followed by Eva in her simple school-girl dress, slipped into their place in the wings to watch.

'A fine voice. Some day she will sing Brünhilde,' she observed, as Sieglinde concluded the narrative of the sword.

'But never as you sing it,' was Eva's jealous response.

Ilma, turning to smile at her, found herself confronted by the despairing features of Mr. Marsh.

'Well, we are up against it all right, all right!' was his opening remark.

'How is that?' inquired Brünhilde, sufficiently inured to American slang to comprehend.

'No substitute for Schmidt. It's preposterous, incredible. I suppose every other soprano in the German chorus knows her part. I tell you this giving opera all over the U. S. at once is n't all it's cracked up to be.'

'What shall you do?' Ilma wondered.

Mr. Marsh made a gesture seeming to indicate that he threw up his hands. Ilma, beginning to realize the imminence of operatic catastrophe, looked serious. She felt a timid touch on her arm, and looked around to see Eva looking at her with transfigured face.

'I can sing it, mother.'

She spoke in German and almost in a whisper, but the quick ears of Mr. Marsh had heard.

'What's that?' He shot the question out fiercely.

'I can sing it,' Eva repeated in English. 'I know all the parts of the chorus. Siegrune is *mezzo*, but it is not too low for my voice.'

'Eva!' cried Ilma faintly.

'How about that?' Mr. Marsh's eyes sent out a steely spark.

'It is impossible. No —' Ilma whispered.

'She can't do it then?' Mr. Marsh snapped out tensely.

'I do not wish it.' Ilma spoke with difficulty.

'But can she do it?'

'She knows the music. Who can say what a young girl would do out there for the first time. Besides — I do not wish it.'

Mr. Marsh was silent. Even the irreverent expeditiousness of the business office dared not press Ilma Samara.

Eva repeated breathlessly, 'I can do it, mother. Please let me.'

Ilma caught at the framework of Hunding's home, her breath came unevenly. She could forbid Eva — and that would end it. She knew that. Yet somehow the words would not come, her prohibitive force seemed paralyzed. She felt the thing slipping out of her hands. She heard Eva's voice again, 'Mother darling, I won't do it if you don't want me to. But please let me.'

'The Lord knows what's to become of us if she does n't,' muttered Mr. Marsh.

Still Ilma could not speak. An electric-light hand stumbled past, brushing them roughly without apology. The stage-manager's voice, raging expletives, followed him. She heard Mr. Marsh wretchedly turning over the problem. 'One of them might double up, but they're sure to make a mess of it. They're all green except Danforth and Wandhoff.'

'And there would still be the part missing in the *ensemble*,' Ilma responded mechanically.

The crashing climax of irresistible love came in the orchestra. Siegmund and Sieglinde ran past them, then walked around to a side wing from which they would emerge to go before the curtain. Stage-hands began running past in every direction, as distracted apparently as if scene-shifting were a totally new experience. Ilma found herself closely studying Hilda Bergmann's smile as she acknowledged her share of

the applause. How silly they looked there, bowing like marionettes! She studied intently a misplaced strap protruding from Hunding's black fur shoulder. A long time seemed to have passed when she turned to face Eva's eager eyes, and the anxious frown on Mr. Marsh's official countenance. She looked a moment into the girl's face.

'As you wish,' she said at last. Then she knew that she had expected Eva to reply, 'Not if you don't wish it, mother dear.' But instead Eva sprang lightly off like an arrow released from a bow in the direction of the Valkyrs' dressing-room.

'Thank God!' exclaimed Mr. Marsh, mopping his brow. 'I hope she gets through all right!'

Mechanically dodging the pieces of scenery being swiftly and violently dismantled, Ilma walked slowly back to her dressing-room. For the first time since Eva had come to the theatre she was not there waiting for her.

IV

When the call-boy's knock came at her door Ilma, recalling suddenly that there was some variation in the new setting for this act, went out on the stage at once to make sure of her acquaintance with the pathway down the canvas rocks. As she stood tentatively upon her peak, testing a board that seemed to be loose, Jansen joined her.

'*Schöne Aussicht*,' he observed in the popular phrase of the German tourist.

Ilma smiled. 'The same perhaps as from the window of that last room of which you spoke.'

Jansen glanced at her quickly. 'So soon, beautiful Ilma,' he thought. 'I am afraid it is always lonely upon the heights,' he replied, looking away from her.

She changed the subject abruptly.

'Evchen makes her *début* to-night as a Valkyr sister. Did you know that?'

He gave her a quick look. 'How is that?' Then he spoke again quickly to save her answering. 'She will come through all right. She is too young to be nervous. Do not think of it.'

'I must not,' she said with an effort; and the betraying expression of her brows sent a pang through him.

Then the stage was cleared and Jansen left her upon her peak, still, shining, wonderful, potent to create illusion even to his accustomed professional eyes.

Her first Valkyr cry was a glorious outburst, a veritable voice from the clouds, a sound of nature. But at the last prolonged 'Hi ya ha,' Siegmund bit his lip, and the brows of a musical stage-hand contracted. Ilma's voice had slipped and wavered on the last tone. Few in the audience realized it, but the singers behind the scenes noticed and commented.

'She worries for Evchen,' Sieglinde observed sympathetically to Fricka, whose unwelcome visit was even then announced by Brünhilde. Swiftly arranging her vivacious features into the semblance of righteous wrath, Fricka moved solemnly upon the scene. Jansen, standing in the opposite wing, thought of Ilma while Fricka exhorted, and the weak-minded god evaded in human fashion. He wondered if this business about Eva was going to upset Ilma's performance. Then he became conscious that Fricka was advancing with a stern and forbidding countenance toward the spot in which he stood, one hand clenched against her breast. The moment however that the canvas rocks hid her from the sight of the audience she extended the hand to him, her features transformed by a radiant smile of welcome. It was the first time they had met since Jansen's arrival in America.

They stood chatting of their meeting in Bayreuth the summer before, until Jansen was obliged to leave for his entrance. She turned, conscious of Brünhilde's arrival at her side.

'He will make a fine Siegfried. You must be glad you are to sing with him in the cycle.'

'It is certainly agreeable in the love scenes to have a tenor whose head is not below your shoulder,' Ilma answered with a smile.

Fricka laughed. 'Why are tenors short? It is an unanswered conundrum.'

Then she remembered that Ilma Samara did not like to talk between her scenes, and did not speak again.

When Brünhilde, moving slowly from the mouth of the cave, stood, the vision of death, before the ill-fated Vol-sung, the awe infused into Siegmund's question, 'Who art thou?' was as an unconscious response. There was something about Ilma — he thought about it with a divided consciousness partly centred upon the formation of his forthcoming tones. She was somehow set apart from other women. It must be that she dwelt upon lonely heights. He had always felt it.

'Only those doomed to death can look upon me.' It was the voice of a being from another world, possessed of more than human vision.

The dialogue went on. 'Shall Siegmund possess Sieglinde there?' he sang; and then, with something indescribable in her voice of solemnity, finality, tenderness, Brünhilde pronounced the doom of the lovers: 'Sieglinde sieht Siegmund dort nicht.'

When, at the end of the act, the enthusiasm of the audience having been appeased by repeated appearances of the singers, they were passing through the region of dismantled scenery to their respective dressing-rooms, Ilma discovered Eva standing among the Valkyr sisters, — an unfamiliar Eva, taller,

older, in the shining armor and trailing blue mantle of Fräulein Schmidt.

'It fits me exactly, only I am a little taller. But I like the skirt short so. Mother dear, how do I look?'

Ilma with a smile considered her daughter transformed into a Valkyr sister. 'As if you had sung it a whole season. Go now and look over the score with Frau Wandhoff. She enters with you and will show you what to do out there. Go as soon as the scene is set.'

'Oh, mother dear, I know that scene by heart. I just can't make a mistake.'

Ilma smiled again. 'Rehearse it, nevertheless.' Then she passed on to her dressing-room, and seating herself before her dressing-table, tried to concentrate her thoughts upon the forthcoming scene. Her voice must not fail her again as it had in the last act. The remembrance brought upon her the momentary panic of the artist, and with her will she summoned to her help a force associated with that secondary part of herself that belonged in the opera-house.

Then the moment arrived for the Walküren to assemble upon the rocks, and for one moment, in the midst of the hurrying, jostling throng, she and Eva looked into each other's eyes. Ilma spoke calmly, —

'Think only of the music. Listen, and think how you form your tones. Do not force them.'

'Yes, mother,' Eva whispered. Then, in the fashion of her German childhood, she bent and kissed her mother's hand. That familiar act, seeming as it did to the mother at that moment the last remnant of Eva's childhood, almost unnerved her, and turning quickly away she slipped into an empty chair in the wings. Eva passed on to the place from which she sang her first phrase from without. An assistant

prompter stood before her with the score, to start her. Absorbed, tremulous with anticipation rather than apprehension, for the first time in her life Eva had forgotten her mother. Once Ilma stole a glance at her. The make-up changed her. It seemed a strange Eva, but unafraid — as she was of life itself waiting to hurt her. The mother's heart reached out in a passionate futile instinct of protection. Then her subconsciousness following each step of the music made her pulses beat. Eva's moment had come.

'*Arbeit's sind gab*' — Her voice rang out in the swift phrase clear and true. The cries of the Walküren echoed back and forth, the music ascended, then descended, with shivering cymbals picturing their furious ride on the winds.

Ilma, waiting where she must enter with Sieglinde, was joined now by that ill-fated daughter of the gods, who observed cheerfully, 'She sings like *echte artiste*. Now you must be no longer nervous.'

Ilma contrived a smile. It was time for Eva to appear within sight of the audience. There was no telling how that might affect her — but she entered with two others, and Wandhoff was a seasoned warrior-maiden. Now, she had made her entrance — she was smiling. It was well that she did not have to sing her first phrase before the footlights alone — There, it was over. She was conscious of Hilda Bergmann's kind voice again, 'That was beautiful. Have no fear for her any more.'

Now they all united in the cry. Eva was standing high upon a peak, — radiant, triumphant, the Brünhilde of the future in her own eyes no doubt, and in the eyes of many who saw her. Already Ilma fancied the accustomed watchers behind the scenes prophesying, 'No doubt she will take her mother's place.' The child would be filled with false hopes; that meant just so

much hurt coming to her. It was time for her own entrance. Eva's voice anticipated her approach. The sisters flew back and forth, all the winds of heaven swirled in the strings and wood wind, the *tempo* grew swifter, the horns louder, rising to the climax of Brünhilde's flight from the wrath of Wotan. Ilma put out her arm, Hilda Bergmann relaxed upon it, and they rushed on with the haste of the pursued.

'Shield me and help me in direst need.' Ilma's voice had the character of a broken, despairing cry. Then as she began Brünhilde's impassioned plea to her sisters, something indescribable happened to Ilma Samara. It was as if all that she had gone through in this last hour, all the heart-break of her past, went into her expression of the music from that moment on to the end. Through it, in a curious dual way, she was conscious of Eva's presence. It touched her as if with some cruel significance when, after she had pleaded with Siegrune, Eva, turning aside in denial, sang, 'Must we also be dragged to thy doom?' She had but one more fragment to sing, except in the *ensemble*, 'To the east lies a wood.' There it was, safely, successfully over. No mortification for Eva, no young heart-break.

The Valkyrs were driven wailing from the scene, and Brünhilde was left alone to face the wrath of Wotan.

As she half rose from her prostrate position before the angry god, she caught a glimpse of Eva in the wings receiving congratulations.

'Was it so shameful the thing I have done?' It was the bewildered question of the untouched immortal beginning to apprehend human suffering. No one surely had ever so poignantly defined emotion in music as Ilma Samara. Then with the anguished cry of a great soul facing ignominy, she implored the cruel god not to inflict this degrading pen-

alty upon her. 'Kill thy child, but do not make her pay this price — Let no weakling win me — Encircle my mountain with flames so that none but a hero shall find me.'

It was over, the flames of the gods were extinct, and Brünhilde was roused from her couch to acknowledge the applause which fairly shook the house as the audience transposed their deeper emotions into the conventional form of appreciation. But she scarcely smiled as she acknowledged the ovation.

'She has felt it so much,' a sentimental feminine applauder in the front row remarked.

But when Brünhilde joined her daughter in the wings she smiled.

'So, little Valkyr, it has begun for you.'

For the first time she missed — no one could guess how she missed — the girl's worshiping homage, for the first words Eva said were, 'Oh, mother, how was it? Did I get through all right?'

'You made no mistake. I am proud of you,' Ilma answered.

Then Hilda Bergmann, in an enveloping cloak not of mythological cut, Jansen in civilian's clothes, and Wotan still in armor, stopped to add congratulations. 'She is her mother's daughter,' said Hilda; and Wotan, a wit in private life, added, 'Look out, Evchen, that you do not remain *Einspringerin*.'

'Meantime we must not make her vain,' said Ilma; and putting a hand on the girl's arm she urged her gently in the direction of the dressing-room, with a parting smile for her colleagues. But Jansen followed her, detaining her at the door after Eva had passed in.

'You were right. The girl's voice will never be great.'

'You had doubted me? But I forgive you, old friend. In our egoism I think that we artists often deceive ourselves. Yet in this case I believe I have not been selfish.'

Again the sense of mystery and awe that she could inspire came over him as he looked at her. He bent and kissed her hand.

'Beautiful Ilma. It is much only to have known you,' he said.

That night she lay long awake trying to foresee the future of a young girl in silver armor standing above her with radiant eyes and upraised shield. Well — if the life must hold disappointment for Eva, if she must be less than she dreamed in this restless, striving, struggling world of opera, the thing must take its course now. It was out of her hands. There was no real reason for this sense of isolation, desolation, that seemed to engulf her. She had lost her little girl — that had to come; she had not lost her love.

The next morning's papers were full of rhapsodies upon Ilma's performance. One critic wrote that she was epic, and well stood for the symbolism of the earth's mythology. She seemed, he said, more than woman, a being whose domain was some kingdom vaster than the earth.

Reading on in a paper of another cast, Ilma came upon a paragraph beginning, 'An interesting feature of this most memorable performance was the unexpected début of the singer's young daughter.' Then came rather an amusing account of the difficulties resulting from the indisposition of Fräulein Schmidt, followed by speculation and prophecy concerning Eva's operatic future.

The spear of Wotan struck from his hand by the young Siegfried — that

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prophetic simile had not occurred to the facile reviewer, but it came again to the singer. The public with its eager anticipatory eye fixed upon the future. But no! the spear of Brünhilde was still firmly grasped in her own hand. If her art was to be all that was left to her for her own — it was hers still. She had gone over all this before. But then she had had her child, her own as only a young child can be. Jansen was right. She had never before traveled so far as this room. And the window — was it a window that looked out upon a far horizon, or only a mirror which gave back her own face?

But there was still her art. She rose unconsciously, a light kindling in her eyes. Then suddenly the whole human hurt of it, past and present, smote her down, and the two figures, husband and child, seemed merged into one, and she saw Eva looking at her with her father's hard eyes. With an uncontrollable cry she pressed her hands against her face to shut out the sight. Then she started up quickly, for she heard the girl's step.

'Mother dear, have you seen the papers?'

'Yes, little Siegrune, I have just been reading them.'

Eva came over for her morning kiss. No, they were not her father's eyes. They had the same love in them. The same — yet the mother, studying her child intensely, recognized a difference. They held something else now besides that worshiping love; a light, a look, fixed on something beyond.

Eva had begun to live her own life.

THE FLAG ON FORTRESS MONROE

TO THE FOUR WINDS

1864

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

THE stars of destiny are mine,
The Belle Dame Sans Merci,
What news, what news, my vassal winds
Bring ye by land and sea?

What ho! thou lusty Admiral
From East across the deep,
How fare my wave-borne lovers
Who swore their tryst to keep?

'I heard their cannon thunder
Along the English shore.
The pirate foe of peaceful ships
Shall haunt the sea no more.'

Fresh from my eagle's eyrie
Come, gallant west wind, come;
Hast heard the tramp of armies,
The war roll of the drum?

'Lo! Mistress sweet and fatal
Beloved of daring souls
From lake to gulf unfettered
Thy lordly river rolls.

'And thine the death-bought summit
Where brothers met and bled;
Oh! Lady of the fateful stars
Weep! Weep! thy lovers dead.'

Ho! loitering southern breezes
What news for me to-day?
Still rings the clash of battle
Between the blue and gray?

'Belle Dame, ah, Belle, Sans Merci,
Death Mistress, proud and gay,
We lingered o'er the leaguer
For those you loved to pray.'

Ho, herald of the Northland,
Of granite and of pine,
What news from waiting homesteads
To greet these stars of mine?

'I heard a moan of sorrow
Along the rock-mailed shore,
The sob of maid and mother
For those who come no more.'

Tears, for the brave who loved me,
Tears, tears for those who died
That o'er a land unbroken
Should float my bannered pride.

Ye comrade stars of heaven,
Look down on those I led
To rest 'neath southern roses,
My knighthood of the dead.

NELSON P——

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I HAVE a waste-basket of green leather adorned with writhing green poppies in repoussé. It is columnar in form, like a drain-pipe, and so admirably constructed that it has survived the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune without perceptible detriment, except a slight sagging in the basal angle. A dissertation on waste-baskets in general, their forms, economy, symbolism, would be stimulating; it would be interesting to speculate upon the quantity of literature of the first rank, but now lost to a bereaved public, which time out of mind has been fed to these voracious craws, only in turn to be cast forth periodically into the oblivion of the rubbish barrel. But such moralizings would lead us too far afield. My basket, too, has been well fed, yet out of it, as from the Arabian bottle, rise no accusatory shades, but only the chubby semblance of one who on a summer afternoon, years ago, diffidently presented it to me as a unique token of his regard.

His name was Nelson P——. I have not asked his permission thus to make him and his waste-basket known to the world. He may never know. If he does he will forgive.

One morning I found myself—a badgered teacher in boarding-school—seated at the head of a long table at which were also eleven boys. P—— sat facing me at the other end. I saw only his round face and square shoulders above the board, but something in the smile with which he regarded me seemed to indicate that he recognized a victim.

He was twelve, and I was twenty-four; I had seen much of boys, and he had seen much of teachers; neither of us was likely to be misled concerning the other. I knew from the first that P—— worshiped the Goddess of Mischief. What he thought of me I shall not venture to imagine.

He began by disappearing under the table. A strange upheaval of the middle leaf proclaimed his whereabouts. In time he was kicked out by the other boys, and bobbed up in his place still smiling blandly. He then proceeded to drink a glass of water without using his hands. This is a feat requiring skill and he was not very skillful. He ended by upsetting the tumbler on the tablecloth. I remonstrated, and his smile became broader.

By this time the Headmaster was looking our way as P—— had intended he should, and so P—— was naturally gratified. He watched his time, stole a baked apple from one of his mates, and nearly strangled himself trying to swallow it before he was detected. When at last he began a performance in legerdemain with his pancakes, I sent him from the room. His exit was not characterized by an appearance of profound humiliation.

At the next meal, I gently detained him as he was passing to his place and seated him beside me. He was impressed. The repast was marked by a preternatural calm. I recall only two incidents in which he figured.

Thinking to win his confidence by a show of friendship, I asked him if he

was named after the famous English admiral.

He regarded me with pity. 'No,' said he, 'I was named after Battling Nelson.' Having fired this shot, he continued his meal with a chastened air until near the end, when he looked up at me and said sadly, 'Say, Mr. So-and-so, I feel as if somebody'd just died.'

Having myself felt more than once the depression of spirit which is the fruit of extreme virtue, I laughed sympathetically, and immediately we were friends.

That evening I paid him what may be termed my dinner-call. I found him sitting in his pyjamas on the foot of his bed, half buried in pillows, studying the geography of Farther India. Facing him at the head of the little iron cot sat his room-mate, Smitty. Smitty soon proved to be a character. He had a moon face, in the middle of which was a little globular nose, flanked by two round, grave, gray eyes. Smitty seldom smiled and then, —

in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.

He spoke with a crisp cold intonation, and aired carefully-weighed opinions in supernaturally perfect English with the manner of a sexagenarian. Such words as he used, and such maxims proceeding thus out of the mouth of a babe, filled me with endless pleasure and surprise. In Smitty's presence the young animal, P ——, reminded one of a bull puppy listening wide-eyed to the preachings of a twelve-year-old Saint Francis.

For Smitty's knowledge was no more remarkable than P ——'s ignorance. It is a common delusion of teachers that a well-informed boy deserves more credit than one who is wholly uninformed. The absorption of bookish knowledge is as natural to some boys as the ab-

sorption of apples or jam, while to others it is as unnatural as the absorption of eupatorium or senna tea. P —— belonged to the latter class. Gifted with a serviceable enough head-piece, he had sedulously avoided burdening it with erudition derived from antiquity, preferring the pragmatic wisdom of how 'to chase the rolling circle's speed and urge the flying ball.' If generals have achieved fame by avoiding battle, surely he deserved some congratulation for having retained immunity from inoculation with the virus of knowledge so obstreperously urged upon him throughout his life at home and in school. If, to quote Bacon, there is a superstition in avoiding superstition, may not considerable knowledge be demanded to avoid acquiring knowledge? P ——'s skill in the art of remaining ignorant certainly seemed to indicate a spark of genius.

Of course, Smitty was a phenomenon of endless perplexity to him as he was to Smitty. Yet, compelled by an inscrutable providence to room together, they made shift to get along. For even Smitty could unbend. When they were not studying or exercising or drilling, they put their heads together to enliven the monotony of the hall; and here Smitty's brain and P ——'s hand proved to be a formidable combination. They counted that day unprofitable which saw no new disturbance. The pursuit of mischief is as great a leveler as common peril, and there is no telling where their antics might have ended had not a new influence come into P ——'s life.

But I am anticipating. When I left them that evening, we were on the best of terms, and from that time for some reason P —— haunted me; I became his oracle.

Not long after this I was reading in my room when a diffident knock announced him. Outside in the hall he

stood, transfigured in a brand-new uniform of gray-blue, the embroidered bugle of the field-music on his arm, the tubular insignia of manhood, creased to a razor-edge, on his legs. He was proud, but carried his honors with becoming modesty. I saw that his heart yearned for approbation, and gravely complimented him on his rank, his bearing, his trousers, until the conscious red mounted to the roots of his tow hair. He sat painfully on the edge of a chair while I instructed him in the art of preservation of long trousers: how to pull them up to keep them from bagging, how to press them under the mattress at night, how to fold and hang them when they were not in use. He listened gratefully and, as the sequel showed, registered my remarks indelibly on the tablets of his brain.

It may be that this occult lore gave him a long-awaited advantage over Smitty, for from this time their positions were to an extent reversed. No longer did P—— sit in rapt astonishment while Smitty discoursed. The latter still talked in his grave and reverent fashion, but no longer to votive ears. He became the under dog. Of what value was his knowledge of pyramids and Parthenon, of King Arthur and Hereward the Wake, of anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, when his roommate, who had suddenly developed into a soldier with an ambitious eye on the position of first bugler, not only could talk learnedly of tactics and strategy and whistle every call in the manual of field-music, but moreover could criticize Dress and expound the recondite kabala of Clothes.

I continued to be the humble instrument in this transformation of P——. Many a long evening hesat in my room, like Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, while I ransacked my fund of precarious knowledge for new facts which should

help him retain his ascendancy over his disgruntled room-mate. Smitty affected to scoff, but the worm of envy gnawed his vitals. I soon found that being an oracle had its disadvantages, for while an oracle may at times be obscure, it must never hesitate. What I did not know — shall I confess it? — I made up, and verified at leisure. When, at the close of the year, P—— received the prize awarded to the best soldier in the junior ranks, my breast swelled with pride almost as much as his.

That evening P—— entered my room carrying a cylindrical package. From his manner of carrying it, one might have thought it a keg of dynamite or a crate of custard pies. Silently he edged through the doorway, eyeing me furtively, a wan smile playing about his lips, his brow puckered with preoccupation. I waited curiously, sure that important developments were in the wind.

P—— shifted from one foot to the other, the fingers of his free hand picking at the braid stripe of his trouser-leg. He was painfully embarrassed. Assuming my most ingratiating expression, I glanced hopefully at the package as containing the crux of the situation. He finally deposited his burden on the bed with a sigh of relief and turned to go. I caught a glimpse of Smitty outside in the hall, hovering and peeping. For a moment P—— paused. He was evidently conning a speech.

‘I thought maybe you’d like —’ he began at last, but was cut short by a shrill cry from without.

‘Teacher’s pet! Teacher’s pet!’ came Smitty’s voice, rising exultant on the wings of jealousy.

For an instant P—— wavered as if to proceed. But it was too much. There was a noise of scampering feet in the hall, and, without a word, he darted from the room and disappeared hotly in pursuit.

As the reader has surmised, the package contained the waste-basket. I have often wondered what train of thought led P—— to hit upon just this gift. The mere absence of a waste-basket from a boarding-school room would scarcely be noticed by a boy who found the window the handiest chute for apple-cores and banana-skins. Moreover, to him for whom most knowledge was feigning, all study mere folly, the need of a receptacle for superannuated notes and cast-off manuscripts could hardly have occurred. I suspect that a laborious correspondence with his mother flowered in the repoussé green poppies. The hours of mouth-twisting and other facial contortion this cost him made me doubly grateful. I should like to own the letters. I more than once had to revise his epistles, and can bear witness that never did the King's English endure worse maltreatment than at his hands. It may be that Mother was a sly humorist and, knowing her son's literary originality, thought to supply me with the most appropriate repository for his compositions.

Is it dangerous to confess, at any rate, that P——'s waste-basket came

soon to rank as a true labor-saving device to which were fed occasional themes, the correction of which had been deferred until their authors had forgotten their existence, and then, of course, deferred for all time? It has, in consequence, grown to be for me the symbol of the English teacher's profession as the wicker waste-basket is of the editor's. The especial advantage of the leather contrivance is that it is water-tight and so is proof against the absent-mindedness of the professor who inadvertently empties his wash-basin into it.

P——, like an old comet, has swum out of my ken. I saw Smitty not long ago at a more than usually lugubrious performance of *Hedda Gabler*, which he pronounced in true old fashion to be 'highly creditable and most interesting.'

The green leather waste-basket, as I have said, begins to show signs of age. Upon closer examination I find that its skin is furrowed by a wrinkle or two. Yet I never look at it without a smile of reminiscence as P——'s bullet head and Smitty's moon-face,

flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OCTAVIA FRANKLINIA BENNET

I CAN as easily imagine the Indian River valley and the granite shoulders of Stony Mountain rolled out into level prairie land as think of the Bennet homestead without great-aunt Octavia's dominating personality. For she has in her something of the eternal, immemorial quality of river and mountain. Her massive body making nothing of the weight of seventy-seven years, her unwinking black eyes, tight shut lips, masterful nose and chin, all testify to her descent from the old stock, who were Puritans, not through enervation but through discipline; and from the same inflexible source she has drawn the somewhat austere mentality, which is the key-note of her character.

When I climb two miles straight up from the village and knock at the low unpainted door, she greets me without effusion — not to say grimly. I know she must be glad to see me, for life on the hillside has few breaks and the bond of kinship is an article of her faith; but she does not tell me so. She continues pottering about the kitchen leaning on her cane, oblivious of my existence until I venture an opinion. Then, whatever it may be, she contradicts it and the battle begins. Debate is her grand passion. I have never seen her matched in whole-hearted fervor of argument. There is nothing cold or fine-spun about her logic; it shakes with energy, like an express locomotive. She plunges into the subject, rolls up a mountain of citations, and buries the enemy in his own trenches. She is a match for every style: she can parry

and riposte or, if her opponent is too thick-skinned for her rapier, she can fillip him with a three-man-beetle. She says what she thinks, without mincing, in downright Saxon: she calls a spade a 'spud.' Her talk is like one of Hazlitt's essays, — all fire and gusto. Often I have seen her on the wrong side of a question, but I have never seen her beaten.

After she has silenced opposition she falls into a monologue which, no matter how it begins, swings eventually round to the degeneracy of modern society. Great-aunt Octavia puts everything to the test of logic, — Reason, she calls it. Caprice she holds to be the cardinal sin: treason against an orderly universe. It is diverting to observe the ingenious sophistry with which she attempts to harmonize into one cosmic system all her favorite prejudices; it is less diverting to listen to her pronounce judgment on the failings of the community. She cannot forgive her neighbors their frail humanity: she asks them to perform rational acts as a machine turns out clothespins.

'I've been lookin' down on the chimneys in the village for nigh on eighty years,' she is wont to observe, 'and I hope I have a little Charity left, but what I've seen has sort o' used up my Faith and Hope. There's Jed Baldwin's wife now, she that was Lucy Hopkins. She's tryin' to bake bread with green popple! If I was his wife, he'd cut some wood!' Great-aunt Octavia's cane makes a minatory flourish toward the smoke-blackened beams; she scowls; pouts out her lips; and forgets to limp as she stamps around

the kitchen. Presently she breaks out again: 'Jed is that lazy an' slack! One of his grandfathers was a Meade: "what's bred in the bone!" — an' his mother's folks are from York State!'

There is nothing sour or envious in her critical survey of the Baldwin family tree: she has a conscientious desire to be thorough; 'Justice is her plea,' and she is certain that in the course of Justice none of her neighbors shall see salvation. Her psychological observations are very keen and shrewd, but there is a flavor of the hanging judge about them. I like it better when she changes the theme to her other great topic of interest, — the world of books. There she is in her element — in her glory! She is no scholar: she left the district school to cook for the harvest hands; but she has lived, observed, talked first and last with seven generations, and over twenty thousand lamp-lit evenings have familiarized her with more than the mile-stones of comparative criticism. She reads no language except her own, but that she knows. You cannot put her down by referring to Goethe or Aristotle, or any one who has been translated. Above all, she *cares* about literature. I remember quoting once in the course of conversation, 'There's nothing either good or bad, but custom makes it so.' Great-aunt Octavia was in bed with the lumbago, but the words were hardly out of my mouth when I heard her heavy step in the next room. A night-capped head was thrust violently through the curtains. 'Thinking, child, thinking!' she corrected, "'but *thinking* makes it so.'"

Wonderful great-aunt Octavia!

Many an evening have I sat toasting my feet by the stove while she scalded the milk-pans and talked to me of books, of the people who wrote them, of the people who criticized them, of the

people in them, swinging from Chaucer to Chesterton, from Bunyan to Burns. Her variety of interest is marvelous. She can discuss *Man and Superman* and keep her temper; she read, as they came out, pirated editions of the great Victorian novels; she remembers, still with a thrill, the year *Maud* was published; and the schoolmaster-uncle who formed her childish taste taught her to revere Dryden, Pope, Young, Beattie, and to deliver heroic couplets with proper intonation. In her heart of hearts I believe she still considers the *Essay on Man* the finest thing in literature. Passion and word-harmony may be all very well, but here is a poem with real meat in it.

Aspiring to be gods if angels *fell*,
Aspiring to be angels men *rebel*;
And who but wishes to invert the *laws*
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal *Cause*.

She mouths out the couplet rhymes as if they were clashing cymbals.

Indeed, she has a cult for the Eighteenth Century. When I was a bump-tious undergraduate I once depreciated its 'sterile classicism.' Great-aunt Octavia caught me up in a minute. It was bed-time when we joined issue; by midnight we were at it hot and heavy; at one o'clock we had shifted ground to the great question of the Gothic spirit versus the Hellenic. As the small hours passed I began to grow weary, but with each chime of the clock the bright black eyes of my opponent sparkled with fresher fire and her attack grew livelier, more compelling. I tried desperately to stick to my guns, but she beat me back from position after position. My order of battle lost shape. I was driven to the forlornest of hopes, to impossible Balaklavas; and at last, after I know not how many hours, I found myself claiming for Dickens the moderation of Addison, the polish of Shaftesbury. This was such palpable nonsense that I capitulated and apolo-

gized. Great-aunt Octavia passed a hand over her white hair, ruffled with the energy of the debate. 'Well,' she cried, 'I'm real glad to hear you willing to listen to sense. Now you come into the pantry and have a piece of pie; afterward we'll go over back of the barn and see the sun rise,' — and we did.

She led the way through the bars into the pasture and turned to watch the east, looking, with her shawl flung over her large powerful shoulders, like a Michael Angelo Sibyl, as old and as unconquerable as the boulder against which she leaned. It needed only a touch of fancy to see in her the embodiment of the old New England spirit, with its stubbornness and integrity; its stinginess and thrift; its pride and self-reliance; its lack of charity; its respect for law; its dour unsociability, its devotion to ideals. All at once the sun rising through the mists added a final note to the comparison as it struck full on her wrinkled face, — strong, hard, intellectual, with very little sweetness, but blazing with light.

THE AUTOMATIC HAT-RAISER

A CANDLE that flickered and went out during the past year was the effort of a citizen of Cincinnati to inaugurate a world-movement that should sweep away forever what he mercilessly designated as the 'hat-tipping evil.' 'The sudden exposure of one's valuable head to extreme weather conditions is dangerous' — therefore let it be abolished: let us, in fact, substitute a 'graceful raising of one's hand to his hat, with a nod.' Naturally the reformer got into the newspapers, and throughout the country grateful paragraphers, anxiously looking for material, figuratively took off their hats to him.

As a needed reform, however, the suggestion was not taken seriously.

The prophet was without honor even outside his own city. The lack of response indicates clearly that the average man raises his hat as a matter of confirmed habit, and thinks no more about it. Granted a certain amount of preliminary good breeding, in this case fortunately pretty widely diffused, and the approach of a feminine acquaintanceship simply touches a subconscious button, the hand and arm do the rest, and the man goes on his way hardly conscious that he has made any movement whatever. Even if he had been convinced by arguments and statistics that raising his hat would give him a cold in the head, the action would have accomplished itself automatically before the cautious mind could have prevented it.

The lifting of the hat has become spontaneous in proportion as it has lost the degree of significance that once attached to it; and now that it is associated with a single sense-impression, the approach of petticoats, its spontaneity is beyond the control of any individual reformer.

The situation might have been different in the days when men raised their hats to each other, symbolizing degrees of social position by the completeness with which they uncovered. Thought must necessarily have preceded salutation. A lampooning versifier could write of an unpopular group of fellow citizens: —

Oh! monstrous, superstitious Puritan,
Of refined ways, yet ceremonial man,
Who, when thou meet'st one, with inquiring eyes
Dost search; and, like a needy broker, prize
The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, dost raise the formal hat.

But this vile poet, rhyming 'rate' and 'hat,' must needs have had a model, and Puritans certainly had no monopoly of the not altogether uncommon human characteristic of snobbery. This very versifier numbered either a patron

or a publisher among his acquaintances. Class distinctions, in proportion as they were thus concretely recognized, must necessarily have affected the degrees of hat-raising, and the present status of the salutation as a purely sex compliment indicates the world-conquest of democratic principles. A ceremonial salutation dating back at least to the early Middle Age — for writers on the important subject of the hat find it difficult to pursue their quarry much further — is thus reduced to an instinctive motion that nothing short of the general adoption of male costume by women can be expected to eradicate.

It is the skirt, one may fairly argue, rather than the woman, that touches the subconscious button, and if a man saw a pair of trousers approaching he would not automatically uncover his head. The one hopeful line of action for the Cincinnati reformer, therefore, would be to work patiently and courageously for universal suffrage — with trousers. Universal suffrage without universal trousers would probably make no difference. The automatic action of the hat-raising instinct is superior to any personal opinion on the part of the hat-raiser.

The fixity of this instinct is, moreover, soundly evident in the similarity of the present salutation to that of more than a hundred years ago. Fortunately we have an exact means of comparison. *The Polite Academy, or School of Behaviour*, published in London in 1780, devotes a chapter to 'Of walking and saluting, passing by.' The directions are explicit.

'If you bow to any one passing by, do it in this manner: raise the right hand to your hat gracefully.

'Put your fore-finger as far as the crown, and your thumb under the brim, and then raise it from your head gracefully and easily.

'Look at the person you bow to, and hold your body gently forward.

'Hold your left arm straight down at your side, neither drawing it forward or backward.

'Move the right leg, if the person goes by on the right side, and keep the other firm.

'If the person goes by on the left side, move the left leg, and keep the right firm.

'Let your body be bowed moderately, not too much.'

These are excellent directions, as good now as they ever were, although not at present followed with the exactness that the *School of Behaviour* desired of its pupils. Everything, including the leg, moves more rapidly than it used to, and it is difficult to suit the right leg or the left quite so judiciously to the position of the person who is being saluted. It is, in fact, a little difficult to work these relations out with a paper and pencil. The soft hat — an admittedly informal article even in the hat advertisements — does not permit so nice an adjustment of thumb and fore-finger: indeed, young men representing the culture of our greatest universities tend to grasp it recklessly by the top, somewhat as a hurried Indian might grasp an enemy's scalp-lock, and snatch it from the head in a way that would shock any School of Behaviour beyond polite expression. But the elevation of the Derby and of the Tall Hat (the first comparatively modern, and the other a descendant of the headgear worn by Sir Walter Raleigh, who followed the new fashion set by his friend, the Earl of Essex, when that gentle favorite of the Queen trimmed the brim and raised the crown of his own previously flapping beaver) is still recognizably like the result aimed at by these eighteenth-century directions. And the reckless individuality with which the brim is handled still further

proves that the whole process has become automatic.

Whether or not this automatism is a desirable condition is another matter. It would perhaps be better, when a man lifts his hat to a woman, if he realized more fully what he is doing. And he would then realize, despite all arguments to the contrary, that the symbolism of the act is well worth the very slight risk of a cold in 'one's valuable head.'

CHRISTIAN NAMES

THE delightful paper on the 'Utterance of Names,' in the Contributors' Club for January, embarked our circle at once upon a discussion: does a name impress in itself, — take Edward, for instance, or Francis, — or does the suggestion of personality that it gives come only from association? Has it, or has it not, its own character?

'Association only!' says the leader of our Opposition. 'You read *Geoffrey Hamlyn* at thirteen, and Sam Buckley made all other Sams heroic and gallant for all time. Association only, a composite photograph of early impressions.'

Sam Buckley is a very dear fellow; but I do not agree in the least with Opposition's conclusion.

Take Richard, for instance: Richard is dignified, a little stately; a grave character; no hammocks or moonlight for Richard. No, from the moment he comes on the scene we are in for serious business.

'That is easy,' puts in Opposition, 'Cœur de Lion, Sir Richard Grenville, and Warwick the King-maker, of glorious memory. There you are in a nutshell!'

But Richard III is quite as familiar an association as Richard I, to say nothing of Richard II; and there is poor Richard Carstone, in *Bleak House*,

and I do not know how many unworthy Dicks scattered through all fiction. No; Richard, the name in itself, is sonorous and stately in utterance; the mere sound of the vowels has its part in the suggestion and impression of character, as the key of C major has its own quality. What other name could Richard Feverel possibly have borne?

Thus name after name has its character. It is true that the differences of opinion as to the characters suggested by some names on the evening in question were quite violent, and that our discussion grew fiery; and it is perhaps needless to state that I am giving my own views, not those of a united company.

Lawrence is an interesting and even a romantic person, inclined to be thoughtful and somewhat dreamily speculative; slender rather than stalwart or robust in figure. (Yet I know a fat Lawrence.) Robert is, or should be, the best of good fellows, and as Bob he is even more, he is a darling; and James — but I never like James, though I have liked many Jameses!

George is stodgy. No heroine of mine shall ever whisper low, 'Support me, George!' And stodgy also is William; and this when the names of Washington and of William the Silent shine to me brighter than any others in history. A diminutive or nickname will sometimes lighten a character up wonderfully. Billy and Bill (never Will) are great improvements on the too staid William; indeed, they are two delightful fellows. (But do not let your hero think that Georgie will ever help him out at all!)

Charles is rather a light-weight, in spite of Charles Ravenshoe, and a later hero, Charles Danvers. Charles may be handsome, gay, charming, but you would never trust him with the graver matters of fiction. Harry (Henry has

a little of George's over-solidness) is light-hearted and winning, gay, handsome and lovable. When he has his own way he is apt to go for a sailor.

John is, however, the name of names, and has been for all time. John is strength, goodness, sureness. The situation, however desperate, is saved when John appears. Wife, sweetheart, sister, or mother may calm her fears when the strong shoulder of John is there to lean on. The ship is safe when John has his hand on the tiller; and the villain may well look to the priming of his pistol, or, better still, make what terms he can, when he has John to deal with.

The character of a heroine's name is as a rule less distinctive, and girls' names change more with the fashion; but Mary is Mary, most beautiful, queen among women; or she may masquerade in lighter guise as Molly or Polly, the darlings!

Nearly all the girls' nicknames are pretty: Jessie, Kittie, and Annie, what gayness they have, and what sweetness.

But alas! and alas! that all names must change so with the fashions. 'The utterance of the mere name,' says the Contributor in the January *Atlantic*, 'is one of the most powerful auxiliaries which the lover of emphasis or emotion can summon to his aid'; and further on, 'There is hardly a passion which does not sometimes avail itself of this simple but potent instrument. "Philip!" the wife exclaims in a burst of love and pity, when the husband returns home at night to falter out the tale of his ruined fortunes.'

True; but suppose that the wife had cried, 'Marmaduke!'

Lord Orville's 'My beloved Miss Anville!' can no longer thrill us; we are grown less punctilious; and it is hard in these days to think of young

lips quivering, of young voices growing soft over our own Puritan names.

'Keziah!'

'Yes, Increase!'

We were all busy last evening looking up old fashions for a fancy dress-party in the back numbers of *Punch*.

'No, no, these are n't old enough,' objected one of our number, '*Punch* hardly goes farther back than the Lauras and Claras, and we want at least Arabellas.'

Arabella and Araminta; Evelina; Angelica; we must look for the dear creatures in the old *Book of Beauty*, and here they all are, in frocks quite as preposterous — and pretty — as their Christian names are. Spencers have passed from us, pelisses, short-gowns, farthingales, crinoline, no more completely than have the lovely names of their wearers; and surely the year and century of a heroine are stamped quite as well by her name as by her costume.

In Herrick's time, of course, all the ladies were nymphs and flowery graces: Althea, Chloris, Lucasta; and then in the early part of the nineteenth century came what a reaction! Harriet, Lydia, Jane, Emma; just hark back to Miss Austen's young women! And a little before these was, I fancy, the height of the reign of Maria.

'Ay, ay, Louisa Musgrove, that is the name,' says Admiral Croft, in *Persuasion*; 'I wish young ladies had not such a number of fine Christian names. I should never be out if they were all Sophys, or something of that sort.'

Now I should never have thought of Louisa as being any newer, or finer, than Sophy.

Scott's immortal quality shows nowhere more than in his choice of his heroines' names; he never was bound by a fashion. Diana, Flora, Lucy, Alice, and Edith, their beautiful names

are of all time; and Bulwer threw off completely the yoke of Eliza (imagine Eliza!) and Harriet, of William and Edmund, and with what magnificence, with what splendor! made no bones about it, but came out full with Violante and Leonora, 'Dear, dear *Guy Darrell*,' Harley L'Estrange, and Audley Egerton!

Thackeray certainly gave in to the fashion of his day with Amelia, and Dickens with Dora and Agnes; but Meredith's names are all lovely. Indeed, the great names do not change with the fashion: Mary, Elizabeth, Helen, Margaret, Rose, — these never lose their bright beauty.

Elizabeth has, in fact, more prominence than even her loveliness deserves, just at this present moment; scarcely a novel of to-day can be happy without her; and to place a heroine in the very fore-front of fashion, to mark her the actual 'latest,' she need only be named Betty.

What next, dear sisters in fiction? To-day we have many fancies. Gladys and Marion may be passing into temporary eclipse, but Natalie and Veronica, Anita and Muriel, these abound.

Are we to be classic again: Cornelia, Helena, Chloe? Or flowery: Lily and Violet? Or Scriptural: Martha and Persis? Or almost the sweetest of all: Faith, Hope, Love, Peace, Charity? Whichever it is, as your turn comes, you all will be lovely.

A NEW TITHE

THERE are plenty of people nowadays who tithe their incomes: so much for eating and housing, so much for raiment, for travel, for a rainy day; even, if they be true old-fashioned souls, so much for the Lord's Treasury. I have a new tithe to recommend; one that will not be popular, but that I believe to be just and seemly. It will be the

less popular, because the persons who should practice it have notoriously ragged pocketbooks and uncertain incomes. They are, namely, the People Who Write Poetry for Magazines.

I can see them bristling up their backs, as who would say, 'Now, what is this base person who would snatch from us one penny of the paltry cheques we earn with our hearts' blood? Certainly this must be some undiscerning missionary, who thinks the natives of Zamboanga need more Bibles; or some cynical editor, who wants to devise a new fashion of reducing our pay and killing us off altogether, and we will have none of this new Tithe.'

Not so: for I am just one of themselves: a humble Person who Writes a little Poetry for Magazines, and to whom the cheques are keys to Paradise. I agree with them perfectly that ten, or even fifty, dollars are queer cold returns for so many lines of heart's blood and spirit's vision and brain's patchwork-labor; but the ten or fifty dollars are pleasant to behold, none the less. So let them pay me heed, and take notice that I myself will suffer by this tithing even as my fellow crafts-folk.

Here, then, is my argument.

It is a long-accepted fact that Books of Poetry do Not Pay. The very few that do pay seem to be either no Poetry at all, or else rare exceptions, popularized by some good lucky turn of Fortune more than by their undenied worth.

Now, I have not wished to believe all this. It seemed a poor comment on the ideals of the modern reading public; and it made me feel with terrible keenness that there was no actual call for the work that I and my artistic kin might do, even if we succeeded in saying the things that we so often fail even to whisper. But the other day, in a

talk with the head of a certain authoritative firm that publishes much of the best current poetry, I made bold to ask plainly what had been the financial success of one book of poems hailed by critics and poets all over the country as the Real Right Thing, with the dew of Heaven on its wings. He smiled sadly. 'It has been a perfect failure,' he said. 'It is a great risk to put out a book of poems. Publishers have to hesitate a long time before taking one on, even one of the first order of merit. There is no public that *buys* poetry; although there must be many who *read*.'

I left his office very slow and sorrowful, cursing the Materialism of the Age, and wishing I had been born a gypsy *improvisatrice*, or a druid-woman of old Ireland. For what, I thought, is the use of confiding a few of my dreams to the fugitive pages of the magazines, if they may never sit well-ordered in a book, with pleasant margins and indexes, to be rustled over and marked and digested by even two or three choice spirits? For if —'s book with all its choirs of angels had so fallen by the way, what good things ever would come to my small cricket-songs?

But as I walked, dragging my feet and bumping into the passers-by, an unhappy yet cleansing shame began to burn within me. I began to realize that I myself, with all my fine, exalted ideas about the Calling of the Poet, with all my belief in the Quest of the Vision, and my avowed willingness that I should decrease if only others might increase, and speak the flaming Word in its season — I myself, I say it with shame, *never bought one Single Book of Modern Poetry*.

I began to catechize myself. Since of a certainty I had bought no Modern Poetry, where then had I read it? And

behold, I found that I had done no less a crime than to *steal* it; even as in the street-cars I steal the morning news from the back of another's *Globe* or *Herald*. I had read it in libraries, I had snatched it guiltily from book-shop counters, I had borrowed it from friends, I had culled it unfairly from critical reviews in the monthlies and garbled quotations in the dailies, I had heard people repeat scraps of it in lectures and conversations; in short, I had dealt basely with it, all the time deceiving myself with the belief that I loved it and would uphold its honor with my last breath.

With that horrid yet salutary conviction of sin, came the swift desire to set myself right; both that I might no more be guilty of such crooked theft, and that I might myself deserve more honest treatment, should my verses ever sit well-ordered in a Book. And the best reparation I could think of was this: which brings me back again presently to my first proposition regarding the new tithe I would lay upon the Writers of Poetry for Magazines. Let me put it under headings, lest I ramble away from the point.

A. That I would henceforth make a business of knowing with fair certainty about the poetry that gets into books; that I would rely not only on advertisements and reviews, but would myself dig for it, as for hid treasure.

B. That having found — if it might be — a Book of Great Poetry (some say there is none, but I will have faith); yea, and even a Book of Good Poetry that has the soul of the matter in it so that it be worthy to endure, I would forthwith buy it, cash down, and bear it home and set it in an honorable place, not so far from the Browning and Whitman and Lanier that I bought readily. (And indeed, the New Poetry would cause no greater diver-

sity of Tongues than those already on my shelf.)

C. And this is most important of all. That the money wherewith I would pay for these Books should be set aside as a Tithe, — to the Lord and to my Calling, — from what I should receive in payment for my flitting magazine-poems; and that I would, if needs be, deny myself a new pair of gloves, a pot of daffodils, or a recital, to keep true to my tithing.

When I had decided upon this course of action, my shame was much abated; but I reflected that I and my purchase of books of poems made but one least drop in the bucket. So it came to me clearly that it was the duty of all writers of Magazine Poetry, — save indeed those whose songs must actually keep the wolf from the door, and to whom, I fear, my attitude seems unpardonably easy-going, — to set aside some portion, even if it be very small, of the income from this poetry, quite soberly, yet I hope joyfully, for this purpose. In truth, it might not make much difference in the sale of the books of poems; although there are many Magazine Poets — too many, each separate one is inclined to think. But it would at least be just, and brotherly; and it would strengthen the

bonds of knowledge and comprehension between those who write poems, often, I think, far too fain to hold their hearts and songs apart from each other, in a sort of pitiable petty jealousy.

Yes, this appears to me a seemly tithe to lay upon the Writers of Magazine Poetry. One only provision must I make, but that a notable one. Let no one buy without conviction that what he buys is high and worthy. For to buy Trash were as great a shame as not to buy Treasure; and the Trash of Poetry is seven times trashier, methinks, than that of any other art. 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.'

Now let the People who Write Poetry for the Magazines think of me without bitterness; and know, all of them, that I turn from this writing to tithe my latest cheque: yea, though it go sorely against the grain, and the pair of gloves is much needed to make me fit and neat. But I know what I shall buy: two books are they, and one of them is that book of —'s that, the publisher said, was so complete a failure, but that sings so well. A shame upon me if ever again I steal its music by counters or in library-stalls; and may the public do so to me, and more also, if ever I come to Be a Book!